THE

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

RETROSPECTIONS AND ANTICIPATIONS.

"Croyez le si voulez, si ne voulez, allez y voir."—*Rabelais.*
"Ridentem dicere verum."—*Dictionary of* NEW *Quotations.*

THERE is, in this season of the year, a something that predisposes a man to be grave; and is too apt to induce on the gayest temperaments "a lovely dejection of spirits and a delightful slow fever." Nor is this much to be wondered at. To say nothing of the fogs, and the winds, the sleets, and the cold thaws, and passing *sub silentio*, as things too awful to be trifled with, the Christmas bills, which even to a solvent debtor are by no means good for the digestion,—the very fact of its being the close of the year is enough to shock nerves of any ordinary susceptibility. The end of anything (no matter what) is typical of mortality, and the bare sound of that dreary monosyllable "last" is pregnant with blue devils. But the end of the year, the closing of a solar revolution, bears so especially a resemblance to the end of life, that there is no resisting the suggestion. The tradesmen themselves, the least imaginative of the human race, whose ideas extend not beyond "you owe me," or "I owe you," are led by its *memento* to take stock, call in their monies, set "their house" in order, and prepare for a new life in the year to come. There was much wisdom, therefore, in the "wisdom of our ancestors" when they made the winter solstice the epoch of a high festival, in order that, by eating and drinking, they might keep up the radical heat, "drive dull care away," and set storms and duns at defiance. It is a pity the pious intention should so often be frustrated, that there should be no surmounting the depressing influence of the season, that beef and pudding should only be provocatives to somnolency, and that wine and wassail should stupify in place of elevating: but so it is. Do what you will with it, Christmas is inherently dull; and the family parties it assembles round "the festive board" are as formal as a Dutch garden, and as dreary as cake and wine at a funeral.

Perhaps, however, it will be said, that there is more of fancy than of fact in this picture, that Christmas has its cheerful frosts and its woodcock-shooting, that tradesmens' bills may be put in the fire, and that, as for the last day of the year, it is a mere matter of convention. As far at least as the glass can penetrate, no material boundary is discovered on the highway of time; there is no physical and corporeal turnpike in the heavens (if Mr. Herschell may be trusted) to separate old Anno Domini from his heir apparent. The year, it will be also urged, does not begin at the same season with all nations; and even in Old England, there is no lack of old-fashioned persons who have a mortal antipathy to the

new style,—for which, *en passant*, they ought to be sent to *New-gate*. We admit the force of this objection,—that is to say, stoically and cynically; but humanly and naturally, no. There is no arguing away a sensation, nor breaking up an inveterate association; so that, reason as we may, Christmas is, was, and ever will be a bore, and its kibed heels and rheums detestable. The only good thing about it (barring the school-boy's holidays, and the servant maid's misletoe) is, that it 'comes but once a year."

But leaving this matter, as it respects mankind in general, to be carried out to a Q.E.D. by those whom it may concern, there is no denying that the beginning of a new year is a very serious piece of business to the editor of a magazine. It is at this season that he is especially called upon to conciliate his old customers, and to look out for new. Purchasers dislike to begin their subscriptions with a broken series, and disapprove of Horace's mode of rushing *in medias res*; neither do they care to close with a journal in the middle of a volume. But, at the beginning of the year they are their own masters, perfectly free agents, released from the necessary cessation of titles and indexes, and they can drop you, or take you up, as whim, taste, or a desire for novelty may happen to dictate. This, then, is the season for magniloquent promises, and for ultra-active endeavours to carry such promises into execution, and to make head against the fascinating prospectus of new-born rivals, and renovated competitors. Woe to the periodical that opens the year with a bad number. On any other month, our *Bonus Homerus* may indulge in his nap with comparative impunity. In March, he may be cold as the east wind; in July, as languid and (as Horace Walpole calls it) as *wet-paperish* as St. Swithin himself, with all his *sirocco* vaporosity about him; or, in November, he may be as foggy and obscure as a back parlour in Milk-street,—that is, provided he takes up "in our next," and does not suffer his fault to grow into a habit. But in the January number, he must have all his wits about him. That is "the thing wherewith to catch" the countenance of the public, and he may well say with Hotspur, "sick now! droop now! This sickness doth infect the life-blood of our enterprize."

To those of the craft, then, New Year's Day is no joke, and "the compliments of the season" little better than a bitter irony—Heaven send *us* a good deliverance. Every recurrence of the season adds also to the difficulty of the task. We must not content ourselves with our average excellence, however high that may have been. We must "out-do our former out-doings," or folks will give us up as "stale, flat, and unprofitable;" and because they are satiated with good things, and have "supped full" of clever articles, they will call but the more loudly for fresh stimulation. Is there, then, such a thing *in rerum naturâ* as an infinite series in writing? and is everything sublunary to have its limits except Magazines? The devil take the wits of the last ten years; they have cracked our best jokes, told our best stories, and seized on our best subjects; and all this infernal plagiarism is suffered to pass without censure. Well, no matter; we must only make a virtue of necessity, and retaliate on the scoundrels, by serving them the same trick. Exchange is no robbery, and tit for tat is fair fighting; all we ask from the town is a clear stage and a short memory; and so, here goes.

But before we open our account with the new year, it may be as well

to wipe off old scores with its predecessor. Poor old 1836! rest its soul, for it had little rest enough while it was with us. Night and morning, late and early! it has an immensity to answer for! What with religion and politics, heresies and *schisms;* revolutions, and counter-revolutions; actions, and reactions; bad harvests and pecuniary crises; a rise in iron and a fall in stocks; and, above all, the eternal wrangling and jangling of newspaper editors (who, for want of other matter, are compelled to fill their overstretched columns with mutual abuse, till epithets have lost their vituperative force), it had scarcely one peaceable day in the 365. Oh! the misery of a modern newspaper! Formerly, a quick reader might finish one with his egg at breakfast; but now, the day is not long enough to skim through it; and all because the public insist upon purchasing by Mr. Spring Rice's superficial inches. The "Times" alone will exceed in quantity a moderate octavo volume.

But, to return to 1836 and its concerns, the worst of the matter is, that this, its immoderate stir and bustle, was a mere much ado about nothing. For with all its note of preparation, its spirit-stirring promises, it left the world pretty nearly where it found it. Did it not lay itself under a formal obligation, in the shape of non-intervention, to put an end to the fighting in Spain? and are they not at it there, ding-dong, worse than ever? Did it not undertake to shoot King Louis Philippe flying? and "*le petit bon homme vit encore.*" Did it not enter into an engagement with Mr. Bunn to revive the national theatre, and bring back the palmy days of play-going? and is not the stage more than ever dependent on foreign authors and foreign artists? and as for play-going, orders won't draw a house!

But of all the broken promises of 1836, the most flagrant, is that concerning the march of intellect, and the schoolmaster abroad. We have looked over very attentively the annals of 1836, and must fairly own that, so far from progressing in intelligence, the condition of the defunct year afforded a good case for a writ *de lunatico inquirendo.*

First we have to offer against the sanity of 1836, the doings in Exeter Hall, and the whole humbug of sectarian polemics which have filled the year! To what purpose has the last century passed over the heads of mankind—to what purpose have the great reformers lived and written—and the lights of a brighter philosophy, and a purer religion, been shed upon the world, if it is still to be carried away by the "hypocrisy and nonsense" of the lowest mountebank pretenders to authority, and frightened from its propriety by knaves, fit only for the stocks and the whipping-post? To what purpose are "peace on earth and good will towards men" revealed to mankind, if we are to suffer ourselves to be turned aside from the text of revelation by the comments of incendiaries; and professing tolerance, and protesting against human authority in matters of faith, to render ourselves the instruments of persecution, uncharitableness, and injustice. In Heaven's name, let us have our party politics and our party hates (if so it must be)—let us abuse O'Connell or decry Lyndhurst, *ad libitum*—but let us not brutalize ourselves and debase our intellects, by polemical disputes *a propos des bottes*, or stoop to the meanness of a lie, by passing our political wickedness under the respectable garb of religious zeal.

If these things be not decisive against the sound reason of 1836, what shall we say of its dabbling in Homœopathy? What can be urged in

behalf of intellects that can swallow the nonsense of infinitesimal doses? —doses that would not be felt in the œconomy of a microscopic water-ion. Rochester is said to have once appeared as a mountebank in a country town, and to have sold empty phials, curiously sealed, as inclosing an invisible essence; but that was not in 1836. The patients of St. John Long had the satisfaction of visible and tangible evidence of the potency of his remedies, in the shape of a well-excoriated back. He, at least, did something for them, whether that something was profitable or not. They had some excuse, therefore, in believing in what they felt so acutely; but your gaping wonder-hunting Homœopathists believe in spite of evidence, and wisely look for effects in the precise inverse ratio of the causes. *Credo quia impossibile est* should be their motto. Most pregnant wiseacres—if one-millionth of a grain of anything works such miracles, what might you not expect from taking—nothing? How absurd, how farcical and extravagant is it, to boast of our universities and academies, of our professors, teachers, and education books, when the general intellect of the country is so cramped and unworked, that every charlatan—religious, political, medical, or scientific—is sure of an audience, and when no proposition is sufficiently monstrous to deprive its advocate of a following and a livelihood. We may know something of steam-engines; we may be able to calculate an eclipse, or to analyse a gas; but in everything that concerns a moral or metaphysical reasoning, we have an education to make; nay, we have retrograded considerably since the days of Locke, till we are scarcely capable of distinguishing truth from falsehood.

It is almost useless, however, to pursue the proofs of insanity further. 'Tis "a mad world, my masters;" and evidence starts up at every turn, if the observer be himself sane enough to acknowledge it. What, for instance, will be thought of the balloon fancy of 1836?—as if the earth were not wide enough to hold our follies. What are we to think of the thousands who stood for the livelong day in the rain, and who paid their shillings for seeing that which might have been equally well seen for nothing, from any given point ten miles round the metropolis? But these were wise in their generation, when compared with him—"*tribus Anticyris caput insanabile*"—who volunteered to ascend, and paid a round sum for the very probable chance of breaking his neck, or, at best, for going up, like "John, King of France, with thirty thousand men," merely to come down again. As for the poor devils who ascend for bread, there are numbers who earn theirs by means equally dangerous and disagreeable. We have no right to accuse the Romans of brutality, on the score of their gladiatorial shows, when we force our hungry fellow-citizens to risk themselves in a thousand different ways for the mere indulgence of our idle curiosity—when we make children dance upon ropes, men swallow swords, and women go up in balloons, in the hopes of their giving a sensation to the torpid spectators. We were once involuntary witnesses of Mme. Garnerin's descent in a parachute. When she cut the rope that fastened the machine to the balloon, the fall was for many seconds as rapid as that of a stone; and when the instrument expanded, and the fall was arrested in mid air, the vibrations were so extensive that it is wonderful how the poor woman preserved her situation and was not pitched headlong. Fortunately she reached the earth in safety; but no thanks to the hundred thousands of *gobe-mouches* who

had urged her ascent, or to the government that permitted it. But to return to the Hero of Vauxhall, what delightful episodes were the umbrella and the money which he did *not* give to the poor sufferer! It is a pity she did not land his Highness on the moon to look for his lost sovereignty and his —— no, there, twenty Astolfos could not have served him. All ballooning voyages, it might be said, are not thus purposeless; and the great balloon and the voyage to Coblentz may be cited as an instance to the contrary. We have heard people express a wish to have been of the party, in extacies at the pleasures of the voyage. *Le joli chien de plaisir* to pass the night in the clouds, and in darkness, with nothing visible beyond the car of the balloon, except an odd star—without sense of motion, starving with cold, and with no sound to break the horrid silence, but the ticking of the watch, which marked the slow, slow passage of time;—and for what was all this encountered? To prove that a balloon will drive with the wind, and to frighten the poor citizens of Nassau out of their wits, who had never seen such an object in their lives! Inconceivable must have been the horror excited by the unwonted exhibition. Some mistook Mr. Mason for Faust, and his friend for Mephistopheles, bent on a trip to the Valpurgis; others thought it was the old gentleman in grey with Peter Schlemil's shadow; others mistook the whole thing for a cargo of transcendentals on its passage from vacuity to the university of Bonn; and even the Gross-Herzog himself thought at first that it was the French Revolution coming back again; and was much relieved when an old woman informed him it was only Lucifer *in propriâ personâ*.

It is a strange thing that there should be truths, mathematically demonstrable, which mankind resolutely refuse to admit. The impossibility of a perpetual motion, for instance, and of the giving direction to balloons. It must be clear to intuition that no machinery can be applied to a balloon for altering its course, whose weight would not increase the bulk of the ball, and consequently the resistance to its own action, in a tenfold proportion. Yet the notion is working in a multitude of brains, to the ruin of their soundness and the spoiling of many a good night's rest. It is high time that this bubble were burst.

Bubbles of another kind, but equally frail, are your temperance societies. How did it ever enter the head of man to talk down a natural appetite, or to reason man out of the beast that is within him? A room full of tea drinking fanatics may look very pretty, but it proves nothing. Why, if there were any the slightest chance of putting down the vice of drunkenness, should we not have the revolt of the gin palaces, the agricultural interest in open arms, and its leaders in hysterics?—Nay, would not the very government itself take fright at so dreadfully revolutionary a symptom? to say nothing of the loss of revenue. Consols, however, are at 87, the revenue flourishes, and the distillers have nothing to fear.

Talking of consols, leads to a more serious evil,—the state of the currency, and the prospect of pecuniary crisis. If there were one point on which men's sensibilities might be expected to be alive, and on which experience would be available, it is that of the pocket. Yet we very much fear that our retrospections for 1836 will not justify any very brilliant anticipations for the future. The lessons of the past will not be more serviceable now than formerly; the nation "*will* be ruined,

and nobody *shall* save it." A great outcry is made that the Yankees have turned goldsmiths, and will deal only for the precious metals; but what can that signify to us, if we do not, on our part, commence paper-makers? People do not usually part with their gold for nothing; they must either get goods for their cash, or pay their debts with it. If the Yankees want a larger supply of gold and silver than is thus attainable, they must pay a price for the commodity, which would soon drive them out of the market. The Rothschild creatures would take care of that. But the evil is not in America, it is at home, where money jobbing, joint-stock banking, and ruinous speculation are deluging the country with paper, and would drive gold to the continent, though the Yankees should become sellers, instead of buyers. In Ireland, where there is the least capital, fixed or floating, the quantity of paper thrust upon the market has been most extensive; and bankers, like the far-famed roast pigs of the land of Cockayne, run up and down the streets, not, indeed, with knives and forks in their backs, and crying "come eat me," but with their own notes in their hands, and discounting, right and left, for petty farmers and artizans, without a sixpence beyond the prospective profits of a coming harvest, or a job *in nubibus*. Accordingly, the first breath of suspicion, and before even the system was in full operation, brought on a panic, and the machine refused to work. Well, the money, the real money, not having yet been lost, the banks, though probably at considerable sacrifices, discharge their obligations: but the consequence to the public is not a wholesome warning; on the contrary, it is a renewal of blind confidence, and a desire to get hold of some share of what is going, no matter what may be the ultimate consequence. The mischief is not at an end.

If it be asked what 1836 has done for literature, we must answer—materially, a great deal; intellectually, little enough. The demand, indeed, for paper and type was never greater; and printing steam-presses toil after the market in vain. But the quantity in this case is not accompanied by a parity of increase as to the quality. Authors now work against time; if they slacken in their pace, they are sure to be anticipated,—the mass, moreover, having become readers, their tastes are to be consulted. The writer who gets the start of his age, or who soars above it, has no chance of a sale.

If such be our recollections of the past, what must be our anticipations for the future? If such has been 1836, need we apprehend that 1837 will set the Thames on fire? We, indeed, are not Milleniumites; but neither do we despair of our species. We are not Optimists; but we do not believe in the doctrine inculcated by Candide. We have found mankind hitherto in a progressive course of improvement *in some particulars;* and we hope for ameliorations yet to come in others. Still we do not set up for prophets, and have no ambition to make the "New Monthly" the successor of Francis Moore, Philomath. We are more confident, therefore, in our anticipations of what will not come to pass than of what will. We look not for the discovery of the philosopher's stone, nor expect to see the universal solvent, nor the cup that is to hold it. We do not count upon a panacea, nor on a unity of religious faith. We doubt very considerably of the advent of a pure republic in England, and of the prompt payment of the National Debt. The geological history of our planet shows a gradual and progressive develop-

ment of animal life on its surface: it is possible, therefore, that successive formations, yet to come, may produce a creature as superior to man as man is to a mastodon. But without some such elementary revolution, we do not look forward to a material reduction of naso-ductility, or to the disappearance of quacks—medical, legal, or theological. Future generations, perhaps, may witness a suspension-bridge across St. George's Channel; but there is an immediate prospect of a political bridge between England and Ireland. A tunnel may hereafter pass under *La Manche;* but Frenchmen will, in all likelihood, be still Frenchmen, and John Bull continue to believe in *soup-maigre* and frogs. It is not probable that any mountains remain to be discovered in Holland; nor will there soon be a railroad across the Atlantic. To the best of our belief, the next century will not witness another Shakspeare, Milton, or Pope; but there may be more "Worlds before the flood," and "Roderick" may not be precisely "the last of the Goths." It is not impossible that a Raffaelle or a Michael Angelo may arise in England; but then, "by the Lord!" they will not be R.A.'s, even though they should not dabble in *aquafortis.* It is upon the cards, also, that architecture may revive once more in these realms; but we cannot believe (can you?) that Buckingham Palace can ever be exceeded! The coal-mines of Great Britain may possibly be some day exhausted, but its cullability never. We do not foresee that gravitation, or the circulation of the blood, will ever be disproved; but we will not undertake that they shall not go out of fashion. To conclude,—Parliament may be purified from bribery, cabinets from intrigue, law from uncertainty, and learned societies from cabal;—the Church may cease to have firebrands in its bosom,—the State may lose its pensioners,—literature may become independent of pretence,—science, of backbiting,—and universities may cease to be stationary. London may lose its fogs and its smoke,—Birmingham may become a cotton factory, and Manchester deal in hardware,—Bengal may trade in ice, and Lapland in pine-apples,—and, to sum up all, pigs may whistle, though it must be allowed by the impartial that they have rather an awkward mouth for the operation.

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THE MOTHER'S HEART.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

When first thou camest, gentle, shy, and fond,
My eldest-born, first hope, and dearest treasure,
My heart received thee with a joy beyond
All that it yet had felt of earthly pleasure;
Nor thought that *any* love again might be
So deep and strong as that I felt for thee.

Faithful and fond, with sense beyond thy years,
And natural piety that lean'd to Heaven;
Wrung by a harsh word suddenly to tears,
Yet patient of rebuke when justly given—
Obedient—easy to be reconciled—
And meekly-cheerful—such wert thou, my child!

Not willing to be left; still by my side
  Haunting my walks, while summer-day was dying;—
Nor leaving in thy turn; but pleased to glide
  Thro' the dark room where I was sadly lying,
Or by the couch of pain, a sitter meek,
Watch the dim eye, and kiss the feverish cheek.

Oh! boy, of such as thou are oftenest made
  Earth's fragile idols; like a tender flower,
No strength in all thy freshness,—prone to fade,—
  And bending weakly to the thunder-shower,—
Still, round the loved, thy heart found force to bind,
And clung, like woodbine shaken in the wind!

Then THOU, my merry love;—bold in thy glee,
  Under the bough, or by the firelight dancing,
With thy sweet temper, and thy spirit free,
  Didst come, as restless as a bird's wing glancing,
Full of a wild and irrepressible mirth,
Like a young sunbeam to the gladden'd earth!

Thine was the shout! the song! the burst of joy!
  Which sweet from childhood's rosy lip resoundeth;
Thine was the eager spirit nought could cloy,
  And the glad heart from which all grief reboundeth;
And many a mirthful jest and mock reply,
Lurk'd in the laughter of thy dark-blue eye!

And thine was many an art to win and bless,
  The cold and stern to joy and fondness warming;
The coaxing smile;—the frequent soft caress;—
  The earnest tearful prayer all wrath disarming!
Again my heart a new affection found,
But thought that love with *thee* had reach'd its bound.

At length THOU camest; thou, the last and least;
  Nick-named "The Emperor" by thy laughing brothers,
Because a haughty spirit swell'd thy breast,
  And thou didst seek to rule and sway the others;
Mingling with every playful infant wile
A mimic majesty that made us smile:—

And oh! most like a regal child wert thou!
  An eye of resolute and successful scheming;
Fair shoulders—curling lip—and dauntless brow—
  Fit for the world's strife, not for Poet's dreaming:
And proud the lifting of thy stately head,
And the firm bearing of thy conscious tread.

Different from both! Yet each succeeding claim,
  I, that all other love had been forswearing,
Forthwith admitted, equal and the same;
  Nor injured either, by this love's comparing,
Nor stole a fraction for the newer call—
But in the Mother's heart, found room for ALL!

THE GURNEY PAPERS.

THAT portion of the late Mr. Gurney's memoirs which periodically appeared in this Magazine having been very favourably received by the public, I have been induced to continue my search amongst his manuscripts in order to afford its readers some further information connected with the annals of his family.

The concluding words of the final portion of his papers which has been published are, "WE WERE MARRIED;" which words refer to his union with Harriet, eldest daughter of the Reverend Richard Wells, Rector of Blissfold in the county of Hants. After this event Mr. Gilbert Gurney, as every man when he marries should do, turned over a new leaf—in his common-place book; and I find a hiatus, "*valde defiendus*," of nearly two months in his memoranda. Love, I presume, left him no leisure for literature, at least there is nothing discoverable in the way of detail affecting either the celebration of the wedding, or the subsequent excursion which fashionable delicacy appears to have rendered indispensable upon such occasions; and the first resumption of his notes occurs on the first day of the year succeeding that in which he became a Benedick, and thus he writes:—

I begin a new year in a new character—I am now a married man. "Marriage," says Johnson, "is the strictest tie of perpetual friendship, and there can be no friendship without confidence, and no confidence without integrity; and he must expect to be wretched who pays to beauty, riches, and politeness, that regard which only virtue and piety can claim." Johnson was right.

Cuthbert's munificence has enabled me to establish myself in perfect comfort. He has made one stipulation—he desires to make our house his home; and when the young Falwassers, his wife's children, have their school vacations, they are also to pass their Christmas and Midsummer holidays here. This is all right and pleasant—a combination not very common in the affairs of this world. Cuthbert has an apartment of two rooms, consisting of a study and bed-chamber, allotted to him, which open to Harriet's flower-garden on the south side of the house; for his long residence in India has rendered him extremely sensitive as far as our capricious climate is concerned.

Fanny Wells is staying with my wife, to whom she was always an affectionate sister; and we are all as happy as we could wish, and perhaps even happier than we deserve to be. I feel myself snatched from the follies and frivolities of an idle vagabond life, and placed by Providence in a haven of security where nothing but quietness and comfort are to be found.

There was certainly something remarkably odd in the way in which I was inveigled into matrimony. My father-in-law's conduct might, in many other cases, have been attributed to interested motives, and his eagerness to conclude a matrimonial treaty between his daughter and myself, put to the account of his anxiety to get her off his hands, and settle her advantageously in the world; but that cannot be thought or imagined, the moment the smallness of my income is taken into consideration. What startles me most, and most powerfully excites my

gratitude to Providence is, that circumstances should have occurred not only to prevent distress and uneasiness, and perhaps worse calamities in my wife's family, and not only rescue us from the necessity of undertaking a voyage to India, but to place us in a state of most agreeable competency as that in which we found ourselves.

When Cuthbert first established himself at Ashmead—a somewhat pastoral "name" for my first "local habitation"—I was very much surprised at his absolute helplessness. His servant is qui-hi'd into his room every five minutes—lighting a taper or sealing a letter appear to be Herculean tasks to him, and the listlessness which pervades the conduct of his life, manifests itself so strongly when we are at breakfast or dinner, that I am sure if, amongst the innumerable classes of domestics with which India abounds, there were such an officer as an Eatabadar to be had, Cuthbert would have him at any price.

When we first met at Gosport, he was so evidently labouring under the effects of bad health and depression of spirits, that I could quite understand this abasement of animal exertion; and before I knew how nearly we were connected, felt the deepest sympathy for his unhappy case. Now, that feeling is changed into wonder and astonishment, that a being, who, by what he calls his own exertions, has contrived to realize a handsome fortune, should seem to possess no power of exerting himself upon any occasion whatever. His health is good, his spirits are recovering rapidly, but his torpor continues.

He is, I find, like our friend Nubley, afflicted with occasional fits of absence. I am afraid if Harriet were to speak truth, she and her sister Fanny would not break their hearts if the fit were permanent. He crawls or is wheeled out of his own rooms every day about noon, and seats himself in the drawing-room, in order, as he says, to amuse the ladies and the visitors who chance to call; and the ladies are forced to remain where they are, in order to amuse *him*. He talks to everybody with whom he meets, as if he had known them all his life; and I cannot conceal the fact from myself, that he talks about nothing in the world, let him talk long as he may.

Wells rather enjoys his peculiarities, and Nubley listens to him with the deepest interest. In short, strange as it may seem, I believe Cuthbert's anxiety that I should take this house was mainly attributable to his desire to be near his old friend and former partner. To Harriet, of course, remaining in the neighbourhood of her father and mother is extremely agreeable; but I see that poor dear Cuthbert, with all his kindnesses, conferred as they are, in the oddest manner, is a bit of a bore to the ladies of the circle. Harriet, disliking the formality of calling him brother-in-law, which, on account of the differences in our ages, she does not approve, and not venturing to address him as Cuthbert, has transformed him into a cousin, and "cousin" she always calls him. I heard Wells, after she had once used this endearing appellation, say to her, loud enough for me to hear it, "Harriet, don't you wish he was a cousin once removed?"

This naturally worries me. I am one of those few people in the world who see the faults and imperfections of my nearest relations and connexions, perhaps even more plainly than others; and I often wonder to myself, when I hear fathers extolling the eminent powers and abilities of their children, husbands puffing off the talents of their

wives, wives speaking of the prodigious merits of their husbands, and whole families swearing to the excellence of everything said or done by any individual member of them. Probably if the late Mrs. Cuthbert were alive, we should hear her talking of the beautiful serenity of her husband's mind—such a quiet gentlemanly man—or quoting him, in a comparison with somebody else, as a superior creature. Now, I can see, and can hear; and it is not because of our near connexion that I can shut my eyes to his failings.

One day I had been over to the Rectory to see Wells; and on my return, as usual I found Cuthbert seated by the drawing-room fire, extended at full length on a sofa. Harriet and Fanny were working, and Mrs. Wells, who had come over to see them, was sitting, playing company, the family party having been increased by the arrival of Lieutenant Merman, whose name I have had occasion to mention before, and who, I think, is caught by the bright eyes of my sister-in-law Fanny. Whether Wells is of the same opinion I cannot say, nor can I rightly calculate when the toddy-making season is likely to set in. He is a very constant visitor at Ashmead, or, at least, has been, since Fanny has been with us.

Contrary to my usual habit, for I contrive to make myself occupation of various sorts during the morning, I joined the little circle.

"Well, Gilbert," said my brother, stretching himself, as if to wake himself, "have you been out?"

"Yes, to the parsonage," said I.

"Ah!" replied Cuthbert, "very cold out, isn't it? Harriet, dear, just ring the bell—thanks—we have been very comfortable."

"I thought," said I, "you proposed a walk yourself."

"Yes," said Cuthbert, "I did—I had my great coat put on and my shawl wrapper—and meant to call on Mrs. Nubley—but I met him—and I asked him if Mrs. Nubley was at home, and he said no; so I——I came back again—Ah!"

Here a servant entered the room, responsive to the bell.

"Oh!" said Cuthbert, "tell Hutton to bring me a pocket-handkerchief." The man retired. "So I came back again—because I knew it must be dull for the ladies to be left alone—and here, thanks to them, I am quite at my ease, and having nothing on earth to do, I cannot do better than show my gratitude to them. Fanny, dear, give me that eau de Cologne—Ah!"

"I am sure, Mr. Gurney," said Mrs. Wells, "the girls ought to be greatly obliged to you."

"I think they are," said Cuthbert. "A man who has been abroad so long as I have has always something to communicate which is interesting. Oh—Hutton—get me my seal-ring. Harriet, love, I will beg you to seal that letter, which I got Nubley to write for me, about those air cushions. Capital invention that, Mrs. Wells."

"Very good, indeed," replied the lady.

"Ah!" said Cuthbert, "but what was I saying when Gilbert came in? Oh!—I wish somebody would recollect for me—it was——"

"About the horses running away with the post-chaise," said Lieutenant Merman, who had not heard the story fifty times before, which the rest of the present company had.

"Ah!" said Cuthbert—"so it was—it is one of the earliest events

of my life I can remember—you weren't born or thought of, Gilbert, then. I forget if I ever told you——"

"What," said I, "on Shooter's Hill?"

"Yes," replied Cuthbert, "that place beyond Blackheath, where there's the model of Severndroog—I never shall forget it—my poor father was with me. Something by the road-side frightened the off-horse, and away we went—down the hill at full speed—set the other horse off with him, and we thought—thought we should be dashed to pieces."

"And how did you escape, Sir?" said the lieutenant.

"Oh!" replied Cuthbert, "when they got to the bottom of the hill the horses stopped of themselves—Ah!"

I perceived that Cuthbert—having sent for his handkerchief, bathed his temples with eau de Cologne, begged me to stir the fire, and place the sofa cushions conveniently for his repose—was a fixture for the rest of the day; and as the story I did wait to hear was only the first of a series which he was in the habit of telling as regularly as the "Friar of Orders Grey" told his beads, I left the assembly, not without receiving a look from Harriet too distinctly expressive of her feelings to be misunderstood.

I have merely noted these few trifling facts, because I very much fear that the total want of sympathy, which unfortunately exists between Cuthbert and all those with whom he must constantly associate while staying here, will some day exhibit itself in a positive and unequivocal manner. What is to happen when the three Falwassers come from school I do not venture to premise. They have never had the advantage of maternal care; and, from the extremely undefined character of Cuthbert's conversation and remarks touching them, I have not been able to form any just estimate of their qualities. Somehow I begin to think the scheme of admitting any relation, however near, as a constant resident in the establishment of a married couple, is at best but hazardous—yet in my case it has been inevitable; but for Cuthbert I should not have had the house in which he requests to be an inmate—besides, he wants cherishing; a man at his time of life, returned to a country the manners and habits of which are totally different from those of the distant empire in which he has passed the prime of his life, would be lost if left to himself. Friends he has few, relations none, except myself; and if ever a momentary doubt of the entire success of our *menage* at Ashmead does cross my mind, it is speedily dismissed by the recollection of how much I owe him, and how essential my attention to his wishes is to his comfort.

There were many points in Cuthbert's history upon which I should very much have liked to be enlightened; but my hopes and expectations were vain. All the important features of his past life seemed either to be studiously concealed from my sight, or to have escaped his own recollection. His random records consisted of nothing but frivolous anecdotes which appeared to float to and fro upon the surface of his mind, while the serious facts had sunk "out of soundings."

I admit that I began to find Wells and his wife, and two or three other friends, getting fidgetty, and evincing much of dislike to be so overlaid—if I may use the expression—with poor Cuthbert, who having, fortunately for himself, evinced a passion for chess, discovered that

Mr. Sniggs, the apothecary, could place the pieces for him, and make the ordinary moves against him, suggested to the said Sniggs that he should be delighted to see him whenever his professional occupations permitted, and that there was always luncheon at half-past one, and so on.

This was quite right.—Why should not Cuthbert like chess?—Why shouldnot he ask Sniggs? No reason why—except that Mrs. Wells always thought that the flower of her flock, Adelgitha, lost her life through want of skill on the part of this very Sniggs; and they were consequently the bitterest foes. Cuthbert and Sniggs, the dearest friends—he not only played chess with him, and put the men all ready before they began, but having prescribed a sort of mawkish drink—a kind of sickly negus, powdered with "Mareschalle nutmeg"—compounded it for his friend, patient, and antagonist, and administered it *secundum artem.*

Sniggs literally did, that which many men, and even their observations, are said to do, he "smelt of the shop;" and when the atmosphere was heavy and the "scent lay," his entrance into the drawing-room, where Cuthbert, for the sake of making himself amiable, *would* sit, was the signal for the departure and dispersion of the little family coterie, who were up like a covey of partridges on his arrival, alleging as a reason that they were quite sure they should disturb the chess-players if they staid.

Sniggs was a character—in his way; he knew everything that was going on in the neighbourhood. The proverb, as Ray has it, says,

"Children pick up words, as pigeons peas,
And utter them again as God shall please."

Sniggs collected indefatigably, but most disinterestedly retained nothing. What he picked up in one house he let fall in the next, and so served as a regular gazette for the whole community—this was a great resource for poor Cuthbert, who, to keep up the simile of the pigeons, was as happy as any squeaker in the world to be crammed after Sniggs's fashion, however coarsely the aliment was supplied.

"Set the men, Sniggs," said Cuthbert, when the coast was quite clear—"any news?"

"You play with the red," said Sniggs, arranging the pieces accordingly—"no, Sir, not much news. Miss Wobberly, the pretty girl with the red hair, Sir—sits opposite to you at church—hear she is going to be married—sugar-baker in London—called there just now—stomach out of order—touch of dyspepsia—too many minced pies—quantity of bile in a minced pie, Sir—all meat, dirt, fat, plums, lemon-peel, and puff-paste.—She'll be well by Tuesday—the mother a charming woman—asked me to dine Thursday—a little touch of erysipelas, not worth mentioning—pleasant creature. Wobberly a vulgar man—always ailing—can't get gout to show itself—gentlemanly disease the gout—gout and short sight are not destined for the vulgar—once saw a hackney-coachman with spectacles—wrote a paper upon it in a first-rate periodical ——you begin, Sir."

"I move my king's pawn," said Cuthbert; "it saves trouble to take the usual course."

"Exactly so, Sir," said Sniggs; "that's what Major Frowsty says—an excellent patient of mine, who has a sort of hydrophobia—"

"Indeed—ah," said Cuthbert—"mad.—I'll push him on, another square."

"No," said Sniggs; "not mad: you don't see my fun. Hydrophobia—does not like bathing. I order a bath,—he says it is cold;—order it hot,—says he don't like it;—can't get him to wash;—nothing so good, Sir;—excellent gentleman the Major;—did you know him abroad?"

"No," said Cuthbert; "just move that knight for me, while I blow my nose. Where has he been?"

"Somewhere in your district," said Sniggs; "at Tunis, I think."

"I never was at Tunis," said Cuthbert.

"I think, between you and me, Sir," said Sniggs, "it would have been as well if *he* had never been there: he won't take medicine, do all I can; and if I say he is really ill, he talks about a physician. I believe, between you and me, Sir, that he ran away with the daughter of a Bey, or something of that sort, and nearly had his head cut off. But that's nothing to the affair of the Hackingtons, who live at the white house at the end of the lane—la bless you!—their second daughter,—of course this is *entre nous*,—is over head and ears in love with the ostler at the Cock and Bottle. Your move, Sir. And the way I found *that* out was, that Mrs. Widdles, at the corner—the library—told me that Jim Walker, the ostler in question, had been into her shop to buy a sheet of paper to write home to his mother, and got her to do the letter, in which the whole facts were stated. I have just sent Miss Hackington a pill and a draught; but as the poet says, I can't

'Minister to a mind diseased.'

So I made them quite innocent,—eh, Sir? Of course this goes no farther. Check to your king."

"I like to hear the news," said Cuthbert, "although I don't know the people."

"Lord bless you, Sir," said Sniggs, "I never let out these sort of things, except to you; now of course I know all about Lieut. Merman's *tendre* for Miss Fanny; but, *then*, as I say, that is totally a different story; here we are—titled—a family of consequence and respectability; mute as a mackerel,—not a syllable passes my lips,—delightful family the Wells's, Sir;—so clever Mr. Wells,—what a preacher!—makes me weep like a watering-pot when he comes out with a charity sermon;—don't you think he is a powerful man, Sir?"

"Your queen is in check," said Cuthbert.

"A thousand pardons," said Sniggs. "What's your notion as to tithes, Sir?—quite legal, constitutional, and all that; but don't you think,—just before I take the queen out of check,—don't you think something might be done in regard to that question? The law by which tithe is secured to the clergy, Sir, is just as good and as valid as that by which the first duke in the land holds his estates—eh, don't you see, Sir? But I think still something might be done to get rid, you see, Sir, of the objectionable part of the question. That's what I say to Mr. Wells. Mrs. Wells, I believe, is not so great a friend of mine; never goes beyond powders; rhubarb, and magnesia, or jalap and cream-o'-tartar are the extremes, and those only for the housemaids. Still I have a high regard for them all. I think the tithe system operates unequally, Sir. I take your rook;—you didn't see *that*, Sir. All clergymen are not alike. I recollect reading, Sir, that Dr. Prideaux,—I

don't know if you know much of him,—said that some men enter upon their cures with as little knowledge of divinity as the meanest of their congregation—eh;—heard the story of human felicity,—something inside of a pig,—forgive me,—but it is an apt illustration of the stupidity of a congregation."

"Very stupid," said Cuthbert; "do me the favour to push my rook over to the side of your queen; there, where it is guarded by that pawn. Yes, I think you are quite right."

"And then, as I say, Sir," continued Sniggs, "the spirit—the public spirit of Mrs. Wells—that fancy ball and bazaar for the charity-schools—what a sight—dear young creatures exposing themselves in every way at the stalls, and selling things for fifteen shillings which they bought for five—passing them off, of course, for their own. Why now there's that Mrs. Fletcher,—I declare that woman ought no more to have gone out Tuesday week—Oh! Sir, such a state she is in—such a complication of disorders—of course this is *entre nous*—what I call death in the pot—never mind—people must die when their time comes. I have put her through a regular course of steel—done all I could. Don't you recollect, Sir, the story of the sick man at the watering-place, who was sent down to tone himself up—went to a boarding-house—ignorant creature—that sort of thing—took all sorts of things to strengthen himself and bring him round, under the advice of one of those refined physicians who pick up guineas from ninnies, as I should say; and having dined and supped with his fellow-boarders retired, as they did, to rest. In the middle of the night, the whole house was alarmed by noises much resembling those of a rabid dog, attended with a stamping of feet along the different passages of the house. This continued some time, but about two o'clock in the morning it subsided, and, as they say in the account of a naval action, 'the boarders had it all to themselves.'

"In the morning, complaints having been made to the matron, or whatever the female figure-head of such establishments is called, as to the row, she remonstrated with the patient, and begged to know why he disturbed the inmates of her else peaceable house? 'Why, Mam,' said he, 'I am ordered to do it by my physicians, for the good of my health; which is the thing for which I am come here'—mark the English, Sir. 'So,' says she, 'make a noise for the benefit of your health?' 'Yes,' says he, 'in conjunction with the wine which I drank at dinner. 'How is that?' said the lady, who doubted whether her guest was a knave or a fool. 'Yes,' said he, 'my doctor ordered me to come down here to take port wine at dinner every day, and bark every night; and so I will, let the consequences be what they may.' Don't you see, Sir? —eh?—bark——there's a mistake—your king's in check."

"That's a very good story," said Cuthbert; "not but that bark is a very good thing to strengthen people—as for port wine, I can't touch it, drinking it is to me like having a peppered birch-broom poked down my throat."

"Never tried, Highness," said Sniggs, "as the King of Prussia said to the soldier—ever heard that, Sir? The King of Prussia fond of music—hundred thousand men to sing one song—recollect—check——he once took a fancy to a brave grenadier—story of the bullet for the watch—that you have heard—never mind, *n'importe*. The King of Prussia says to the grenadier, 'Can you play the fiddle?' What d'ye think he

answered, Sir? 'Can't guess.' Never tried, Highness—new story that—ah, Sir!——dear me, you have taken my knight."

"Just take it off the board for me, will ye?" said Cuthbert, wholly unable from habit to lift a piece of ivory so ponderous as that.

"Talking of knights," said Cuthbert, and looking at his horse's head, "did I ever tell you the story of my being run away with down Shooter's Hill, when I was quite a boy?"

"Shooter's Hill!' said Sniggs, with extremely well-acted curiosity; "no, I think not, Sir."

"Well, it was very remarkable," said Cuthbert. "My poor father and I were going in a post-chaise just by the place where there is now a sort of castle in imitation of Severndroog, and something by the road-side frightened the off-horse, and away he went; this frightened the other, and they went down the hill at a tremendous rate, and everybody thought we should be dashed to atoms, and—you never—ah!—saw such a sight in your life—ah!"

"Well, Sir," said Sniggs (who, like everybody else in the parish, had heard Cuthbert's pet story over and over again), "and what happened?"

"Why, ah!" said Cuthbert, nearly exhausted by the exertion of relating the adventure; "luckily, when they got to the bottom of the hill the horses stopped of themselves."

"Very lucky, indeed," said Sniggs; "disappointed the surgeon there, Sir——check to your king."

"Ah! that's a serious check," said Cuthbert; "I must think about *that*. Will you just ring the bell, Doctor—I must send for my snuff. Ah! and now you *are* up, do me the kindness to stir the fire."

"Check to *my* king," continued Cuthbert; "umph—so, so—Hutton, my snuff-box—see what o'clock it is—ah!"

"It is past four, Sir," said Sniggs, looking at his watch. "We shall scarcely have light enough to finish the game."

"Ah!" said Cuthbert, "I am afraid we shall—I don't see how to get my king out of this scrape;" and hereupon the player fell into one of those lengthened reveries which are the characteristic of this noble game.

Hutton brought the snuff-box—he stood unheeded; at length Cuthbert, raising his eyes from the board with all the gravity of the automaton, looked vacantly at him for half a minute, until Hutton felt it necessary to recall him to a sense of his situation, and said, "The snuff-box, Sir."

"Oh!" sighed Cuthbert, "open it for me, Hutton—this is a puzzler—ah!" saying which he, with apparent difficulty, carried the pinch to its destination.

Franklin says, that by playing at chess we learn:—

"First. Foresight, which looks a little into futurity—considers the consequences that may attend an action; for it is continually occurring to the player, 'If I move this piece, what will be the advantage of my new situation? What use can my adversary make of it to annoy me? What other moves can I make to support it, and to defend myself from his attacks?"

"Secondly. Circumspection, which surveys the whole board or scene of action—the relations of the several pieces and situations—the dangers they are perpetually exposed to—the several possibilities of their aiding

each other—the probabilities that the adversary may take this or that move, and attack this or the other piece; and what different means can be used to avoid the stroke, or turn its consequences against him.

"Thirdly. Caution—not to make our moves too hastily; this habit is best acquired by observing strictly the laws of the game, such as, 'If you touch a piece you must move it somewhere; if you set it down you must let it stand,' and it is therefore best that these rules should be observed; as the game thereby becomes more the image of human life, and particularly of war; and which, if you have incautiously put yourself into a bad and dangerous position, you cannot obtain your enemy's leave to withdraw your troops and place them more securely, but must abide all the consequences of your rashness.

"And, lastly, we learn by chess the habit of not being discouraged by present bad appearances in the state of our affairs: the habit of hoping for a favourable change, and that of persevering in the search of resources."

As Sniggs watched the entire abstraction of Cuthbert from everything in the world except his jeopardized monarch, he could not avoid thinking of Franklin's description of the advantages derivable from the game; but having waited and watched, until it appeared to him that his amiable adversary had either dropped into a slumber, or, at least, a wakeful unconsciousness, burst upon him, by asking if he ever heard what Dr. Franklin said to Mr. Hancock, on the occasion of signing the treaty of American Independence,—"We must be unanimous in this business," said Hancock; "we must all hang together." "Indeed we must," said Franklin, "or else we shall all hang separately."

"No, never," said Cuthbert, "never; they wern't hanged, were they? Upon my word, Doctor, I cannot take the trouble to get this king out of his difficulty. Tell me what had I best do?"

"What, take council from your enemy, Sir," said Sniggs; "I should say——"

What we are not destined to know; for, at the moment in which the new adviser was taking a searching look at the state of affairs, Cuthbert, overcome by the difficulty to which he had subjected himself, gave a tremendous yawn, accompanied by an attempted change of position upon his sofa cushions; in performing which evolution, his right leg came in contact with Mrs. Gilbert's delicate table, on which they were playing, which was instantly upset; down went the board, the men, the eau de Cologne, and the snuff-box; knights and pawns were promiscuously scattered on the carpet, and Cuthbert, elevating himself, and leaning on his arm, gazed on the scene of destruction, while Sniggs sat bolt upright in his chair, his eyes widely opened, his brows elevated, and his mouth contracted into the first position for whistling, looking at the vacant space before him, as spectators gaze on the slip whence a huge ship has just slid into what modern writers call her "native element," (in which she never had been before,) or the crowd in an enclosure after the ascent of a balloon from the middle of it.

"*Sic transit gloria mundi!*" said Sniggs.

"To-day is Tuesday," said Cuthbert; "ring the bell, Doctor, let us have in some of the people to pick up these men and things—the snuff is spilt, so is the eau de Cologne; and Mrs. Gilbert is very particular about her carpet. Ah! what shall we do?"

"This, Sir," said Sniggs, "is what you call turning the tables upon me."

"It did not fall on *you*, did it, Doctor?" said the unsuspecting Cuthbert.

"No; no harm's done," said Sniggs, who forthwith restored the piece of furniture to its proper place, and began picking up the scattered forces of the contending armies.

"Don't fatigue yourself," said Cuthbert, "you'll tire yourself to death, stooping about. Ah! dear me; what a flurry that has put me in."

Hutton made his appearance, and speedily restored order; however it was getting too dark to begin a fresh game. The casualties consisted of the fracture of one or two pieces, two squares cracked in the inlaid board, the snuff lost, and the eau de Cologne bottle severely wounded; and as it was getting late, Sniggs proceeded to gather up his hat and cloak, for the purpose of retiring.

"Hadn't you better dine here," said Cuthbert, "and let us renew our game in the evening—eh, do?"

"You are very kind," said Sniggs, "I shall have great pleasure; but I must just step to the surgery, to make up some few things for my patients; I will return at six."

"Come back as soon as you can," said Cuthbert, "I'll get Hutton to wheel me to my room, and dress me directly, so that I shall be here waiting for you."

"I'll be with you as soon as possible," said Sniggs, who took his departure and hurried home, in order to tell Mrs. Sniggs that she needn't have the fowl and bacon cooked, which had been ordered as an addition to the cold mutton, but make her dinner upon *that*, and keep the fowl and bacon for the next day when he did not "dine out."

"Well," said I, entering the room, as soon as I saw Sniggs departing across the lawn; "you have had a long spell with the doctor."

"Yes," said Cuthbert, "such a misfortune!—upset the table—broke the bottle—played the very deuce!"

"What, in a fit of enthusiasm?" said I.

"No," said Cuthbert; "ah! dear no—in moving my leg."

"Well," said I, "that matters little. I am not sorry that Sniggs has moved *his* legs."

"You don't like Sniggs, Gilbert," said my brother.

"Indeed I do," replied I; "but *toujours perdrix* is too much of a good thing."

"But he is not a partridge, Gilbert," said my brother.

"No," said I, "nor a goose; but the very qualities for which you like his society, are those which make me less glad to see him than I otherwise should be. *You* like to hear all the gossip of the place, which he unquestionably gives you with point and precision; but whenever I hear his anecdotes of patients, and details of their disorders, I always recollect that as he is universally agreeable, we, in our turns, with all our little foibles and failings, mental and bodily, become subjects of amusement for everybody else in the neighbourhood."

"Ah, well," said Cuthbert, "there is something in that to be sure that never struck me; but what have we about us that can be laughed at?"

"Oh, my dear brother," said I, "lay not that flattering unction to your soul; rely upon it we are just as good subjects for satire and caricature as our neighbours."

"Well, I don't see that," said my brother—"will you just ring the bell for Hutton? my shoe has come untied, and I want him to tie it for me. I am not conscious of saying or doing anything to be laughed at for."

I did as I was desired; for although the readiest way of saving my indolent brother the trouble of tying his own shoe would have been tying it for him myself, I knew enough of him to be aware that however importunate and continuous his demands upon the attentions of his servant might be, he would not permit me to inconvenience, or, as he would have thought it, fatigue myself by doing so.

Hutton came—tied the shoe—lifted the foot upon which it was worn into its proper place on the sofa—and retired.

"I am sorry now that I asked Sniggs to come back and dine," said Cuthbert.

So was I—not so much because although Sniggs was really an agreeable and entertaining companion, he was coming to break in upon what had become to me the delightful homeishness of a really family party, or because Cuthbert's giving invitations without communicating with me, or even going through the ceremony of asking my concurrence, however certain it was never to have been withheld, reminded me more forcibly than was quite agreeable, of the real position in which I stood with regard to him. I knew that the odd things which he occasionally did in this way resulted from no feeling but an apathetic indolence of mind, which induced him to make just as much exertion as might secure him a certain quantum of amusement. Poor fellow, he had no wife to comfort or console him, and I often thought the very sight of our domestic happiness, unconsciously perhaps, worried and vexed him. From what I had gathered of his lost lady, she certainly did not, in any one point of person or character, resemble my Harriet, but still there was the contrast continually before his eyes. I therefore made every allowance for his wish to break in upon our serenity, which he could not himself enjoy, by the introduction of what were to *him* enlivening visitors.

The Nubleys were almost always at dinner with us, or, if not, "came in the evening," and, to be sure, they were generally counteracted by the Wells's; but this system of intervention and counteraction had the effect of amusing Cuthbert at the expense of my own comfort.

Then there was another worry; where was the absolute necessity of having Lieutenant Merman so constantly with us? Mrs. Wells had discovered that he had an extremely rich uncle, and now that Harriet was married—for well do I recollect being threatened with this very Lieutenant—he appeared what mothers call an eligible match for Fanny. *Him* my wife undertook to invite; and if it were an eligible match for Fanny, and if she liked the man, and the man liked her, it was all very reasonable and natural that Harriet should like to encourage it, especially as her father never made any secret of his strong prepossession in favour of the anti-Malthusian system of early marriages; but still it was a great nuisance to *me:* I could not say so, because I knew the moment I raised an objection, Harriet would have sent Fanny away, and then, *she* would have been uncomfortable.

I remember travelling once in a stage-coach which runs from London

—no matter whither,—with two remarkably nice young ladies;—the one in all the sparkling bloom of beauty, a sweet freshness on her rosy cheeks, and love and laughter beaming in her eyes; the other pale and attenuated, her eyes languid and downcast, and her weakness such that she was literally lifted into the coach and laid, as it were, upon the seat opposite to that which her bright-eyed sister shared with *me;* she seemed to be kept alive only by cordial medicines, which were administered to her whenever we stopped to change horses. At the town where the rest of the passengers dined I got her some eau de Cologne, and her sister bathed her temples, and the sick girl looked grateful, and even wept; her pretty sister looked grateful, too, and I became extremely anxious to know more of their history.

At one period, as the day advanced, and the termination of our journey approached, the invalid sank into a slumber, of which I took advantage to inquire the nature of her complaint.

"Her case," said my fair companion, "is hopeless. She is returning to her native air, but it is rather to gratify a dying wish than with any probability of success."

"What," said I, in a half-whisper, lest I should disturb the sleeper, "what is she suffering from?"

"The physicians," replied my companion, "say that her heart is affected."

"What!" said I, "aneurism?"

"No, Sir," said my fair friend, shaking her head, "*a lieutenant!*."

I confess this non-medical description of the young lady's disease, partaking largely, to be sure, of "*scarlatina*," startled me a little. However, I looked at her with different eyes afterwards, and endeavoured to convince her sister of the deep interest which I took in both of them. At a particular point of the journey I left them, and shook hands with them, not without wishing to hear more of them.

It so happened that I *did* hear more of them; and, although anybody who hereafter reads my notes may not care to hear it, it is satisfactory to myself to know that the poor invalid recovered, and by the next year was perfectly restored to health. Whether she arrived at this happy conclusion by putting herself under *a regime*, or into *a regiment*, I did not ascertain. As far as the simple fact goes, there it is.

My sister-in-law Fanny did not appear to me at all a likely subject for a similar complaint—her present turn was to laugh at her lover. Every woman has her own tactics in the great business of female life; and Fanny sought to win by smiles—at least if winning were her object—and I must say I never saw any man more resolved upon her eventually becoming Mrs. Merman than her venerable father, who was assiduously re-enacting the drama in which I and Harriet had unconsciously performed some months before.

These words bring me to a subject upon which I shall touch but lightly, because I may be disappointed; but as things look at present, it seems most probable that I shall attain to the dignity of a father "before four moons have filled their horns." A thousand new ties will then bind me—a thousand new duties devolve upon me. Well! I have thus early in life seen enough of the world to qualify me for a guardian and guide—to be sure, if I should have a son, he will not require much of my "guiding" for some years to come, and then I

may look more sternly at the world's "follies," and become a severe parent, as the young beau generally becomes an old sloven; but I think I shall be able to make my son my friend,—a course of education favourable to a boy who is born when his father is young.

There *are*, however, men—and I could point out a very remarkable instance—who cannot bring themselves to such a line of proceeding—who see in their sons, rivals for "golden opinions," and opponents in the race of life—who hear with no pleasure the shrewd remark, the pointed phrase, or witty observations of the youthful aspirant for fame and honour; but who, feeling as parents do towards their offspring, and would feel, if they lived to the age of Methuselah, that they are still children, endeavour to check and subdue the ebullitions of their genius, and keep them subject to themselves.

Towards daughters the feelings of father are totally different—there is no rivalry to be feared there, consequently there is no jealousy. The more lovely, the more accomplished, and the more attractive a girl is, the more delighted is the fond father. In some instances, mothers are found somewhat to partake of the feelings of fathers towards their sons, with regard to the young ladies. Many a poor creature has been embargoed into the nursery or the governess's room for at least four years after she ought to have been out, because she unfortunately happened to be born when her mamma was not more than seventeen, and who at three-and-thirty did not like to have a beautiful repetition of herself at that age, constantly associated with her, to induce comparison.

By Jove, Sniggs has arrived, and the second bell is ringing—so away with my papers, and

"To dinner with what appetite we may."

CELESTIAL CONFUSION; OR, THE HEATHEN RULE OF WRONG.

Of Juno the shrew, Jove was husband and brother—
Minerva's papa, too, without any mother,
Thus playing the part of himself and another:
How strange!

Venus was Vulcan's half wife and half sister,
And proved to his breast a perpetual blister:
(Had he sold her, he ne'er, by the bye, would have missed her),—
How strange!

Such things are recorded in heathenish song;
Such things, we on earth say, to scandal belong;
But the Gods—oh! they're always *above* doing wrong:
How strange!

G. D.

THE ISLAND.

"Pleasing myself with phantoms sweet,
Methinks the time runs very fleet."

Prologue of Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy."

A boon, O world! a boon of thee:
Now turn away thy face,
And from thy cold clasp loose mine hand,
And let me dream a space:
A little space! mine after years
May pay thee all the price in tears.

I crave it by thy forehead's crown,
Thine hand's concealèd dart,
The cloying honey of thy speech,
The fierce sting of thine heart;
Thy darksome palls from shining looms,
Thy mincing steps on hollow tombs.

Thy wreathèd frown of aconite,
Thy smile of poison worse;
Yea! by thy soft-toned benizon
That curseth more than curse.
Fair world! my dream shall cease to be—
And I have bitterer tears for thee.

My dream is of an island place,
The distant seas are folding;
And over which the only watch,
Those troopèd stars are holding.
Those bright, still stars! they need not seem
With more of brightness in my dream.

Hills piercing thro' the sky for light,
Ravines too deep to scan;
As if the wild earth mimick'd there
The wilder heart of man.
Only it shall be greener far,
And gladder, than hearts ever are.

More like, perhaps, some mount sublime
Of starry Paradise;
Disrupted to an hundred hills,
In falling from the skies—
Bringing within it all the roots
Of heavenly trees, and flowers, and fruits.

For, saving where yon spectral heights
Unsheath their rocky whiteness;
Or deep, dark fissures, miser-like,
Do hoard some fountain's brightness;
(And e'en in them—stoop down and hear—
Leap sounds with water in your ear.)

Around, above, the plumèd trees
  Their gracious shadows throw,
Through whose clear fruit and blossoming
  When o'er the sun may go;
The ground beneath he deeply stains
As shining through cathedral panes.

And little needs the ground beneath
  That shining from above her,
When many Pleiades of flowers
  (Not one lost!) star her over:
The rays of their unnumber'd hues
Being refracted by the dews.

Wide-petal'd plants, that boldly drink
  Th' amneta of the sky,
That bells, all heavy with delight,
  Whose faces earthward lie.
I cannot count them; but between
Is room for grass and mosses green.

Nor think each archèd tree with each
  Too closely interlaces,
T' admit of vistas opening free,
  And sweet sun-basking places;
Upon whose sward the antler'd deer
May view their image long and clear.

Unless they fainer would behold
  That image on the seas,
Whene'er's a way, through shelving rocks
  And overbranching trees,
Whose doves, from half-closed lids, espy,
The green and purple fish go by.

One mateless dove is answering
  The waters every minute,
Thinking such music could not be
  Without *his* cooing in it.
So softly doth earth's beauty round
Infuse itself in ocean's sound.

My soul is bounding, strong in love,
  To meet the bounding waves:
There, close to them, I choose mine home,
  Within the coral caves;
And near me two or three may dwell,
Whom dreams fantastic please as well.

High caves and windings, not uncleft
  In all their sparry ceilings,
Through which the earnest stars may shine
  In prophet-like revealings:
On whose slant rays shall downward move
Smells from the flowers that grow above.

I said that two or three might choose
  Their caves beside mine own,
Those who would change the din of man
  For Nature's nobler tone,—
Man's veering heart and careless eyes
For Nature's stedfast sympathies.

To all her faithfulness shall we
  Enact a faithful part;
Her beautiful shall ne'er surprise
  The monstrous at our heart.
Her musical shall ever touch
Some thought within us which is such.

Yet shall she not our mistress be,
  As is the moon of ocean;
Albeit swaying so our thoughts
  In shiningness and motion.
More like a harp of many lays,
Which moves its master while he plays.

* * * * *

* * * * *

No sod in all that island hath
  Been opened for the dead—
No island wind hath borne a word
  Of sorrow uttered—
We cannot say by water clear,
Or spreading tree,—"I suffered *here*."

Our only "farewell" shall be breathed
  Toward the setting light;
When many a star the daytime hid
  Will make us love the night.
Our only use of tears—t'express
The weight of too much happiness.

Our fancies shall bright plumage take
  From all our island birds,
That shining dart from earth to heaven
  And then in turn our words
Unconsciously shall take the dyes
Of those encoloured fantasies.

Yea! soon no consonant unsmooth,
  Our smile-tuned lips shall reach;
And softer far than Greek-like sounds
  Shall glide into our speech.
(What music did you ever find
So soft as voices glad and kind?)

And often by the joy without,
  And in us overwrought;
All voiceless we shall sit and read
  Such poems in our thought,
As Pindar might have writ if he
Had tended sheep in Arcady

Or Æschylus of the pleasant fields
  He died in, longer knowing—
Or Homer, had he heard no sound
  More loud than Meles, flowing—
Or poet Plato, had th'undim
Eternal God-light broke on him.

Choose me the loftiest cave of all
  To make a place for prayer,
And I will choose a praying voice
  To pour our spirits there.
How silverly the echoes run—
Thy will be done—thy will be done!

Gently, yet strangely-utter'd words!
  They lift me from my dream.
It perisheth—the island place
  That did no more than seem.
The streams are dry, no sun could find—
The fruits are fallen without a wind!

How oft the doing of God's will,
  Our foolish will undoeth!
Yet softly breaks that idle dream
  The morning light subdueth;
And happier 'tis to see the sun,
Than sleep and dream a brighter one.

Say ye mine happy island dream
  Was made of foolishness?
All human thoughts of earthly joy
  Are foolish not the less—
For *we* are sinners, Lord! With *thee*
Were innocence and agony.

We must endure; but not because
  The world imposeth woe—
Prayers hold a better power than dreams,
  And leave her far and low.
We cannot meet her cruel eyes
When ours are lifted to the skies.

We must endure; but not because
  The world imposeth woe;
But rather that Thine hands perform
  The thing appointed so.*
Those kindly-wounding hands did brave
  Themselves a deeper wound, to save.

Hide from the taunting world our tears,
  And teach us to the last
Thy will *beside thy cross!* that while
  Our hearts are bleeding fast,
The droppings of thy blood may fall
Still faster on them, cov'ring all!

That when thy lips, grown pale for us,
  Have said we dream in vain
Of happiness beneath a sun
  Which darken'd with Thy pain—
They still may tell us "You shall be
In Paradise, anon, with me!"

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* Job, chap. xxiii.

BENIDEN DE BERG; OR, THE UNDERCLIFF.

A TALE OF THE VOYAGE OF HENDRICK HUDSON.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

"It is but an arm of the sea, as I told thee, skipper," said John Fleming, the mate of the "Haloe-Mane," standing ready to jam down the tiller, and bring-to, if his master should agree with him in opinion.

Hudson stood by his steersman with folded arms, now looking at the high-water mark on the rocks, which betrayed a falling tide; now turning his ear slightly forward, to catch the cry of the man who stood heaving the lead from the larboard bow. The wind drew lightly across the starboard quarter, and, with a counter-tide, the little vessel stole on scarce perceptibly, though her mainsail was kept full,—the slowly-passing forest-trees on the shore giving the lie to the merry and gurgling ripple at the prow.

The noble river, or creek, which they had followed in admiring astonishment for fifty miles, had hitherto opened fairly and broadly before them, though once or twice its widening and mountain-girt bosom had deceived the bold navigator into the belief that he was entering upon some inland lake. The wind still blew kindly and steadily from the south-east, and the sunset of the second day—a spectacle of tumultuous and gorgeous glory, which Hudson attributed justly to the more violent atmospheric laws of an unsettled continent—had found them apparently closed in by impenetrable mountains, and running immediately on the head-shore of an extended arm of the sea.

"She'll strike before she can follow her helm!" cried the young sailor in an impatient tone, yet still, with habitual obedience, keeping her duly on her course.

"Port a little!" answered the skipper a moment after, as if he had not heard the querulous comment of his mate.

Fleming's attention was withdrawn an instant by a low guttural sound of satisfaction which reached his ear as the head of the vessel went round, and, casting his eye a-midships, he observed the three Indians who had come off to the Half-Moon in a canoe, and had been received on board by the master, standing together in the chains, and looking forward to the rocks they were approaching with countenances of the most eager interest.

"Master Hendrick!" he vociferated, in the tone of a man who can contain his anger no longer; "will you look at these grinning red devils, who are rejoicing to see you run so blindly ashore!"

The adventurous little bark was by this time within a biscuit-toss of a rocky point that jutted forth into the river with the grace of a lady's foot dallying with the water in her bath; and, beyond, the sedgy bank disappeared in an apparent inlet, barely deep enough, it seemed to the irritated steersman, to shelter a canoe.

As the Half-Moon obeyed her last order, and headed a point more to the west, Hudson strode forward to the bow, and sprang upon the windlass, stretching his gaze eagerly into the bosom of the hills that were

now darkening with the heavy shadows of twilight, though the sky was still gorgeously purple overhead.

The crew had by this time gathered, with unconscious apprehension, at the halyards, ready to let go at the slightest gesture of the master; but, in the slow progress of the little bark, the minute or two which she took to advance beyond the point on which his eye was fixed, seemed an age of suspense.

The Half-Moon seemed now almost immoveable; for the current, which convinced Hudson there was a passage beyond, set her back from the point with increasing force, and the wind lulled a little with the sunset. Inch by inch, however, she crept on, till at last the silent skipper sprang from the windlass upon the bowsprit, and, running out with the agility of a boy, gave a single glance ahead, and the next moment had the tiller in his hand, and cried out, with a voice of thunder, "Stand by the halyards!—helm's-a-lee!"

In a moment, as if his words had been lightning, the blocks rattled, the heavy boom swung round like a willow-spray, and the white canvass, after fluttering an instant in the wind, filled, and drew steadily on the other tack.

Looks of satisfaction were exchanged between the crew, who expected the next instant an order to take in sail and drop anchor; but the master was at the helm, and, to their utter consternation, he kept her steadily to the wind, and drove straight on; while a gorge, that, in the increasing darkness, seemed the entrance to a cavern, opened its rocky sides as they advanced.

The apprehensions of the crew were half lost in their astonishment at the grandeur of the scene. The cliffs seemed to close up behind them; a mountain, that reached apparently to the now colourless clouds, rose up, gigantic in the increasing twilight, over the prow: on the right, where the water seemed to bend, a craggy precipice extended its threatening wall; and in the midst of this round bay, which seemed to them to be an inclosed lake in the bottom of an abyss, the wind suddenly took them aback, the Haloe-Mane lost her headway, and threatened to go on the rocks with the current, and audible curses at his folly reached the ears of the determined master.

More to divert their attention than with a prognostic of the direction of the wind, Hudson gave the order to tack; and, more slowly this time, but still with sufficient expedition, the movement was executed, and the flapping sails swung round. The halyards were not belayed, before the breeze, rushing down a steep valley on the left, struck full on the larboard quarter, and, running sharp past the face of the precipice, over the starboard bow, Hudson pointed out exultingly to his astonished men the broad waters of the mighty river, extending far through the gorge beyond—the dim purple of the lingering day, which had been long lost to the cavernous and overshadowed pass they had penetrated, tinting its fair bosom like the last faint hue of the expiring dolphin.

The exulting glow of triumph suffused the face of the skipper; and, relinquishing the tiller once more to the mortified Fleming, he walked forward to look out for an anchorage. The Indians, who still stood in the chains together, and who had continued to express their satisfaction as the vessel made her way through the pass, now pointed eagerly to a

little bay on the left, across which a canoe was shooting, like the reflection of a lance in the air; and, the wind dying momently away, Hudson gave the order to round-to, and dropped his anchor for the night.

In obedience to the politic orders of Hudson, the men were endeavouring, by presents and signs, to induce the Indians to leave the vessel; and the master himself stood on the poop with his mate, gazing back on the wonderful scene they had passed through.

"This passage," said Hudson, musingly, "has been rent open by an earthquake, and the rocks look as if they still felt the agony of the throe."

"It is a pity the earthquake did its job so raggedly, then!" answered his sulky companion, who had not yet forgiven the mountains for the shame their zig-zag precipices had put upon his sagacity.

At that instant, a sound like that of a heavy body sliding into the water, struck the ear of Fleming, and looking quickly over the stern, he saw one of the Indians swim away from the vessel with a pillow in his hand, which he had evidently stolen from the cabin window. To seize a musket, which lay ready for attack on the quarter-deck, and fire upon the poor savage, were the sudden thought and action of a man on the watch for a vent to incensed feelings. The Indian gave a yell, which mingled wildly with the echoes of the report from the reverberating hills; and, springing waist-high out of the water, the gurgling eddy closed suddenly over his head.

The canoe in which the other savages were already embarked, shot away like an arrow to the shore, and Hudson, grieved and alarmed inexpressibly at the fool-hardy rashness of his mate, ordered all hands to arms, and established a double watch for the night.

Hour after hour, the master, and the now repentant Fleming, paced fore and aft, each in his own quarter of the vessel, watching the shore, and the dark face of the water with straining eyes; but no sound came from the low cliff, round which the flying canoe had vanished, and the stars seemed to wink almost audibly in the dread stillness of nature. The men, alarmed at the evident agitation of Hudson, who, in these pent-up waters, anticipated a most effective and speedy revenge from the surrounding tribes, drowsed not upon their watch; and the gray of the morning began to show faintly over the mountains, before the anxious master withdrew his aching eyes from the still and starry waters.

Like a web woven of gold by the lightning, the sun's rays ran in swift threads from summit to summit of the dark green mountains; and the soft mist that slept on the breast of the river began to lift like the slumberous lid from the eye of woman when her dream is broken at dawn. Not so poetically were these daily glories regarded, however, by the morning watch of the Haloe-Mane, who, between the desire to drop asleep with their heads on the capstan, and the necessity of keeping sharper watch, lest the Indians should come off through the rising mist, bore the double pains of Tantalus and Sisyphus' ungratified desire at their lips, and threatening ruin over their heads.

After dividing the watch at the break of day, Hudson, with the relieved part of his crew, had gone below, and might have been asleep an hour, when Fleming suddenly entered the cabin, and laid his hand upon his shoulder. The skipper sprang from his berth with the ha-

bitual readiness of a seaman, and followed his mate upon deck, where he found his men standing to their arms, and watching an object that, to his first glance, seemed like a canoe sailing down upon them through the air. The rash homicide drew close to Hendrick as he regarded it ; and the chatter of his teeth betrayed that, during the long and anxious watches of the night, his conscience had not justified him for the hasty death he had awarded to a fellow-creature.

"She but looms through the mist," said the skipper, after regarding the advancing object for a moment. "It is a single canoe, and can scarce harm us. Let her alongside!"

The natural explanation of the phenomenon at once satisfied the crew, who had taken their superstitious fears rather from Flemings' evident alarm, than from their own want of reflection ; but the guilty man himself still gazed on the advancing phantom, and, when a slight stir of the breeze raised the mist like the corner of a curtain, and dropped the canoe plain upon the surface of the river, he turned gloomily on his heel, and muttered, in an under-tone, to Hudson, "It brings no good, skipper Hendrick!"

Meanwhile, the canoe advanced slowly. The single paddle which propelled her, paused before every turn ; and, as the mist lifted quite up, and showed a long green line of shore between its shadowy fringe and the water, an Indian, highly painted, and more ornamented than any they had hitherto seen, appeared, gazing earnestly at the vessel, and evidently approaching with fear and caution.

The Half-Moon was heading up the river with the rising tide, and Hudson walked forward to the boom to look at the savage more closely. By the eagle and bear so richly embroidered in the gay-coloured quills of the porcupine on his belt of wampum, he presumed him to be a chief, and glancing his eye into the canoe, he saw the pillow which had occasioned the death of the plunderer the night before, and on it lay two ears of corn, and two broken arrows. Pausing a moment, as he drew near, the Indian pointed to these signs of peace, and Hudson, in reply, spread out his open hands, and beckoned to him to come on board. In an instant, the slight canoe shot under the starboard bow ; and, with a noble confidence which the skipper remarked upon with admiration, the tall savage sprang upon the deck, and laid the hand of the commander to his breast.

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The noon arrived, hot and sultry, and there was no likelihood of a wind till sunset. The chief had been feasted on board, and had shown in his delight the most unequivocal evidence of good feeling, and even Fleming at last, who had drank more freely than usual during the morning, abandoned his suspicions, and joined in amusing the superb savage who was their guest. In the course of the forenoon, another canoe came off, paddled by a single young woman, whom Fleming recognized as having accompanied the plunderers the night before, but, in his half-intoxicated state, it seemed to recall none of his previous bodings, and, to his own surprise and that of the crew, she evidently regarded him with particular favour, and by pertinacious and ingenious signs endeavoured to induce him to go ashore with her in her canoe. The particular character of her face and form would have given the

mate a clue to her probable motives, had he been less reckless from his excitement. She was taller than is common for females of the savage tribes, and her polished limbs, as gracefully moulded in their dark hues as those of the Mercury of the fountain, combined with their slightness a nerve and steadiness of action which portrayed strength and resolution of heart and frame. Her face was highly beautiful, but the voluptuous fulness of the lips was contradicted by a fierce fire in her night-dark eyes, and a quickness of the brow to descend, which told of angry passions habitually on the alert. It was remarked by Hans Christaern, one of the crew, that when Fleming left her for an instant, she abstracted herself from the other joyous groups, and, with folded arms and looks of brooding thoughtfulness, stood looking over the stern; but immediately on his re-appearance her snowy teeth became visible between her relaxing lips, and she resumed her patient gaze upon his countenance, and her occasional efforts to draw him into the canoe.

Quite regardless of the presence of the woman, the chief sat apart with Hudson, communicating his ideas by intelligent signs, and, after a while, the skipper called his mate, and informed him that, as far as he could understand, the chief wished to give them a feast on shore. "Arm yourselves well," said he, "though I look for no treachery from this noble pagan, and if chance should put us in danger, we shall be more than a match for the whole tribe. Come with me, Fleming," he continued, after a pause, "you are too rash with your fire-arms to be left in command. Man the watch, four of you, and the rest get into the long-boat. We'll wile away these sluggish hours, though danger is in it."

The men sprang gaily below for their arms, and were soon equipped and ready, and the chief, with an expression of delight, put off in his canoe, followed more slowly by the heavy long-boat, into which Hudson, having given particular orders to the watch to let no savages on board during his absence, was the last to embark. The woman, whom the chief had called to him before his departure by the name of Kikyalee, sped off in her swift canoe to another point of the shore, and when Fleming cried out from the bow of the boat, impatiently motioning her to follow, she smiled in a manner that sent a momentary shudder through the veins of the skipper, who chanced to observe the action, and by a circular movement of her arm, conveyed to him that she should meet him from the other side of the hill. As they followed the chief, they discovered the wigwams of an Indian village behind the rocky point for which she was making, and understood that the chief had sent her thither on some errand connected with his proposed hospitality.

A large square rock, which had the look of having been hurled with some avalanche from the mountain, lay in the curve of a small beach of sand, surrounded by the shallow water, and, on the left of this, the chief pointed out to the skipper a deeper channel, hollowed by the entrance of a mountain-torrent into the river, through which he might bring his boat to land. At the edge of this torrent's bed, the scene of the first act of hospitality to our race upon the Hudson, stands at this day the gate to the most hospitable mansion on the river, as if the spirit of the spot had consecrated it to its first association with the white man.

The chief led the way, when the crew had disembarked, by a path

skirting the deep-worn bed of the torrent, and after an ascent of a few minutes, through a grove of tall firs, a short turn to the left brought them upon an open table of land, a hundred and fifty feet above the river, shut in by a circle of forest-trees, and frowned over on the east by a tall and bald cliff, which shot up in a perpendicular line to the height of three hundred feet. From a cleft in the face of this precipice, a natural spring oozed forth, drawing a darker line down the sun-parched rock, and feeding a small stream that found its way to the river, on the northern side of the platform just mentioned,—creating, between itself, and the deeper torrent to the south, a sort of highland peninsula, now constituting the estate of the hospitable gentleman before alluded to.

Hudson looked round him with delight and surprise when he stood on the highest part of the broad natural table selected by the chief for his entertainment. The view north showed a cleft through the hills, with the river coiled like a lake in its widening bed, while a blue and wavy line of mountains formed the far horizon at its back; south, the bold eminences, between which he had found his adventurous way, closed in like the hollowed sides of a bright green vase, with glimpses of the river lying in its bottom like crystal; below him descended a sharp and wooded bank, with the river at its foot; and directly opposite rose a hill in a magnificent cone to the very sky, sending its shadow down through the mirrored water, as if it entered to some inner world. The excessive lavishness of the foliage clothed these bold natural features with a grace and richness altogether captivating to the senses, and Hudson long stood, gazing around him, believing that the tales of brighter and happier lands were truer than he had deemed, and that it was his lucky destiny to have been the discoverer of a future Utopia.

A little later, several groups of Indians were seen advancing from the village, bearing between them the materials for a feast, which they deposited under a large tree indicated by the chief. It was soon arranged, and Hudson with his men surrounded the dishes of shell and wood, one of which, placed in the centre, contained a roasted dog, half buried in Indian corn. While the chief and several of his warriors sat down in company with the whites, the young men danced the calumet dance to the sound of a rude drum, formed by drawing a skin tightly over a wooden bowl, and near them, in groups, stood the women and children of the village, glancing with looks of curiosity from the feats of the young men to the unaccustomed faces of the strangers.

Among the women stood Kikyalee, who kept her large bright eyes fixed almost fiercely upon Fleming, yet when he looked towards her, she smiled and turned as if she would beckon him away—a bidding which he tried in vain to obey, under the vigilant watch of his master.

The feast went on, and the Indians having produced gourds, filled with a slightly intoxicating liquor made from the corn, Hudson offered to the chief some spirits from a bottle, which he had entrusted to one of the men to wash down the expected roughness of the savage viands. The bottle passed in turn to the mate, who was observed to drink freely, and, a few minutes after, Hudson rising to see more nearly a trial of skill with the bow and arrow, Fleming found the desired opportunity, and followed the tempting Kikyalee into the forest.

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The sun began to throw the shadow of the tall pines in gigantic pinnacles along the ground, and the youths of the friendly tribe who had entertained the great navigator ceased from their dances and feats of skill, and clustered around the feast-tree. Intending to get under weigh ith the evening breeze, and proceed still farther up the river, Hudson rose to collect his men, and bid the chief farewell. Taking the hand of the majestic savage, and putting it to his breast, to express, in his own manner, the kind feelings he entertained for him, he turned toward the path by which he came, and was glancing round at his men, when Hans Christaern inquired if he had sent the mate back to the vessel.

"*Der teufel, No!*" answered the skipper, missing him for the first time; "has he been long gone?"

"A full hour," said one of the men.

Hudson put his hand to his head, and remembered the deep wrong Fleming had done to the tribe. Retribution, he feared, had overtaken him; but how was it done so silently? How had the guilty man been induced to leave his comrades, and accelerate his doom by his own involuntary act?

The next instant resolved the question. A distant and prolonged scream, as of a man in mortal agony, drew all eyes to the summit of the beetling cliff which overhung them. On its extremest verge, outlined distinctly against the sky, stood the tall figure of Kikyalee, holding from her, yet poised over the precipice, the writhing form of her victim, while, in the other hand, flashing in the rays of the sun, glittered the bright hatchet she had plucked from his girdle. Infuriated at the sight, and suspecting collusion on the part of the chief, Hudson drew his cutlass, and gave the order to stand to arms; but as he turned, the gigantic savage had drawn an arrow to its head with incredible force, and, though it fell far short of its mark, there was that in the action and in his look which, in the passing of a thought, changed the mind of the skipper. In another instant, the hesitating arm of the widowed Kikyalee descended, and loosening her hold upon the relaxed body of her victim, the doomed mate fell heavily down the face of the precipice.

The chief turned to Hudson, who stood trembling and aghast at the awful scene, and, plucking the remaining arrows from his quiver, he broke them and threw himself on the ground. The tribe gathered around their chief, Hudson moved his hand to them in token of forgiveness, and, in melancholy silence, the crew took their way after him to the shore.

THE HISTORY OF A RADICAL.

NO. III.

SECTION X.

The Radical composes a Book on Education.

" Nor had they yet, among the sons of Eve,
Got them new names, till, wand'ring o'er the earth,
Through God's high suff'rance for the trial of man,
By falsities and lies the greatest part
Of mankind they corrupted."

Paradise Lost.

IT must be allowed that our apostle had a genius for the profession he had embraced; and if he delivered himself from all moral restraints as the properest mode of succeeding, he at least knew well how to profit by that delivery.

Among other plans to produce the revolution in men's opinions, and do away foolish prejudices, as he meditated, he fell upon an admirable one, in composing a new work upon education. In this, every precept, without exception, in morals—every rule in all the arts and sciences usually taught the youth of this country—was artfully made to inculcate levelling principles, and to tend to the destruction of all aristocratic institutions. His work was entitled " A Compendium of Instruction for the Young;" and it must be owned it was admirably constructed for his object. We will give some specimens for the edification of all who may wish to study the subject with the same feelings. As the book was professedly elementary, it began with the lower class of instruction—writing and cyphering.

For this purpose a copy-book was engraved with copies ready drawn, in which the usual apophthegms were somewhat changed. For example, instead of " Honour your father and mother," simply, there was added to it—" If they deserve it." In the same manner, " Obey the King" had the addition of—" But the People, who made him, more." Then came—" All men are equal;" " For a nation to be free, it has only to will it;" " Vox Populi, vox Dei;" " Kings are but men;" and the like. Cyphering had the usual heads—Addition, Subtraction, &c. When these came to be exemplified by sums, the pupil was called upon thus:—

" ADDITION.

" *Question.*—What do the following sums amount to?

Public Debt, incurred by order of 658 corrupt individuals, nobody knows for what, except to profit by it themselves	£800,000,000
Interest on the same, per annum	40,000,000
200,000 Soldiers for enforcing the taxes to pay the same, paid by the People, but commanded by the King alone.	
Pay of ditto, per annum	5,000,000
50 Bishops, England and Ireland.	
Pay of ditto, per annum	500,000
Royal expenses for eating, drinking, clothes, and pocket-money	1,000,000
Pensioners for doing nothing, now called Half-pay	3,000,000
Pensioners for never having done anything	300,000
Product	£849,800,000
Of which money annually paid by the people	£50,800,000."

The next rule, being Subtraction, was thus exemplified:—

"From the sum of £50,800,000, paid by the people, deduct what might be a fair saving if the people governed themselves; and what will remain?

"*Answer.*—

The whole interest of the National Debt . . .	£40,000,000
The whole of the Half-pay	3,000,000
Ditto Pensions	300,000
Ditto Bishops	500,000
Ditto Army	5,000,000
Ditto from the King's allowance	950,000
Saving	£49,750,000
	£50,800,000
	49,750,000
Remains to pay, if justice were done to the people .	£50,000."

The other rules, which we will not go through, were in the same style, and did honour to the genius of Mr. Caleb Crabtree; but they were even exceeded by his mode of explaining Grammar and Logic, of which we subjoin specimens:—

"GRAMMAR.

"*Parts of Speech.—Noun, Pronoun, &c.*

"*Noun Substantive.*—Anything that stands by itself, unconnected and independent, as a People, or the State.

"*Verb.*—A significant sound, implying the idea of time, as—Time present.—We *are* slaves. Past.—We *were* free. Future.—We will be free. Potential.—We may be free if we please."

But Logic is better still. Take, for example, the illustration of syllogisms:—

"1. Kings are no better than common men. William the Fourth is a King. Therefore William the Fourth is no better than a common man.

"2. Men may be hypocrites. Bishops are men. Therefore Bishops may be hypocrites.

"3. A free people can have no distinctions of rank among them; but in England there is nothing but distinction of rank. Therefore, the English are not free.

"4. A well-governed people will enable every man to maintain himself. In England, half the people are paupers. Therefore, the English are not well governed.

"5. A free people, who make the laws, have a right to alter them if they please, or disobey them without being punished for it, if not altered when they desire it: but the English are punished if they disobey them. Therefore, the English are not free."

We wind up with the most important part of all in this notable "Compendium of Instruction," being a set of definitions appendant to the chapters upon Logic, of which the following are fair examples:—

"*People.*—The *Sovereigns* of a State.

"*King.*—A deputy Sovereign elected by the People, to do their business, and dismissable at pleasure; but, for the most part, a pampered, mortal man, doing nothing, and consuming, in his own person, what would maintain 100,000 men and their families, in comfort and independence.

"*Liberty.*—The power of dethroning a King.

"*Lords.*—A small proportion, not an 80,000th part of the people, but created by the King to thwart the people's wishes, if he does not like them.

"*House of Lords.*—A room full of cobwebs.

"*Minister.*—A man who has 20,000*l.* a-year out of the taxes for laying them on, and power to give 100,000*l.* more to his own family, which he does not fail to do.

"*Tory.*—A friend to the King, and scorner of the people.

"*Whig.*—A friend to himself, and a greater scorner of the people; but truckles to them to serve a turn.

"*Republic.*—A government where all men are equal, all men happy, all well fed and comfortably clothed."

These specimens and illustrations will give a fair insight into the immortal production of genius, which the ex-servitor and would-be protector of the intended republic of England when it should be established, sent forth to the public by way of pioneer to break ground for future operations. It was cut up, as well it might be, with great strength of argument and keenness of ridicule, by the opposition conservative paper; but it was read with eagerness and praised to the skies by the multitude, which more than consoled the author. "We must have patience," said he; "to sap is surer, though not so quick, perhaps, as to storm."

His progress was now watched, not without jealousy, by his former companions. Pounce at first, affected intimacy; nay, continued the sort of air of patronage which he had at first assumed when the poor servitor, as he called him, begged a dinner of him. He was soon however taught to change his note, and, after the disposal of his interest in the paper, fell into contempt, and was discharged, without ceremony, from the house which had so lately been his own. "He was not fit for anything," said the new master-printer, "but to sell paper and wafers to school-boys." It weakened the cause of the rights of man to have anything to do with him, and he was denounced as conservative in his heart, notwithstanding his former libels upon that party. There remained however one of the triumvirate, Brainworm, of a very different calibre, and with him Crabtree, though apparently lord of the ascendant, had a different game to play. Brainworm had, as we have seen, a claim in equity and honour, though not in law, upon the "Mercury," having, in consideration of his active assistance and professional advice, been allowed to consider himself a sort of sleeping partner to a certain amount in the concern; and the honest Pounce, in consequence, had regularly paid him one-fourth part of the profits. This position was, of course, expected to be continued under the new proprietor, and Brainworm, when he heard of the treaty, was urgent with Pounce to that effect. Pounce assured him that he had completely secured the matter with the purchaser, and that he need not be uneasy. He had, in fact, in the instrument of sale, inserted an express condition that Crabtree was to take upon himself all the debts in law or equity of the establishment, and he was apprised of the annual share of the profits allowed to Brainworm. That gentleman, therefore, observed the increasing sales with increasing pleasure, and at the end of the quarter, as usual, requested a settlement.

"Settlement! of what?" asked the new proprietor, with real or affected surprise.

"Of one-fourth profits," returned his brother Radical, "as honest Pounce regularly paid it, and as he assured me he had stipulated in the conditions of sale."

"The fellow lies," said Crabtree; and walked away in apparently great indignation.

Brainworm was astounded. "I am afraid," said he, "this servitor printer will do no honour to our cause after all; however, I cannot let myself be cheated by a rogue, though he proves, what I never believed, that a rogue can be a Radical."

He therefore followed Crabtree, who shut his door in his face, and desired him not to be troublesome.

The lawyer stood aghast, and cursed Pounce for ever having associated such a man with them in the intended crusade. Not less did he blame himself for not having bound Pounce to his terms by a formal deed, which would give him a legal right to his demand. "The rascal," said he, "knows there is none, and therefore sets us both at defiance."

But what was to be done? for Brainworm rightly judged if he could get nothing from the champion of reform by fair means, he could not succeed by foul. He therefore resolved to address him calmly on the case, and took care to set before him the injury he would do the common cause if he, so rising a promoter of radicalism, should be so indifferent to character as to

deny a just right because the law could not enforce it. He concluded with a hope that Mr. Crabtree would not drive him to publish to the world so disgraceful a transaction. The letter in which this was contained was promptly answered.

"I deny," said the pure-minded Reformer, "your right in law or equity, as far as I am concerned. If you have a demand, of which I know nothing, it must be upon Pounce, not me.—That the honest Mr. Pounce ever mentioned your claim, and of course that I promised to satisfy it, I utterly deny, and, denying it, you must permit me to admire the effrontery of your supposing that I would tamely relinquish two hundred a-year from my fear of what you may publish."

It was thus he dismissed the attorney, and shone for nearly two years afterwards the champion of what he always called, *par excellence*, the people; forgetting, or not allowing, that the opulent as well as the poor, the gentry as well as the yeomen, the Lords, and even the Bishops, nay the King himself, were parts of the people, as well as the poorest artizan.

He however constantly pursued this fallacy, as in truth he well might, for it had raised him from what his noble philosophy could not bear, obscurity, and was comfortably filling his coffers, when his father, whom he had never seen nor thought of since he left him, was ruined by the failure of a neighbouring bank. His crops were seized upon for rent, and illness, and an almost broken heart, to find himself and family starving, or driven to the workhouse, after an industrious long life, completed his misery.

In this situation he thought of his flourishing son, and sent his mother to him to implore assistance. She was coldly received. The dutiful high-minded Radical indeed *expressed* great commiseration for their misfortunes, but added, with almost as great lamentation, that it was out of his power to relieve them, the expenses of his paper having exhausted his all.

This, and five shillings to pay his mother's passage back, was all the poor woman could wring from him; after which he coolly betook himself to the consideration of a proposal he had just received from a great radical borough, that for an expense of only 500*l.* he might represent them in Parliament. The offer, as it might be supposed, filled him with ambition far higher than he had hitherto entertained. But how raise the 500*l.*? His first thought was how he *might* have been assisted in so desirable an object by his friend the banker; but, unfortunately, they were friends no longer. An estrangement for which we must now account, had taken place between them.

It had been settled on the purchase of the newspaper, that the money should be repaid by annual instalments. The first year passed off without a thought of it. This was forgiven on the plea of his being so new to the business, and the necessary outfit. The second year however had now closed, and not the least sign on the Radical's part of even a partial payment. Mr. Stockwell was rich, and a staunch stickler for the people; that is, he wished most sincerely to pull down the nobility. But he was also a man of business, and professionally exact as to money matters. He therefore, with some urgency, applied to the Radical to fulfil his conditions. This was declared impossible, as the profits had scarcely enabled him to live. Mr. Stockwell, knowing how the paper sold, began, like Brainworm, to be alarmed for the honesty of his ally, and desired to see the books. Crabtree was alarmed too, and declined on the plea that, from not being bred to accounts, he had kept them in so confused a manner that nobody could understand them but himself. The patron Radical began now shrewdly to suspect his client Radical; and his client Radical fiercely to resent suspicion. Crabtree even went so far as to doubt the fidelity of the banker's principles to the cause he professed to support; and Stockwell, looking at an expensively-furnished room and a gay gig at the door, began to hint at upstart adventurers who wished to be gentlemen at other people's expense before their time. How far each of these worthy people was a sincere republican must be left to the reader's judgment. They parted, however, with

mutual dislike; that of Mr. Stockwell, heightened by a sort of professional feeling of mortification at having been taken-in, in a money transaction; that of Crabtree, comforted by self-congratulation on his prudence, in having refused to put himself in the banker's power by legal obligation. The breach could scarcely be healed; and the radical printer, in revenge, commenced upon the radical banker in his paper, a rancorous attack, in which all but name was delineated, and himself denounced as a pseudo-patriot, who being in reality the most ambitious of aristocrats, pretended favour to the people to advance his own views. Stockwell, on the other hand, did not conceal the manner in which he had been treated, and the Conservative opposition paper sang a poem, the burden of which was, "When rogues fall out," &c. It also blazoned forth the Radical's filial piety, his reception of his father's application having got wind. One would have thought this might have affected his progress in popularity, but his sincerity in Radicalism was never doubted, and the very contempt and hostility of the better sort, on both sides, inspired by this conduct of the tribune, only gave him more consequence with the lower, in whose cause he easily, and to their perfect satisfaction, represented himself a sufferer.

This *fracas* with Stockwell prevented all hope of the 500*l.*, but he luckily helped himself by a most violent attack in his paper upon the Queen; and by a bitter, and almost blasphemous vituperation of George III., whom he called a bloody oppressor; and a promise that, if elected, his first motion would be to reduce the Duke of Wellington's national reward to one-half. This had such an effect upon the patriotic borough of Brawlerstown, that a subscription to pay his expenses soon filled, and our prosperous servitor blessed the day when he was expelled the University, in order, as fate it seems had ordained, that he should enlighten the House of Commons by his presence.

Section XI.

He gets into the House of Commons—Its effect upon him.

"My mouth shall be the Parliament of England."

SHAKSPEARE, *Henry VI.* Part II.

So said the Jack Cade of ancient times; and so said the modern Jack Cade when he was returned by the all-virtuous borough to be their member. Yet with all his noble daring and high-souled self-value, when he first entered the House he was almost affected with a feeling of modesty (perhaps *mauvaise honte* is the truer name), which, as he could not himself account for it, having never felt it before, was rather uncomfortable. As he had never witnessed a debate, nor ever been even in the gallery, everything was new, and it might be truly said of him when he looked around, that he was amazed,

"And wondered how the devil he got there."

In fact, though the assembly was of a very mixed kind, (here a bit of white stone, here a bit of black—here the height of fashion and coxcombry, here all the plainness of trade and country gentlemen,) when he contemplated his colleagues, particularly those of a very superior class to himself, which were nearly all, he felt alone in a crowd. The Speaker's *manners* impressed him with a sort of awe, and even a kind of envy, (for which he afterwards hated himself,) from his perfect conviction that, were he protector of England, he never could equal them. In short, the whole was so entirely what he was unused to, that for some little (a very little time), his boldness —shall we say his impudence?—forsook him. In point of fact, there is something in the indelible stamp of birth and breeding, which cannot be acquired except where there is great tact to work with, and is seldom more than imitation even with that: for, to the coarse and vulgar by nature the

thing is impossible, and even the sight of it unpleasant. Thus it was, I fear, with our Radical, who, as he owed little to nature in these respects, had acquired nothing from education but an increase of pride. He thought himself fit to govern the nation, but had no aptitude for the manners, the graces, the amenities of a gentleman. As Richard, therefore, reasoning upon his little qualification "for sportive tricks," said fairly of himself,

> "And since I cannot prove a lover,
> I am determined to be a villain;"

so Mr. Caleb Crabtree, who had long taken leave of any pretension (if ever he had it), to be more than an unmannerly churl, resolved to persist in that character, as a thing he might actually turn to account. To do him justice (for we would give every man his due), he assigned an excellent reason for this to one of his friends, who perhaps thought a little less coarseness would do no harm.

"I," said he, "who pride myself on being plebeian, can have nothing in common with an usurping aristocracy, who pride themselves on their coaches, while poor men walk on foot. Those coaches are in fact even not their own, but belong to those they despise, from whose blood and sweat all is derived. Far therefore from being dazzled by what you are pleased to recommend as objects of imitation, and call polish and urbanity, I wish the difference between the gentleman (hated name!) and the clown, more marked than it is. The Whigs are as much, or even more laughed at than the Tories, for their dandyism and civility. We see through, but use them as long as they are useable. Soon, I trust, we shall cast them off, for they are the least honest of the two parties. The Tories hate us from principle; the Whigs love us from self-interest. We would destroy both; fight the one as open enemies—hang the other as treacherous friends. No! depend upon it, politeness, as it is called, is nothing but a mask, whoever wears it; and that mask we will tear off, so as to know friend from foe. Nor does coarseness, as you are pleased to designate it, prevent the development of the highest talents. Was Cromwell less a soldier than Wellington, because he had not his polish? or less a statesman when he came to power, because he was a brute before?"

These reasons were allowed to be cogent by the officious friend of the Radical; he was silenced by them, and so are we.

With these sentiments, it must be owned, Mr. Crabtree's practice fully accorded; for he was not only a sloven himself, but abjured all neatness in others, as totally inconsistent with republican principles; and once refused relief to a near relation who asked it to keep him from starving, because he added, "that he had not a clean shirt to his back." "Such a fellow," said he, "would palpably rather be a Duke's footman, than wear the cap of liberty, if it were dirty." On the other hand, he suffered no beggar to approach him, whatever his distress, "for fear," he said, "of being contaminated by dirt and disease, or cheated by a sinecurist, who, like other sinecurists of a higher order, would not work for his living." He was thus, in practice as well as theory, a staunch utilitarian as well as republican; at any rate he saved his money, and no man could charge him with inconsistency to his principles, either from civility, cleanliness, or misplaced benefactions.

Soon the awfulness of his new situation, as a member of the Legislature, wore off. He found many of his own stamp to keep him in countenance, if he ever wanted it; the high language and insults of his paper were well known to the Whigs, and though some of the dandy, or rather juvenile class (for all were dandies) among them, could not, with all their party-feelings, *stomach* him; the elder and more prudent swallowed their disgust, as other costive people swallow aloes, putting up with the bitter for the sake of the advantage that was to follow. Accordingly when he threw off, as he almost immediately did, with a panegyric on the Reform Bill, and the great things

that might be expected by the people at large, great was the tribute paid him by some of the leading Whigs; emboldened by which he made a speech as well as a motion, upon the resumption of all the property of the State which had been first usurped, and then profligately squandered on worthless favourites by worthless Kings, to the loss and impoverishment of the injured people. To his utter surprise, he was upon this abandoned by the whole body of the Whigs, who had before protected him, and he was left in the smallest possible minority. He denounced them bitterly for it, and execrated their half principles, as he called them; for which, to his astonishment as well as indignation, he was laughed at by both parties, and began to question, notwithstanding reform, whether the Commons were not as useless as the Lords.

A more practised politician, a Mr. Longbrain, equally republican with himself, and who, unsolicited, had seconded his motion, now made acquaintance with him, and, upon the strength of his greater experience, ventured to give him advice. "You have a noble spirit," said he, "and deserve all success; but your views have the start of at least twenty years of our timid coadjutors. They wish for the thing *en grand*, but are afraid of the detail. You will therefore, if you proceed, be continually left in minorities, which might be disheartening to any courage but yours; but be not dismayed, we want such as you. I have read your 'Mercury' constantly: your hatred to the nobility, perhaps I might say to royalty, certainly to prelacy, is inextinguishable, is it not?"

"As much so," returned the Radical, "as Hannibal's to the Romans, or virtue to vice."

"Had you said vice to virtue," said Longbrain, "it would perhaps have been better. But good! your object is rooted, and to succeed is the point, whatever time it cost!"

"Most certainly."

"Then I advise you to persevere," continued his brother republican; "perseverance is the parent of all great measures, particularly those that are startling at first. I am old enough to remember when the very word reform created indignation in nine-tenths of the House; and when 'No popery' was the order of the day in-doors and out. Where are they now? Regnant! triumphant! and all owing to perseverance. Defeat after defeat only led on to victory, by accustoming men to battle; and, as the droppings of water will at last wear out a stone, so there is no proposition, however revolting even to justice and reason, much more to—what were formerly great virtues—religion and loyalty, that may not by perseverance be made first familiar, and then convincing. Persons who may think themselves very honest men, from being weak as well as honest, are often tired out of their principles; and we of the root and branch, born to be their superiors, desire no better tools. Such were many of the trimming courtiers of Charles I., who, after they had allowed their master's head to be cut off, deservedly lost their own. Such were the Neckars and emigrès of France, who contributed (weak well-meaning fools as they were), to the destruction of a king they loved. Such are hundreds of our own Trimmers, whom we at present cajole, and in time shall convert, provided only we do not remit. Again, do we not remember the thirty years' war of the Catholic question? Could numbers, could general feeling, could almost universal indignation have put it down—how little could it have hoped for success? What made it succeed? Perseverance! I tell you therefore, persevere. You are abused—perhaps hated,—accused of systematic slander—of wilful untruths—perhaps of some peccadilloes in private, but surely justifiable against enemies—the enemies of the people. *An dolus aut virtus!* What I admire in you is, that you mind it not. You have clothed yourself in brass, and are impenetrable to shame: this is as it should be. Without this resolution—if you flinched one inch from the noble end from such a puny fear as shame—from such a woman's qualm as remorse—when the end *is* not less than the overthrow of

kings, priests, and lords, you would not be deserving of the high name you will hereafter acquire, or the advantages you will have a right to reap from the gratitude of a delivered people."

Here the Nestor of commonwealth's-men ceased, and Mr. Crabtree, who had listened with great complacency, and with as much interest as a young natural-born thief, listens to the captain of a gang pointing out a rich booty to his followers, assured him, in return, that he need be under no apprehension of his flinching from the puny fears or qualms he had supposed; that he was what he had called him, clothed in *brass*, and that no dart or spear in the shape of virtuous reproach could assail, or turn him from his purpose; nor, should they even succeed in attributing things to him to the damage of his character, would it ever make him remit one iota of his exertions.

"You are right," said his counsellor; "character is but an inconvenient commodity, if it is of that stiff, unbending, unaccommodating kind which we sometimes read of, but never see. There is, thank Heaven, no Appius Claudius in these days. Apostacy is a word no longer understood—at least as it appears in the Dictionary; and if, according to its present meaning, it is a mere change of opinion, where's the harm? A man may be denounced one day, even in a speech from the throne, as a dangerous rebel, to be avoided as a political plague-spot, and hugged the next day to their bosoms by the very persons who made that speech. No! no! the Liverpools and Percivals are gone; and as for the Duke and the Baronet, Marlborough and Godolphin were undermined, and so may they, provided only, as again and again I say, you PERSEVERE."

Crabtree assured him that he need be under no fear for him, and that neither indignation, execration, refutation, nor even prosecution, should divert him from his high enterprize of depriving even the really great and good of that tribute of character and praise, which gave them still such mischievous influence.

Longbrain highly approved, and wished him good morning.

A very little time sufficed to put this resolution of his, to defy attack to the test. The banker Stockwell, patriot as he was, by no means stomached the loss of the money he had advanced to enable his brother patriot to promote the common cause; and he was, besides, not a little nettled at the cool impudence, as he called the manner in which the Radical had treated his applications for payment. He found that, young as this brilliant genius professed himself to be in the forms of business, he was not so ignorant but that he knew the value of legal documents, with which he had therefore, with no small adroitness, declined to furnish him; and as, in the fervour of his zeal, the banker had lent the money without witnesses, he despaired of redress in a court of law. He, however, like many other levellers, though a huge stickler for equality, had a great deal of personal pride, and was not over pleased to see the man, whom he thought a mushroom as well as a rogue, by his side in Parliament; and, as he was more remarkable for zeal than eloquence, likely to eclipse him as a speaker. After a contest, therefore, between his love of money and what he called his love of justice, he resolved to throw Mr. Crabtree into Chancery. A bill was filed, and as the fact was notorious, that it was the banker's money that had made Crabtree a master printer, everybody thought it was all over with him in a pecuniary point of view. From this dilemma his great abilities, and still greater effrontery, relieved him. There had been no witness to the transaction, nor any writing, nor even a letter which could throw light upon it. This might have suggested nothing to a mean mind—but not so to one of such high conceptions. He disdained equivocation, and thought all temporizing beneath him; with a boldness, therefore, worthy a man who advocated equality of riches—of which he thought Stockwell possessed too much—he flatly denied the whole account of the loan, and denounced Stockwell as a fabricator of untruth. His version of it was, that the money was not a loan but a gift—

munificent and great indeed, but made on account of the injustice he had undergone in consequence of his opinions; and also, and chiefly, to enable him to support and spread the political principles of Stockwell himself. All thought or expectation of return was positively denied, and to this answer, he unhesitatingly swore. It was in vain that Stockwell persisted in his account; there was oath against oath, and nothing could be decided. The boldness of the servitor (which he called firmness) supported him through his own, and other papers teemed with the abuse of Stockwell; who was not only foiled in his attempt to recover his money, but, as he had often boasted how much he had done for the radical cause by setting up the printer, his fair word was brought not a little into doubt.

This was a master-stroke in our Reformer, who gratified two superior passions by it: ambition, in having achieved such independence as enabled him to hold his head so much higher than before, and revenge against Stockwell, whom, according to all rules, he hated because he had been obliged by him.

Section XII.

He meditates the Destruction of the House of Lords.

"Go thou, and, like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth."

SHAKSPEARE, *Richard II.*

A noble career now opened before him. From being really able, and having, as we have seen, very little trouble from what might be called scruples, he was reckoned the boldest of the thick and thin; and, as such, consulted not only by men who, like himself, wanted to climb, but some ultra Whigs who, though at the height of rank and fortune already, from some strange infatuation or innate love of mischief (perhaps from very restlessness of calm) wished to ride in the whirlwind. With these he was a prodigious favourite, and was frequently closeted by persons whose pride he knew would have made them disdain him but for his usefulness, and whom he therefore hated; and in the bitterness of his heart vowed their destruction, as soon as he should have power to destroy anything. One in particular, as restive perhaps as Lucifer, and certainly as insolent and conceited, he marked for ruin, because he had expressed an unwillingness to stoop to such an associate. At the same time he was so perfectly modelled for radicalism, that he could command any passion, however strong, to obey his ultimate views, and suspend its force, till the proper opportunity arose for its gratification. He therefore kept fair with this obnoxious person, and only, in the interval, noted down everything that passed in conversation, particularly if unguarded, which might tell against him at the right time, whether as an aristocrat among radicals, or as a radical among aristocrats, to both which characters, strange to say, this gentleman had equal pretensions. Our own Radical however was, as we have seen, pure in his virtue, and so far, was more honest and commendable than the amphibious Whig.

However this might be, the fortunate servitor found himself often in consultation with his friend Longbrain, and other leading persons among the Radicals, but who, great as was their union as to their ultimate views, were anything but united as to immediate proceedings. Some of these thought the great object within their present reach, provided only, there was boldness sufficient. Of this opinion was our hero. Others, not less mischievous, but more experienced and observing, thought that more time was necessary. Of this opinion, was the cautious Longbrain They were the Fabius and Minucius of the party. Longbrain had observed that open violent threats had generally done mischief, by awakening fears in the milder reformers and producing re-action. He was perfectly aware both of the strength and

nature of the arguments for agitation, and their effects upon all who were not root and branch, but had yet some little tincture left of attachment to the constitution, as well as some property to lose. He was therefore desirous of proceeding by a slower, but, as he thought, surer, progress than Crabtree and his fellows, and had armed himself at all points as to the real nature and value of the course they recommended, which he was at great pains to press upon their conviction. He had, however, a hard task of it; and the following conversation with his younger associate, on the necessity of reforming the House of Lords, will exemplify the character, as well as the views, possessed by each.

"The thing," said Crabtree, "is *unanimously* resolved."

"By whom?" asked Longbrain.

"By myself, and those I have spoken to."

"No doubt," said Longbrain; "and they amount, of course, to many thousands; perhaps the great majority of the whole nation."

"Not yet; but they soon will. The only question is—How it is to be executed?"

"Certainly it is necessary to think of that," continued Longbrain. "I own I have not been able to satisfy myself about it, and shall be glad to be enlightened."

Crabtree was a little embarrassed. It is, indeed, easy to threaten! Every babbling railer, every impudent coxcomb, knave, or silly fool, can play ancient Pistol. The press, the political-dinner man, the itinerant preacher of rebellion, have all tried their energies, and vied with one another in rage, revenge, slaver, and *determined* resolution, as they call it, to enforce the *resolve*. To argue with them is nonsense; to question their means, cowardice. The language of power is the only one allowed.

Cato never uttered his *Delenda est Carthago*, with more authority or more confidence than was this apophthegm in our new politics bandied from one demagogue to another, and that with so little opposition, that one would suppose they all believe it. "The thing *must be done*," is the cry. "It is evident that a hundred or two of *irresponsible* boobies, can have neither right nor power to oppose a whole nation."—(N.B. The whole nation, on these occasions, is always assumed to be the party making the outcry.)

"These lords," say they, "must be trampled under foot, or they will trample upon us. They are born blind moles; they work underground; and, like moles, must be strangled."

To this all hearers cry "Bravo!" and other similar denunciations are made from morning till night, by men mighty in words*.

All this was triumphantly urged by Crabtree, as the harbinger of the approaching revolution he expected; and the fact of there being such a tone abroad, was fully allowed by the cautious Longbrain. "But, call upon these talkers," said he, "and what will be their answer? Will they defy the gibbet or the bayonet in their ardour?"

"The greater part will," said the sanguine Crabtree.

"Not one of them, I'll answer for it," observed Longbrain. "Depend upon it, glorious as this revolution would be, and devoutly to be wished,—keen and rapid as (thanks to our foolish friends, the Whigs) our advance has been,—we are not yet ripe for so stupendous a change."

"Perhaps not for the whole extent of it," said Crabtree; "but if people are so squeamish or so cowardly as not to effect it at once, (which they may, if they please,) will they not succeed in the secondary measure of abolishing hereditary legislation; and, if there must be a House of Lords, reducing them to election?"

"And how," said Longbrain coolly, "would you effect this, except by

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* For every one of these particulars and individual phrases, *vide* dinner speeches and accounts of Radical meetings, *passim*.

force—that is, by a civil war?—of the success of which you are, of course, persuaded there can be no doubt."

"No," said the Radical, "I have little doubt of success; but I mean no man should risk his neck. There should be a strenuous and universal remonstrance, but all in a constitutional manner."

"Good," said Longbrain again; "and the law will no doubt compel the Lords to cut their own throats. They must, indeed, themselves be parties to such a law; but of course they will be civil enough to pass it."

The Radical was a little annoyed, and perhaps disconcerted, when he found he had no exact answer at hand; nor was he more at ease when Longbrain, with a provoking dryness, continued—"Come, let the truth be disclosed. Confess that, like the usurping Kings of Brentford, you have an army in disguise at Knightsbridge*, ready to march, at the wag of your finger, to Whitehall, to cashier these villainous Lords, who, no doubt, will do anything you bid them, and dissolve themselves and the monarchy too, to save their lives. Am I right in this, or is it only a fancy of mine, misled by my sanguine hopes?"

Crabtree grew sulky to think himself quizzed, and rather warmly reproached his cooler friend with it.

"I am glad," replied Longbrain, "you see the ridicule of all this vapouring;—ridiculous, indeed, unless you are prepared to go down with a hundred thousand men, not merely to the House of Lords, but to the Horse Guards, and the Palace itself; and, after mastering all that you find therein, pardon the King for being king, hang some of his counsellors, imprison others, and exile everybody else. That, I allow, would be a grand stroke, and our revolution would be consummated. But if you cannot do this, yet remain, as you say, within the precincts of the law, give me leave to ask how you propose to effectuate your purpose?"

With all our respect for the talents and force of character of Mr. Crabtree, (and we trust we have shown a great deal,) we are obliged to confess that for a time he was without an answer. He allowed that London was not yet *quite* ready, the mass of the people not being yet sufficiently enlightened.

"Is the country more so?" asked his friend.

He admitted it was not, but it was advancing; and, meantime, intimidation might do a great deal.

"But how," persisted Longbrain, with most obstinate scepticism, "if these peers will not be intimidated?"

"Force them, by a new creation."

"But how, if the King will not create?"

"There will then be a collision between the two Houses."

"And what then?"

"Why, no law can be enacted; supplies will be stopped; and we shall have no Government."

"Good! And this is the revolution you contemplate, and think the country is prepared for!"

"Not exactly."

"Then what is your plan? Would you show your teeth, and not bite?"

"Not exactly."

"Even if you did, depend upon it, those we wish to assail would desire nothing better. Witness the little effect, if not the counter-effect, produced by all the mouthings and ravings of our leading bullies. The state of the question is briefly this,—We wish for a republic, and therefore desire to subvert the King and the Lords, who stand in our way. If the King choose not to be subverted, even though the Lords join you, and much more if they resist, can you make them comply by bellowing? I grant you, this loyalty of the Lords, and this obstinacy in the King, are unfortunate, since they have each

* See this admirable ridicule in the "Rehearsal."

of them a veto, and, what is worse, have the courage to use it. They cannot, therefore, be deprived of it peaceably, except by their own consent; and they are, unluckily, neither foolish enough nor cowardly enough to be intimidated or cajoled out of it."

"But is it reasonable," said Crabtree, "as it has unanswerably been asked, that they should have this veto? – that one man called a King, or two hundred men called Lords, should, merely from the circumstance of their being born to it, have the power of stopping the progress of a whole nation to the perfection of wisdom?"

"They have got it," answered Longbrain; "and many people, thought, I fear, as wise as you and I, (Montesquieu, for one,) have often answered your unanswerable question, by saying that it is; nay, they have been such fools as to hold that this very veto, and this very hereditary power, was established for the very purpose for which it is now professed to be used;—in short, that it is the very beauty of the British Constitution, which has been so long admired, envied, and coveted by all other states. And as to your whole nation, and the perfection of wisdom, if by that you mean to stop the supplies, unless the Lords are destroyed, I question if, with the exception of the brawlers, you would find one out of ten thousand to second you."

"For what, then, did Sydney die?" said Crabtree. "And if the people express their will through their representatives,—if they resolve to enforce their sacred rights, derived from Heaven itself——"

"My dear Crab," interrupted Longbrain, "let us understand one another, and not, in this place, at least, play the game of humbug! We are not now in the House of Commons, nor in Ireland, nor at a Reform dinner, nor conning over a mystifying article in the 'Mercury:' we are talking, I suppose, with some knowledge of one another, and wish sincerely, no doubt, to discover, if we can, the truth of our position."

"Undoubtedly."

"Then away with all fustian about Sydney and the people. Let us even take care that we really understand that magical word; and that, though we may find it convenient to blind others with it, we are not dazzled out of our senses by it ourselves. What is people to one, may not be people to another. The mob, indeed, think themselves the people, and we, the mob leaders, say they are; the shopkeepers, however, say *they* are the *true* people; the merchants and bankers that they are truer still; and the squires and farmers that they are the truest of all*. When we are by ourselves, away with this bamboozling: let us not affect what we are not. Patriotism and sacred rights are fine things to talk of in public, and, as you say, are derived from Heaven itself; but be not very angry if I a little doubt whether Heaven has, in this instance, chosen us to be its commissioners."

"I know not your meaning," said Crabtree, with something like moodiness: "my zeal for liberty is known."

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* Longbrain here shows his sense; and we cannot help thinking he must have recently been reading the following inquiry about the meaning of the word *public* in the "Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin:"—

"J'espère, M. l'Hermite, que vous voudrez bien me dire ce que c'est LE PUBLIC? où est LE PUBLIC? En quel lieu il rend ses arrêts? Comment il forme ses décisions? Pour le trouver, faut-il passer les barrières? ou traverser la Seine? Le trouve t'on au Marais, au Palais Royal, ou à la Chaussée d'Antin? Forme-t-il ses jugemens à Paris, ou dans les provinces? Pour moi, après y avoir bien réfléchi, je suis tenté de croire qu'il n'est qu'une Chimère dont on nous fait peur, et qu'il en est du public, comme de ces esprits dont tout le monde parle, et que personne n'a vu.

"Pour moi, je ne pense me former aucune opinion. Il n'est point de côterie qui ne dit hautement qu'elle est LE PUBLIC, et qui, en cette qualité, ne cite l'univers à son petit tribunal. Si vous l'avez rencontré quelque part, M. l'Hermite, je vous prie de me dire comment il est fait, et quelle signe on peut réconnoître ses jugemens."

"And mine, too," observed Longbrain; "but for what end? To serve my own purposes, and gratify my own ambition; and such, I suppose, is yours. If this at the same time serve the people, or cannot be accomplished without them, well and good, and so much the better for them; but I apprehend none of us would volunteer being hanged, to show our zeal for liberty, merely as such. We are both of us Republicans, sincere and true. What makes us so? Why should we pull down the King? Whose ox has he stolen? whose ass has he taken? or whom has he defrauded? For my part, I have no quarrel with him, nor even with the Lords, except this—that they keep me out of my place. Let no man be above me, and still less give himself the airs of feeling that he is so, and I honestly confess I would let the people go to grass. In short, I am about as sincere a champion of the people, as Henri Quatre and Coligny were of the Protestant, or the Guises of the Catholic religion.

"Is this your creed?" asked Crabtree.

"Yes; and yours too. If we owned the truth, the sacred flame of liberty in each of us was kindled, cherished, and may be modified, according as our interests may direct. I know of no oppression, no crying injustice, no rank dishonesty or real corruption in the aristocracy, but what is amply shared, if not exceeded, by our own virtuous coadjutors; nay, I am not sure that our pride, in our respective ranks, is not as overbearing, only a little more ridiculous, than theirs. As candour, therefore, is at present my motto, I am free to say, that it is pride alone makes me a patriot—pride that will not let me submit to another, nor bend my body, if Cæsar carelessly but nod on me. What *your* incentive may be, I know not; but I shrewdly suspect it is very like my own; and that, if we wish to revolutionize society, it is only because we are not at the head of it.—What says the noble Brutus?"

The Servitor had been very attentive all through this confession of faith, and had, during its continuance,—

"Thrice changed to pale ire, envy, and despair."

But he began now to think, there was no trifling with his astute and far-seeing colleague; and the less so, because, there being nobody near, and no hypocrisy or sophistry in him to combat, all comment drawn from these sources was useless. He felt, therefore, that he must either assert or deny. If the first, he might be benefited by Longbrain's experience; if the last, he was sure of being laughed at by his superior penetration. In short, he felt his genius rebuked, and, in a tone of almost despair, asked if Longbrain really meant to give up the contest, and put a stop to Radical exertions?

"By no means," replied the Nestor; "I only wish to put an end to Radical folly. It is nothing less, for leaders such as we are, to deceive ourselves so egregiously than to suppose that—

'Mere bellowing out for Rome and for our country,
And mouthing at Cæsar till we shake the Senate,'

will succeed in putting down the enemy, or preclude the necessity for coming to blows. If those are unsuccessful, you know the consequences; and, to be fair with you, I have so little of your confidence in even our real numerical force, that if you were to poll the nation as to an organic change, even without the perils of civil war, I am convinced you would not succeed. No! again I say the thing is not ripe even for a peaceable change, much less for an armed revolt."

Section XIII.

The subject continued.

"And lean-looked prophets whisper fearful change."

SHAKSPEARE, *Richard II.*

"*(Commons within).* An answer from the king
Or else we will all break in!"

SHAKSPEARE, *Henry VI.*, Part II.

"Let us discuss," said Crabtree, "the consequences of stopping the supplies more at large than we have done."

"Name your scheme," replied Longbrain.

"We are to suppose," said the Radical, "that the Commons are willing to do it."

"For argument's sake, agreed."

"Well, they pass a Bill for the reform of the Lords, who reject it."

"Good!"

"They then vote a resolution to stop all supplies till they do pass it; but they are strictly within the Constitution. They address the King, assuring his Majesty 'That the supplies shall be granted, and the Mutiny Bill passed, *as soon as his Majesty shall be graciously pleased to create such a number of Peers, as may be sufficient to overpower the hostile majority.*' This *loyal* and *dutiful* address has the effect of an irresistible decree."*

"Admirable!" said Longbrain; "but suppose its irresistibility resisted. What then?"

"Why then the nation is without army or navy; all public creditors are left pennyless; the Government in total disorder breaks up, and nobody cares to undertake it in their place; all confidence is destroyed; trade stops, the Bank breaks, and——"

"Hold, hold!" said Longbrain; "you have said enough to pass a thousand Bills, if the Lords and the King be wicked, and perverse, and audacious enough still to resist the loyal and dutiful address. But let a little question be asked. If this be so irresistible, would not the same machinery abrogate the monarchy itself, and give us our republic at once? Would it not wipe off the public debt and make us all rich? Would it not give your favourite agrarian law? destroy distinction of rank, and marry a chimney-sweeper to a Duchess (as was attempted during the French insanities)? In short, would it not give us all we want without further trouble? Why then confine this *loyal* and *dutiful* address to such a meagre object, as merely swamping the Lords? For what could prevent these desirable objects being thus, as you say, *constitutionally* carried; if the Commons are resolved to become Kings, and fear not the mischiefs you have described?"

"The mischief, returned Crabtree, "would obviously belong to those that opposed them, not to us."

"So you think, and so you say; but suppose those who would be most affected by these mischiefs—which are nearly all the influential classes in the nation, to say nothing of the millions of the labouring part of the community, who would be involved in the destruction of their employers—suppose these, I say, were to think otherwise, and not be willing that such horrors should be in the power of 658 reckless Commoners, any more than 200 reckless Lords? Suppose, in consequence, that the King dissolves them; do you think this appeal to the nation they have so attempted to injure, would be disregarded?"

"That depends," answered Crabtree, "upon the public opinion, whether it is worth while to risk such a crisis for the sake of such an object?"

* This is word for word, the copy of a loyal and dutiful proposal in the "Globe" evening paper, May 20th, 1836.

"It does so," answered Longbrain, "and I would ask you if you are prepared to say (setting brawling aside), that the great majority of the influence, wealth, and wisdom of the kingdom, are ready at this moment to encounter these certain evils for the doubtful good?"

"Doubtful good!" exclaimed Crabtree.

"Yes! for, republican as I am, I have told you fairly what makes me so. But were I old Algernon himself, I might question, in the present state of things, whether a republic is the blessing we choose to think it, in our closets."

"Yet Rousseau," replied Crabtree, "held that if angels were to choose a government, it would be that of a republic."

"Rousseau," answered Longbrain, "was at best a dreaming enthusiast, who loved paradoxes. Here was a paradox with a vengeance; for the angels, of all devoted lovers of the happiness belonging to peace and order, are most devoted to their benign and heavenly Sovereign, their almighty Father and King. Your instance, therefore, is unfortunate. Be this as it may, and supposing, with republican optimists, that a commonwealth is the best of all possible governments, the question always is, will, or will not the great and preponderating bulk of this wealthy nation, sanction the confusion and anarchy your boasted measure supposes, in order to obtain it? I say no. We should fail—be laughed at—perhaps something worse, and at any rate be worse off than before."

"You despair, then," said Crabtree, with a virtuous sigh (almost worthy of William Tell), "and we are still to be ridden by priests and nobles?"

"Add also, if you please," observed Longbrain, "by printers and tailors, by glorious agitators, briefless lawyers, and gentlemen on half-pay; and give me leave to tell you the share we thus have in the government, certainly in fame and influence, is not despicable."

"What then are we to do?" asked Crabtree. "I see no advantage in the constitutional power of the Commons over the purse of the nation, if they are not to use it as they think fit; and if what I have proposed is strictly constitutional, why is it not to be used?"

"You may as well say, what *has* been sometimes said," retorted Longbrain, "that in Russia the assassination of the Emperor, when he grows too great a tyrant, is part of the constitution; and therefore why may not an Emperor be assassinated whenever the nobles please? Observe, however, my good Crab, I do not say the end we propose is not so noble as to justify *all* means; but then they must be feasible, practical means, not theoretical, however ingenious or justifiable in theory, if justifiable at all."

"If justifiable at all?" said Crabtree, with emphasis.

"Yes! for there are not wanting rogues who are echoed by fools (both, I own, Conservatives), who question your whole theory, and persuade themselves that this right of the Commons to command the purse of the nation, is not given them to serve their own purposes of ambition, or to change the known and admitted balance of the Constitution, which your proposal would do, but as a trust *for the good of the nation at large*, which would be grossly and infamously abused, if it were exercised for the overthrow of the other branches of the legislature. Overthrown they have the audacity to think they would be, if, every time the Lords were insolent enough to differ from the Commons, they were to have a new infusion of Peers. This might even be necessary on every new question, so that in time, Peers, as Falstaff said of land in a time of rebellion, might be had as 'cheap as stinking mackerel.' Seriously, it is pretended, that if it be a right exercise of the prerogative to create Peers to carry particular questions, the constitutional character of the Peerage itself is destroyed, and there had better be none. Hence, as you know, this measure was one of the articles of impeachment against Oxford in Anne's time. The outcry, besides, is detrimental to the Radical cause, as it proves how well they can stomach the most outrageous violation of the Constitution for their own purposes, when, if it were really to support the

prerogative and serve the government, Europe itself would never hear the last of the counter yell."

"Surely," said Crabtree, "there is a difference between serving the government and the people?"

"None in the world," replied Longbrain, "as a principle; and you even beg the whole question in these words so promiscuously used, and so often abused, 'the people.' We must wait, then, till this same people are more enlightened by our speeches in the House, and by your papers out of it; or until our virtuous labours are crowned by making the aristocracy as universally detested as we wish them to be. Until then, it may be rendered doubtful whether the Commons themselves might not be the persons offending against the Constitution, not the King or the Lords who defend it."

Crabtree was indignant. "What!" said he, "when the representatives of the people have declared what will alone satisfy them, are the people not to be thought the people, and not prevail?"

"Show me the law," returned Longbrain, "that says they are without the other branches; or, what is the same thing, that the other branches, having a voice, are to stifle it when the Commons please, and I will agree with you. You and others tell me you want no *organic* change, because, using the means you say we *constitutionally* have, we can effect our purpose. But others have the boldness and the unreasonableness too, to think that this very use of the letter of the Constitution against its spirit, is in itself an organic change of the most violent description. They have the impudence, therefore, to call our argument sophistical, and our views traitorous. Here, then, is the true issue, without any nonsense or tampering. The nation has been too long gulled by both sides, and will, spite of mystification, open their eyes. And if they decide, that though the Commons cannot be hanged as traitors for withholding the supplies, they may yet be deemed barefaced trespassers on the Constitution and breakers of their trust, who shall say on whom the blame of civil war, if driven to it, would lie?"

Crabtree was a little startled, but at length replied, "I thought better of you as a revolutionist. Without condescending, in a war between the people and the aristocracy, to inquire whether the people *can* be in fault, I would ask what comparison, in point of resource, there can be between the Commons who hold the national purse, and the aristocracy who at best can only use their own?"

"When you say," answered Longbrain coolly, "the Commons have the purse, I would ask, in return—How? by what authority? who gave it them? Is it true? They have it so far that the Lords and the King have it not, but does this vest it in the Commons? Should they attempt to impose, much more to levy a tax, of themselves, might they not all be gibbeted as robbers, if not hanged as traitors? In the highest and most palmy state of the Commons, though they could cut off a King's head, they could not collect the excise except by dragoons. Talk not then of *law* giving us the advantage of the purse; we have it not, it is the longest sword carries it, and it is not for you to say whether we are prepared for that crisis?"

"Perhaps not at this moment," said Crabtree; "but in time, with perpetual agitation, permanent sittings, meetings, speeches, delegates, petitions on petitions, resolutions on resolutions; cries, outcries, placards, the very walls proclaiming the groans of the people,—is it possible that mere *law* can resist all this?

"All this! Aye, more!—

'Fret till your proud heart break!'

for if the law is firmly supported, which it promises to be, unless you add the sword to it, agitation alone may hasten our own ruin, but can never procure that of the State."

"That is not the opinion of the Irish," said Crabtree, "They tell you that by agitation they have prevailed in every encounter against England,

and will again resort to the old tactics by which so many victories have been won."

"And no doubt," answered Longbrain, with a dryness amounting to a sneer, "they tell you nothing but truth, and include among these the victories of 1798, when, though we were at war with all Europe, a few months put down an actual rebellion, and restored the power of the law."

"Though that has been," returned Crabtree, "it does not follow that it will be again. Ireland tells you she is up!"

"A comprehensive phrase, and a convenient," said Longbrain. "What it means, too, you had best explain. Her armies, I suppose, are in the field."

"Not *yet*; but they tell you if the Lords will not succumb to the Commons, they will again resort to the question of repeal."

"And of course," rejoined Longbrain, "that is a bugbear which must frighten the Lords to death. On my simple part, I ask, What if they do? Is *resorting* to a question the same thing as carrying it? or is a resolution by a hundred men in a small room, or ten thousand in a large field, having no constitutional power, except to write a petition, to put down an enthroned king, with ten millions of subjects adverse to it? Is this to prevail against constitutional authority?"

"Ay, but they say," observed Crabtree, "they will never quit it but with their lives."

"Then with their lives they *will* quit it," rejoined the obstinate Longbrain. "I see you have been revelling in these heroic bursts. One of them threatens '*a thunder on the breeze that shall make the pigmies of the House of Lords tremble in their seats.*' This is very fine. I only wish the House of Lords were pigmies; we might do for them then without thunder. At all events, the threat was unphilosophical; for it is the lightning that strikes, not the thunder, which, like this threat, is nothing but noise. But this was said at Bungay, where the orator, I suppose, felt himself inspired by the famous defiance of, I think, an old Earl of Norfolk, whose name was Bigot,—

> 'Were I in my castle of Bungay,
> Hard by the river Waveney,
> I'd ne care for the King of Cockney.'

I could give you, however, a bolder orator still, who swears the people shall '*brave* the high displeasure of the Lords, and *force* justice from them; or, in the glorious struggle, bury themselves beneath the ruins of their country.' Match this, if you can, or explain it, if you can, when all is to be kept, as you and they say, within the pale of the law. In short, my dear Brutus, 'Agitate! agitate! agitate!' unless with sword in hand, are of no more use, as words, than 'Dance! dance! dance!' and as dancing is a sort of agitation, one will do as well as the other. Any one, as well as Glendower, can call spirits from the vasty deep; but will they come? is the question."

"It is not Ireland, however, alone," proceeded Crabtree, "but England, too, that is up. You have probably seen the account of the great and energetic meeting of yesterday."

"I was at it," said Longbrain, "and perhaps might have said a few words; but not only the audience gave no encouragement, by either sympathy or numbers, but the fustian was unbearable."

"Yet the chairman's speech," said Crabtree——

"Was admirable! I assure you

> 'A utter'd as prave 'ords at the pridge,
> As you shall see in a summer's day.'

He *swore* he *would* have universal suffrage, and organic changes, both in the Lords and Commons: no half measures! And all this was to be accomplished by the mere working-classes, through the *moral force of opinion*. To ascertain the extent of this opinion, I asked one fellow without a coat, and in a leather apron, who seemed very active in leading a large squad of

his brother operatives, if he knew his object in this? The man had a roguish eye, and answered, with a leer, 'To be sure I do, master. You see I am a shoemaker; and shoes don't wear out at home.' The argument was unanswerable. Our chairman, however, did come a little to the point when he said they had a right to carry arms for their own defence, and, if forced, to use them: let the blame rest with those who attacked them. To all which I said 'Amen!' and looked about, thinking there was certainly an army, headed by the House of Lords itself, advancing to murder our peaceable citizens. Many others were of the same opinion; but seeing nothing, they had the ill manners to laugh at Ancient Pistol, and left him. They heroically, however, voted a very pregnant and novel resolution, which must inevitably, by the moral force of opinion, terrify the Lords into compliance. This was, 'That the interest which a poor man has in a good government is equal to that of a rich one.' Again say I 'Amen!' and so, perhaps, may the Lords themselves, without being frightened into it by this notable resolution."

Here the conversation ceased.

RECREATIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.—NO. I.

[That Zoology has become a fashion in England nobody can doubt. For the furtherance of its ends and objects no system can be so successful as that which blends amusement with instruction. We propose to give our readers a course of papers, of which the following is the first, in which subjects connected with "Natural history" will be treated in a manner which, we hope, will be acceptable to them, and in which, the recreation of light reading may be rendered useful by the information which they will contain and convey.

Our first paper is on Parrots.—Ed.]

"O pretty, pretty Poll."—*Beggars' Opera.*

"The noble Philip Marnixius of St. Aldegond," quoth Clusius, in his "Discourse," "had a parrot, whom I have oft heard laugh like a man, when he was by the by-standers bidden so to do in the French tongue, in these words—*Riez, Perroquet, riez*—yea, which was more wonderful, it would presently add in the French tongue, as if it had been endued with reason, but doubtless so taught, *O le grand sot qui me faict rire*, and was wont to repeat these words twice or thrice." * Whether it may be the lot of our parrots to provoke a smile, or, like the Parakeet of Topaze, which was hatched before the deluge, had been in the ark, had seen much, and was sent for by Rustan to amuse him till he went to sleep again, we shall be able to keep the reader awake, we know not. At all events, we should be more than satisfied if we were possessed of a tithe of its qualities for story-telling. "Sa mémoire," says Topaze to Rustan in Le Blanc and Le Noir—what an opera that tale would make in these days of splendid scenery—"Sa mémoire est fidelle, il conte simplement, sans chercher à montrer de l'esprit à tout propos, et sans faire des phrases." But, if we should, indeed, shower poppies with effect, happy, in this world of care, will be the *eyelids*

* "Clusius, his Discourse and Account of Parrots."—*Willughby's Translation.*

they *weigh down*. Sancho, at least, in such a case, would have blessed us for our invention.

Now, thinks the Poppy-expectant, for the old stories of Bluff King Hal's Parrot, and—in the exquisite spelling of Aldrovandi—"Gibe the Knabe a grott," *id est*, adds the worthy, *da nebuloni solidum*. No—neither shall we dwell on Colonel Kelly's parrot; nor on the ill-used bird that, in consequence of having told of what it ought not to have seen, was made to believe a hand-mill, a watering-pot, and burnt rosin, a storm of thunder and lightning as good as any that Mr. Crosse brings into his house. We hope, by the way, that the philosopher will not make his appeals to Jupiter Tonans once too often. Death has, ere now, leaped from the battery upon the electrician who charged it; and Mr. Crosse should not forget that he draws down his fierce fluid from

"clouds
With heaven's artillery fraught."

Not that we have not a great respect for the birds above hinted at, and, indeed, for all of these Anthropoglotts, as the Greeks called them, from the similitude of their fleshy tongues to that of man, whether, like the Cardinal's parrot, they can say the Apostle's creed or not; though we do not, perhaps carry our veneration so far as the learned Cardan, who was of opinion that they meditated as well as spoke. Their fondness, their jealousy, their hatred—their exhibition of many of the passions which make the human race happy or miserable, beloved or odious, would be enough to interest us: but they are, moreover, a kind of link between the living and the dead—between the nations now upon earth and those mighty ones that have been swept from it for ever. The same form, nay, the same identical species of parakeet that was caressed by Alexander, and nestled in the bosom of Thais—that sat on the finger of Augustus, and fed from the lip of Octavia—may now be the plaything of a London beauty; and, indeed, few aviaries are without them.*

But of these ancients more anon. We will begin with the parrots of the New World. Their habits, in a state of nature, are well known; and in none of the *Psittacidæ* is the bill more highly developed. This organ is not merely a powerful seed-and-fruit-stonecracker, to speak Benthamitically, but it is also a scansorial organ, as any one may perceive who will take the trouble to observe these birds as they climb about their cages; and in some of the Maccaws it is enormous. The Patagonian Arara,† no less than seventeen inches in length, of which the tail is nearly nine, lives in the summer in the mountain-regions of Paraguay, Buenos Ayres, Patagonia, and Chili, breeding in the holes of trees and rocks; but the approach of autumn is the signal for their gathering, and in desolating flights, these mountaineers

"Rush like a torrent down upon the vale,"

stripping the gardens and laying waste the cultivated fields, undeterred by the numbers which fall before the plundered owners. Upon such occasions there seems to be a sympathy among these birds that ensures their destruction: thus the Carolina Arara,‡ which is found as high

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* Palæornis Alexandri.

† Arara Patagonica Lesson. Psittacus Patagonicus of D'Azara.

‡ Arara Carolinensis. Psittacus Carolinensis of Linnæus.

up as 42 degrees of north latitude, and formerly was to be seen as far north-east as

"Wild Ontario's boundless lake,"

feeds in great flocks crowded together. The gun of the enraged husbandman cuts a terrible lane through them while they are thus employed: then comes a painful scene. "All the survivors rise, shriek, fly round about for a few minutes, and again alight on the very place of most imminent danger. The gun is kept at work; eight, or ten, or even twenty, are killed at every discharge. The living birds, as if conscious of the death of their companions, sweep over their bodies, screaming as loud as ever, but still return to the stack to be shot at, until so few remain alive, that the farmer does not consider it worth his while to spend more of his ammunition."*

Here we have a striking example of the effect produced by man, and, in this case, by civilized man, upon the animal creation. This species is fast diminishing before the colonist. Audubon remarks that about five and twenty years ago, "They could be procured as far up the tributary waters of the Ohio as the great Kenhawa, the Scioto, the heads of the Miami, the mouth of the Manimee at its junction with Lake Erie, on the Illinois river, and sometimes as far north-east as Lake Ontario, and along the eastern districts as far as the boundary line between Virginia and Maryland. At the present day, few are to be found higher than Cincinnati, nor is it until you reach the mouth of the Ohio that Parakeets are met with in considerable numbers. I should think that along the Mississippi there is not now half the number that existed fifteen years ago" These richly plumed birds—Audubon says that a stack on which they alight looks as if a brilliantly-coloured carpet had been thrown over it—are eminently social; for it appears, in addition to the anecdote above given, that many females lay their eggs together, the place of deposit being, as it is in most of the family, the holes of decayed trees. We must give one more picture of the habits of the Carolina Arara, drawn by the same masterly hand that sketched the preceding death-scene, because it will convey a good idea of the general habits of the *American* Parakeets:—

"The flight of the Parakeet is rapid, straight, and continued through the forests, or over fields and rivers, and is accompanied by inclinations of the body which enable the observer to see, alternately, their upper and under parts. They deviate from a direct course only when impediments occur, such as the trunks of trees or houses, in which case they glance aside in a very graceful manner, merely as much as may be necessary. A general cry is kept up by the party, and it is seldom that one of these birds is on wing for ever so short a space without uttering its cry. On reaching a spot which affords a supply of food, instead of alighting at once, as many other birds do, the Parakeets take a good survey of the neighbourhood, passing over it in circles of great extent, first above the trees, and then gradually lowering until they almost touch the ground; when suddenly re-ascending they all settle on the tree that bears the fruit of which they are in quest, or on any one close to the field in which they expect to regale themselves.

"They are quite at ease on trees or any kind of plant, moving sideways, climbing or hanging in every imaginable posture, assisting them-

* Audubon, American Ornithological Biography, vol. i., p. 136.

selves very dexterously in all their motions with their bills. They usually alight extremely close together. I have seen branches of trees as completely covered by them as they could possibly be. If approached before they begin their plundering, they appear shy and distrustful, and often at a single cry from one of them, the whole take wing, and probably may not return to the same place that day. Should a person shoot at them as they go, and wound an individual, its cries are sufficient to bring back the whole flock, when the sportsman may kill as many as he pleases. If the bird falls dead, they make a short round, and then fly off.

"On the ground, these birds walk slowly and awkwardly, as if their tail incommoded them. They do not even attempt to run off when approached by the sportsman, should he come upon them unawares; but when he is seen at a distance, they lose no time in trying to hide, or in scrambling up the trunk of the nearest tree, in doing which they are greatly aided by their bill.

"Their roosting-place is in hollow trees, and the holes excavated by the larger species of woodpeckers, as far as these can be filled by them. At dusk, a flock of Parakeets may be seen alighting against the trunk of a large sycamore, or any other tree, when a considerable excavation exists within it. Immediately below the entrance the birds all cling to the bark, and crawl into the hole to pass the night. When such a hole does not prove sufficient to hold the whole flock, those around the entrance hang themselves on by their claws and the tip of the upper mandible, and look as if hanging by the bill. I have frequently seen them in such positions by means of a glass, and am satisfied that the bill is not the only support used in such cases."*

We must pass by the other American parakeets, and leave, unwillingly, such grand birds as the Great Green Maccaw,† the Blue and Yellow Maccaw,‡ the Red and Blue Maccaw,§ the Hyacinthine Maccaw,‖ and the noble Parrot Maccaw,¶ gorgeously magnificent though they be; merely observing, that the first-named of these is found in the Andes as high as 3000 feet, that it was considered an acceptable gift when presented to the Incas by their subjects, and that, when on its gregarious predatory excursions a watch is kept on some high station—the top of a tree generally—to warn the plunderers of the approach of danger by a loud and singular cry, on hearing which they immediately take wing.

Nor is New Holland without its parakeets of varied form and habits, though small when compared with the American tribes. The elegant Pale-headed Broad-tail, *Platycercus palliceps;* the pretty Hobart Ground Parrot, *Nanones venustus* of Vigors and Horsfield; and the delicate Golden-eared or Crested Parakeet, *Nymphicus Novæ Hollandiæ* of Wagler, *Leptolophus auricomis* of Swainson, are "beautiful exceedingly." Then there is the lovely genus *Trichoglossus.*** Like the humming-birds, those Peris of the feathered race, the food of these charming parakeets is, principally, the nectar of flowers—nothing more

* Audubon, Ornithological Biography, vol. i., p. 137.

† Macrocercus militaris. Psittacus militaris of Authors.

‡ Macrocercus Ararauna. § Macrocercus Aracanga.

‖ Macrocercus Hyacinthinus.

¶ Psittacara nobilis. Psittacara frontata, Vigors. Psittacus nobilis, Latham.

** Vigors. An Australian group, taking the place of the Indian Lories in New Holland. Some ornithologists call them Lories, others Lorikeets.

gross than the juices of delicious fruits do they touch. A suctorial tongue of the most exquisite workmanship fits them for this diet of the gods. Woe to the unhappy captive whose mistress does not know this; it starves in the midst of apparent plenty. One of these wretched ones, when a coloured drawing of a flower was presented to it, applied its parched tongue to the paint and pasteboard; and even did this, in the extremity of its distress, to the ruder image on a piece of flowered chintz.

But we hear the stern voice of Cato the Censor—"O! conscript fathers—O! unhappy Rome. On what times have we fallen, when we behold these portents in the city—men, Romans, parading parrots on their fists, and women cherishing dogs!" One of these portents must have been the Ring Parakeet, *Palæornis Alexandri*,* alluded to above, and said to have been brought from India to Europe by the followers of the victorious Macedonian. The descriptions of both Greeks and Romans, to say nothing of antique gems and paintings, leave no doubt that this was one of the species at least; and it should be remembered that, till the time of Nero, "by whose searchers (as Pliny witnesseth) parrots were discovered elsewhere, viz., in Gagaude, an island of Æthiopia;" none but Indian parakeets (*Palæornis*) were known at Rome. Highly were they prized, and, in spite of the Censor, gorgeously were they lodged. Their cages were of gold, and ivory, and tortoise-shell, and the houses and streets of the imperial city rang with the "Hail, Cæsar!" of the occupants. If the manes of the celebrated sparrow were appeased by the "melodious tear" of Catullus, Ovid and Statius poured forth the elegy of the imitative Indian bird, and Martial made it the medium of a refined compliment.

"Psittacus a vobis aliorum nomina discam,
Hoc didici per me dicere—Cæsar, Ave!"

Though Constantine does not name the bird, Aldrovandi doubts not that it was a parakeet that turned the heart of the Oriental Emperor Basilius, by repeating, for his condemned and incarcerated son Leo, those lamentations which it had learned from the sorrowing women; a son whom he took again to his bosom, leaving him the empire as an inheritance. There were evidently schools for these feathered scholars. Ælian says they were taught like boys, and Pliny states that they were corrected with an iron ferula (*ferreo radio*) during their instruction. The same method of castigation is alluded to by Apuleius and Solinus.

Under the later Emperors, the parrot became one of the rarities of their monstrous feasts; for, though Heliogabalus fed his lions, panthers, and other *carnivora* with parrots and pheasants, he took care to have a grand dish of their heads for his own table. If he had selected the bodies, it might have been better, for the flesh of some of the species is said to be excellent; and we suspect that Little Pickle was not aware what a delicacy he might have been serving up when he caused a parrot and bread-sauce to be laid before the old gentleman.

Next to the affection, almost amounting to passion for youth, especially of the softer sex, the friendship of the Indian parakeets for doves is said to have been the most remarkable. We can fancy the portico of the

* Vigors. Psittacus torquatus, Macrourus Antiquorum of Aldrovandus. Psittacus Alexandri of Linnæus.

Xystus, in one of the elegant houses at Pompeii, enlivened by a group of the family, attended by their fond and friendly birds.

To come to more modern times; there are instances of attachment on the part of these birds that would shame some other bipeds. They seem most sensibly alive to the caresses of their beloved mistress; and their gesticulations expressive of rage and hatred when a rival is noticed by her show what an indignant favourite feels at an infidelity. One of these affectionate creatures would never settle itself on its perch, however late it might be, till it was taken out of its cage and replaced with a kiss and a "good night."

The Parakeet, of which the anecdote is told by Clusius, was most probably the Red and Blue Maccaw, mentioned above.

"Among others," says that author, "I saw one of those great ones in the house of the illustrious Lady, Mary of Bremen, Dutchess of Croy and Areschot, of happy memory, before she went out of Holland, the like whereto, for variety and elegancy of colours, I do not remember to have ever seen. For though almost all the feathers covering the body were red, yet the feathers of the tail (which were very long) were partly red and partly blue; but those on the back and wings parti-coloured of yellow, red, and green, with a mixture also of blue. Its head about the eyes was white and varied with waved black lines. I do not remember the like parrot described in any other author. Moreover, this bird was so in love with Anna, the Dutchesse's neece, now Countess of Meghen and Baroness of Grosbeke, that whenever she walked about the room it would follow her, and if it saw any one touch her cloaths would strike at him with its bill; so that it seemed to be possessed with a spirit of jealousie."*

Of the short-tailed parrots, or parrots properly so called (subfamily *Psittacina*), there are species both in the new and old world. The Parrot of the Amazons,† commonly known as the Green Parrot, and celebrated for its conversational powers, will serve as an example of the American true Parrots. Brilliant as are the talents of this species, its African brother, the Gray Parrot‡, does not yield to it in eloquence. The cardinal's bird that could repeat the whole of the Apostles' creed, and for which, in the year of God 1500, a hundred gold crowns were paid, is believed to have been of this species; and so was the bird of which M. de la Borde declares that it served as chaplain to a vessel, reciting the prayer to the sailors, and afterwards repeating the rosary—

"It was a Parrot of orders gray
Went forth to tell his beads."

The Gray Parrot will breed in captivity under favourable circumstances. Buffon speaks of a pair in France that nestled in a cask with 'lots of sawdust"—no bad representative of a hole in a decayed tree—and produced and brought up their young for five or six successive years. Sticks were placed inside and outside of the barrel, that the gentleman might ascend and descend to the lady in the sawdust whenever he pleased. Nothing could be more amiable than his conduct to her; but it was absolutely necessary to go booted into the room if the visitor wished to go out of it with unwounded legs. Those who have felt the

* Clusius, his Discourse—Willughby's translation.
† Psittacus Amazonicus of authors.
‡ Psittacus erithacus of Linnæus.

gripe of a parrot's bill will easily understand that it was not likely that any gentleman should enter the sanctuary in silk stockings a second time. Father Labat also gives an account of a pair whose loves were blessed with several broods in Paris.

An attempt has been made by some of the parrots in the brilliant collection of the Zoological Society of London to fulfil the great law of nature. We saw one pair, of the long-tailed division, very fussy, and busy, and nestifying, and we believe an egg or so made its appearance; "but," as Dr. Johnson said on a more solemn occasion, "nothing came of it."*

That parrots will live to a very great age there is no doubt. Le Vaillant saw one that had lived in captivity, or rather in a domesticated state, for ninety-three years. When he saw the ancient it was in the *last stage of all*. It had been celebrated in its youth for its vigour, its docile and amiable disposition, the alert air with which it would fetch its master's slippers and call the servants,—above all, for its *flashes of merriment;*—and there it was, entirely decrepit, lethargic, its sight and memory gone, lingering out existence, and kept alive by biscuit soaked in Madeira wine. Somewhere about the age of sixty it began to lose its memory, and, instead of acquiring any new phrase, it forgot some of those it had learnt, and began to talk a jumble of words. At the age of sixty its moulting became irregular, the tail became yellow, and afterwards no further change of plumage took place.

We will now draw upon the same Le Vaillant for the manners of another African species in a state of nature. The Robust Parrot (*Pionus Le Vaillantii* of Wagler, *Psittacus robustus* of Latham) haunts the woods of the eastern part of the continent as high as the thirty-second degree of latitude, in the breeding season only, leaving them at the approach of the rainy season, after it has brought up its young, for warmer skies. A hollow tree is, as usual, the receptacle for the eggs, which are four in number, and about the size of those of a pigeon: both parents share in the pleasing care of incubation. The nestlings are naked when they first quit the eggs, and are soon covered with a grayish down; but their plumage is not complete till six weeks have elapsed, and they keep to the nest a considerable time longer, during which period they are fed from the crop of the old ones, like the pigeons. When the periodical migration takes place, the flocks fly so high that they are lost to the sight, though their call-notes still reach

* Our recently lost George Colman used to relate a circumstance connected with this subject, curiously illustrative of the manners and gaieties of his "youthful days." A Lady Reid, a celebrated ornithologist of that time, had, amongst a multitude of birds, a cock maccaw, which, according to her Ladyship's account, and to her infinite surprise, one day *laid an egg!* The story, told by her Ladyship with perfect gravity, and in the full persuasion of its truth, soon got about town. One day it reached the Cocoa-Tree, where, amongst others, Colman and Francis North (afterwards fourth Earl of Guildford) were dining, at about three o'clock, in May or June; whence, upon obtaining this marvellous information, Colman, North, and a third—I am not sure that it was not the late accomplished and amiable Sir George Beaumont—issued forth, and proceeded to the top of St James's-street, where, having made for themselves trumpets of twisted paper for the purpose, they gave a flourish, and proclaimed aloud the astounding words, "Cock maccaws lay eggs!" and this was repeated in the front of White's; after which they returned to finish their wine,—their costume *then* being that which is now confined to the Court or full-dres parties.—Ed.

the ear. The history of their day is not uninteresting. At dawn, the whole flock of the district assembles, and with much noise settles on one or more dead trees: there they display their wings to the first rays of the sun, whose rising they seem to hail. They are then drying their plumage charged with the night dews. As soon as they are warmed and dried, they separate into small breakfast parties, and fly in quest of their favourite cherry-like fruit, the stone of which they crack, and regale on the kernel. They like to linger over their breakfast, which continues till about ten or eleven o'clock: and the different parties then go to take their bath. The heat is by this time getting intense, and they retire to the deepest shades of the woods to take their siesta. There they remain in profound repose, and all is so still, that the traveller resting beneath a tree shall hear not a sound, though legions of parrots crowd the branches above him. The report of a gun instantly puts to flight the whole flock, screaming most discordantly.

When undisturbed, and their period of rest is terminated, they again disperse in small dinner parties, and, after the conclusion of the evening repast, there is a general assembly of all the flocks of the district, and a conversazione of considerable animation: this ended, away they all fly to take their second bath; and there they may be seen on the margin of the limpid pool, for no water that is not "clear as diamond-spark" will please them, scattering the water-drops over their plumage with their heads and wings, and playfully rolling over each other in all the wantonness of an unchecked game of romps. This finished, they again seek the leafless trees on which they sat at sunrise, and dress and preen their feathers in its parting rays. Then, as the shades of evening close around, they fly off in pairs, each couple retiring to its own roosting-place, where they repose till dawn.

There is a smaller race of short-tailed parrots (*Agapornis*), the love-birds as they are called, from the affectionate attachment which exists between the male and female. There certainly are instances to the contrary, but the death of one is generally followed by that of the other. A glass placed at right angles with the perch has been used with success in reconciling the survivor to life, by the delusion produced by its own image.

The Lories,* in all their oriental richness, and the Cockatoos,† with their lofty crests and docile disposition, form two very interesting groups. The latter inhabit the woods of the Indian islands principally. In the former, the bill is comparatively weak; in the latter it is strong and robust. Most of our readers will remember the favourite cockatoo of George the Fourth; the bird was the very pink of politeness.

Other forms crowd on us, but we are warned. Our eye has just fallen on a pretty drawing from one of the Pompeian arabesques, of a grasshopper in a car, driving a parakeet—true; we have been "speaking parrot" more than enough, and must make room for our betters, referring those of our readers who are not by this time in a balmy state of oblivion, and who may wish to make their eyes acquainted with the varieties of this beautiful family, to their portraits by Barraband and by Lear, the Reynolds and the Lawrence of the *Psittacidæ*.

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* Genus Lorius. † Subfamily Plyctolophina, Vigors.

THE LATE GEORGE COLMAN.

When a fellow, even if he have no fellow, hath written, been written about, and seen acted, both long and often, it is not easy to say anything new on his head: mere dates and facts seem rather emblems of its baldness than its brains. My theme's own "Random Records" furnish particulars of his early career; I shall repeat none that do not seem to bear on his disposition and fate. His grandfather, Francis, was connected by marriage with our *noblesse*, bequeathing to his successors a zest for aristocratic associations and indulgences, much loyalty, and some unworldly carelessness. The improvident suffer enough for their faults while living; when they are gone—when the too trusting friend, too hospitable host, can err no more—"the rest is silence" with all generous minds. George Colman the Elder, born at Florence, is celebrated as the author of the "Jealous Wife," the translator of Terence: thus his son, born on the 21st of October, 1762, inherited legacies more valuable than those above-named—genius and classic taste. The latter, education matured; the former unfitted him for the dry study of the law; his cordial, jovial nature revolted at its sordid attributes, rather lawlessly, in every respect. It appears his first marriage was unhappy. As playwright and manager, too, he had many mortifications: the patronage of the late King and the Duke of York contributed to neutralize some of these; while his home was cheered by a congenial, a faithful friend—the admired Mistress Gibbs, now his widow. By her he leaves a son, Edmund, old enough, though he may never remind her of his father's talent, to emulate his kindness while avoiding his defects. This solace, with every aid that fortune can add, it is to be hoped she will enjoy: those who know her feel that she deserves it. I am not of the number; but have heard traits of her character, the considerate delicacy of which did her the more honour for being masked in smiles; but from the *Euphrosyne* her poet apostrophized I must now return to himself.

In my own "Night-Gown and Slippers," with *his* in my hand, did I exorcise the proverbial gloom of November, till my sides felt splitting; my exhausted lungs respired fitfully and deeply; my eyes, dazzled by so much wit, ran over on the page whose fires they could not quench. Just then a friend joined me, with the news that "George Colman the Younger," bowing to his own "old sand-man, Time," was, at last, "a *grave* man." Well, thanks to his ever living spirit, there I had, ready made, the only sighs, tears, and aches that would not "sully a heart so brilliantly light."

> "To weep would do thy glory wrong:
> Thou shalt not be deplored."

I would speak of the Great George, 74, now launched for immortality, as a poet and a moralist, who needs and merits championship. His romantic and comparatively serious dramas, such as the "Iron Chest" and "Mountaineers," teem with power and pathos, relieved by essentially droll incidents, intrinsically lively characters. His domestic comedies are even more poetical, though written in prose.—See "John Bull"—Mary Thornbury and her father, contrasting those fashionable

clothes-pegs, the Honourable Tom and his lady; or, in the "Heir at Law," Cicely Homespun and her brother, standing, in Nature's nobleness, between the *street* vulgarity of the Duberleys and the pedant sophistication of Pangloss. Are not these things of truth and beauty, shaming those created rustics of novels and the stage, who sentimentalize over "neglected wild flowers," or, when insulted, cry,—

"Avaunt, Perfidious! Miscreant, begone!"

Through all his plays an honest aim was visible: their language touched the heart but to improve it. Let us leave them to the admiring gratitude of audiences yet to be, and deal with his other works.

Though, with the generosity of true genius, he complimented Peter Pindar, how far was George Dr. Wolcot's superior! Examine *his* works now! How few lines would wring a laugh! As the objects of their presumptuous personalities died off, their popularity died too. Colman wrote for all time. He was a sounder, a far *cleaner* philosopher than Swift,—a truer, because a more modest, voluptuary than Prior. He did not, like Sterne, bid the "lights of science" phosphorize corruption: he was much more elegant than Smollett or Fielding; nay, the naughtiest passage he ever penned is fitter for feminine perusal than Richardson's "Pamela" and "Clarissa." Colman sought not, like Byron, to make error resistless,—to sneer down virtue and religion;—above all, he was ever *gallant*. He wrote of *woman* (though justly, as to the foibles of her heart and mind) "like a thankful and reverend youth." How differently the self-excited Childe treated her, the reader may judge for himself; and, as he turns with manly scorn from some passages of "Don Juan," let him confess—nay, "tell both his wife and his daughter"—that the bard of "Broad Grins" was a moral man!

Like Hogarth, he could not satirize vice and folly without showing their deformity. (Could Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, or Young give foul things fair names?) Colman did not so frequently as his painting prototype admit the *terribly* grotesque into his pictures; but, like *him*, loved to set off, by traits of feeling and of goodness, the artificial, superficial, sensual, selfish, and ridiculous characteristics of those

"tiny souls
Who wriggle through the mud in shoals."

He was the open foe to pretence, hypocrisy, and humbug; not merely, as some squeamish persons who never read him, think to this day, a man who had a knack of rhyming, in odd irregular metres, and on improper topics; on the contrary, there are but few lines of Colman which violate propriety,—the very worst the *innocent* might safely read. "The good men, who know what iniquity means," who are familiar with all the conventional cant of the mess-table, the slang of the lobbies,—*they* may *make* mischief of phrases in themselves quite harmless. Were there no *dirtier* minds than Colman's in the world, *who* need deny that they had read him? Shakspeare is perused by chaste eyes without the aid of Bowdler's spectacles.

Colman, with parental benevolence, decries the perusal of Lane and Newman romances for young maidens. Tom, Dick, and Will are chattering over the embers of the alehouse fire; Will rises in declamation, and saith,—

" ' Were I a pastor in a boarding-school,
I'd quash such books *in toto;* if I couldn't,
Let me but catch one miss that broke my rule,
I'd flog her soundly, dam'me if I wouldn't !'
William, 'tis plain, was getting in a rage;
But Thomas drily said, for he was cool,
' I think no gentleman would mend the age
By flogging ladies at a boarding-school.' "

It is your own fault if an absurd image rises to your mental vision at Tom's quaint reply: " assuredly, the meaning is good." Good, sternly good, too, is the comparison of enervated bodies with the minds of reading *débauchées.* Its fine old English taste is glorious!

Then, in that tale which shows " a fiend of low degree," is not gaming held up to execration? Does not even a poor dog instruct us?

" Ah, man! the brute creation see,
Thy constancy oft needs a spur;
While lessons of fidelity
Are found in every bob-tail cur!"

The gardener, hero of this ballad—

" Pruned his passions, running wild,
And grafted true love on his heart.
He knew not what it was to rake."

His heroine, the cook, was—

" Pure as heaven's own snowy flake."

The " Newcastle Apothecary " is so unexceptionable, that schoolboys used to recite it at their breakings up; so did they " Lodgings for Single Gentlemen," and part of the " Elder Brother."

En passant, let me say that Colman's quizzes against the medical fraternity have a healthful tendency; for if people would cease to consider sickness interesting, they might strive to avoid, or, at worst, conceal it.

A liberal *amende*, however, is made to the sons of Galen, when our author assures the invalid who wishes to revive, that

" E'en dismissing the doctor don't *always* succeed."

He transports his readers back to the age of chivalry, in the " Knight and the Friar."

" In our Fifth Harry's reign, when 'twas the fashion
To thump the French, poor creatures! to excess,
Tho' Britons, now-a-days, show more compassion,
And thump them certainly a great deal less:*
In Harry's reign, when flush'd Lancastrian roses
Of York's pale blossoms had usurp'd the right,†
As wine drives Nature out of *drunkard's* noses,
Till red triumphantly eclipses white:
(Here's a hit at another sin!)
In Harry's reign—but, let me to my song,
Or good King Harry's reign may seem too long.
Sir Thomas Erpingham, a gallant Knight,
When this King Harry went to war in France,
Girded a sword about his middle,
Resolving very lustily to fight,
And teach the Frenchmen how to dance
Without a fiddle.

* This poem was written, or published, before the days of Wellington's victories.

† Roses were not emblems of faction, cries the critic, till the reign of Henry VI. Pooh! this is a figure, not an anachronism.

Yet tho' Sir Thomas *had* an iron fist,
He was, at heart, a *mild philanthropist.*
Much did he grieve, when making Frenchmen die,
To any inconvenience to put 'em,
It quite distress'd his feelings, he would cry,
That he must cut their throats, and then—he cut 'em.
Till, palling on his laurels, grown so thick,
Homeward he bent his course, to wreath 'em;
And in his castle, near fair Norwich town,
Glutted with glory he sat down,
In perfect solitude beneath 'em.
Now sitting under laurels, Heroes say,
Gives grace and dignity, and so it may,
When men have done campaigning;
But certainly these gentlemen must own
That sitting under laurels, quite alone,
Is much more dignified than entertaining."

Is not that social candid bit worth all the affected misanthropy a Byron ever professed? The Knight becomes a prey to blue devils all day, and worse—

"An incubus, whene'er he went to bed,
Sat on his stomach, like a lump of lead,
Making *unseemly* faces at *Sir* Thomas."

What a homily in three letters! Diseases mental and bodily, especially those born of lonely idleness, are, in our secret vanities, often expected to be kept at bay by fame, title, fortune, beauty, or the like gew-gaws; yet the irreverent pack persevere, and grinning mock our pride.

Sir Thomas marries. The apostrophe to Cupid which follows is worthy of Moore himself, and the bridegroom's "Sonnet" might be proudly claimed by Harrington, Daniel, or Sydney. It is immaculate, imaginative, full of racy conceits, and "comely love." But buxom Muse, let us frisk again! as he says,

"Close to a chapel, near the castle gates,
Dwelt certain stickers in the devil's skirts,
Who with prodigious fervour shave their pates,
And show a most religious scorn for *shirts.*
Their house's sole endowment was our Knight's;
Thither an Abbot and twelve Friars retreating,
Conquer'd, sage pious men! their appetites,
By that infallible specific—eating!
'Twould seem, since tenanted by holy friars,
That peace and harmony reign'd here eternally;
Whoever told you so were cursed liars,
The holy friars quarrelled most infernally.
Not a day past
Without some schism among these heavenly lodgers;
But none of their dissensions seem'd to last
So long as Friar John's, and Friar Roger's.
But when Sir Thomas went to his devotions,
Proceeding through their cloister, with his bride,
You never could have dream'd of their commotions,
The stiff-rump'd rascals look'd so sanctified!"

This couple behave in an urbane and affable manner to the brothers; her ladyship thus wakes in the breast of John

"Heterodox unclean intentions,
Abominable in a Friar.
That coxcombs *were* and *are*, I need not give
Nor take the trouble now to prove;
Nor that those dead, like many now who live,
Have thought a lady's *condescension* LOVE."

Even so did this "monastic coxcomb" think

> "—— his g—s and garbage doted on
> By a fair dame, whose husband was to him
> Hyperion to a mummy.
> He sent her a much warmer *billet-doux*
> Than Abelard e'er writ to Eloise."

With a mixture of duty and inclination of which no merit is made, the dame goes directly to her spouse, and brandishes before him the friar's letter. Sir Thomas's first impulse is to run the Friar through, but discretion prompts him rather to bid his wife appoint John a midnight interview in a secret bower, where her husband instead will give him the meeting, crabstick in hand.

> "The lady wrote just what Sir Thomas told her,
> For it is no less strange than true
> That wives did once what husbands bid them do;
> Lord, how this world improves as we grow older!"

To this assignation John goes, all hope and passion,

> "When, whack, Sir Thomas hit him on the joles."

Unluckily, a random blow cracks the skull of John, and lets his soul out to travel up or *down*.

Part the Second opens with felicitous humanity: asking the reader if he has never, when much provoked, found his genius boil over upon a fool,

> *On* whom it seem'd, tho' you had mines of it,
> Extravagant to spend a jest *upon*."

(Quære grammar, friend George!)

> "And haven't you, I'm *sure* you have, my friend!
> When you have laid the puppy low,
> All little pique and malice at an end,
> Been sorry for the blow?
> And said (if *witty so* would say *your bard*),
> Damn it! I hit that meddling fool *too* hard!
> Thus did the brave Sir Thomas say,
> For certainly, tho' *not* with *wit*, the Knight
> Had hit the Friar very hard indeed!
> And heads, nineteen in twenty, 'tis confest,
> Can feel a crabstick sooner than a jest."

The Knight, aware that John's carcass must be hidden before dawn, repairs to the cockloft of a retainer, nicknamed the Duke of Limbs, trusty as strapping; but finds his Grace asleep.

> "A sleeper's nose is made on the same plan
> As the small wire twixt a doll's wooden thighs;
> For, pull the nose or wire, the doll or man
> Will open, in a minute, both their eyes."

(Wooden dolls have not this wire, though.) The knightly appeal to the ducal proboscis succeeds. The large vassal dons his *smalls*, and follows his leader; though dismayed at the mischance, he lifts the ton of blubber on his shoulders, and

> "Over the moat, the drawbridge being down,
> Gallantly stalk'd the brawny Duke of Limbs,
> Bearing Johannes of the shaven crown."

What follows, reminds one of the refined *Gray*. The Friar is left seated, as sat the poet of "The Long Story," when the fine ladies call at his cottage. But fat John's privacy was soon invaded by Roger, who was not well, and hoped that a little al fresco solitude in this bower

might relieve him. His porpoise enemy's tacit refusals to depart enrage him, till he hurls a brickbat at the breast of John,

" Who fell, like pedant's periods to the ground,
Very inanimate, and very round."

Roger supposes that *he* has killed *him*.

" Now Roger's conscience, it appears,
Was not, by half, so lively as his fears;
And all his sorrow at this deed abhorr'd,
Was nothing but antipathy to cord."

Through a private portal Roger contrives to drag John, " seizing, as the gout was wont, his toes;" he sticks him up, on the edge of the knight's moat, " like some fat gentleman who bobbed for eels," and so leaves him. Meanwhile, the scrupulous Sir Thomas, unable to sleep, again seeks his follower, and

" As he went wishing on,
With the great Duke of Limbs behind him,
Horror on horror! he saw John,
Where least of all he ever thought to find him.

' Ah! sigh'd Sir Thomas, ' while I wander here,
By fortune stamp'd a homicide, alas!'
(And, as he spoke, a penitential tear
Mingled with heaven's dew drops on the grass.)
' Will no one from my eyes yon spectre pull?'
' Sir Thomas,' said the Duke of Limbs, ' *I* wool.'

He would have thrown the garbage in the moat,
But the knight told him fat was prone to float."

He at last bethinks him of the Armoury, where, into a curious antique suit, which had for many years afforded an iron dinner to that ostrich, rust, he, with some difficulty, rams the friar, resolving to tie him on the knight's favourite war-horse, then at grass, and turn him out a " top of the highway." The description of Dumpling transcends even that in Rimini of the White Arabians.

On the back of this gay old charger is secured fat John, armed *cap-a-piè*, with lance in rest. The lion of the stall clatters off with the martial friar. Meanwhile, Roger resolves to fly; knocks up a neighbouring miller, and borrows his grey mare. Scarcely has he escaped when he finds himself pursued by a mailed equestrian on neighing steed; as day dawns he looks behind,—

" When, lo! the features of fat John,
His beaver up, and pressing on,
Glared ghastly in the wretched Roger's face."

Thus they enter Norwich; the market folks are dismayed. The real butcher of this fat hog might (*malgré* the armour) have let the blame rest with Roger, but no—

" Sir Thomas up to London sped full fast,
To beg his life and lands of royal Harry,
And, for his services in Gallia past,
His suit did not miscarry.
For in those days, thank heaven, they now are mended,
Kings hang'd poor rogues, while rich ones were befriended."

" The Elder Brother's " severities are launched against drunkenness and assumed prudery; it laudeth early hours and regularity. In it no man sweareth at full. Even Miss Lucretia loves her natural sons, and hoards both fame and fortune for their sakes.

"Poetical Vagaries" are prefixed by some defence of their author's peculiarities in orthography. His "Ode to We," that "Hackneyed Critic, plural unit," and "important Omnes Solus," is pungently clever. Yet competent and impartial persons may write as WE, because such is the *rule*. There are, to be sure, some very *wee* wes, but is it worth a great author's while to lavish an ode upon *them?*

"Low ambition" is "the life and death of Mr. Daw," son to a dresser and a candle-snuffer, born behind the scenes of a London theatre, and let out by his tender parents, at half-a-crown per night, as an extra fiend or supernumerary Cupid, till he grows too ugly a lout for these parts, while still too boyish for Calibans and devils. He becomes prompter's boy, and during his time——

Here follows a "Reckoning with Time," to whom the poet, among other fine things, says,—

> "Though I mock thy flight, 'tis said,
> Thy *forelock* fills me with such dread,
> I never *take* thee by it."

He calls small-pox the dragon that Jenner combats on a cow; in enumerating all the ills and goods that Time hath given him, confessing

> "Still, honest Chronos, 'tis most true
> To thee, and, faith, to *others* too,
> I'm very much *indebted*."

Daw is again promoted, and acts on the stage with great *éclat*, though invisible:—

> "There was no bearing any outside bear
> If Mr. Daw was not the inside actor.
> Yet this intestine Roscius found that
> Sometimes a failure his great name would tarnish;
> Once, too, when drunk in Cerberus, oh shame!
> He fell asleep within the dog's internals.
> Thus, Mr. Whitbread's porter overcame
> The porter to the King of the Infernals."

But the worst is behind. For the Christmas Pantomime—

> "A pasteboard elephant, of monstrous size,
> Was form'd to bless a learned nation's eyes,
> And charm the sage theatrical resorters;
> And, as two men were necessary in it,
> It was decreed, in an unlucky minute,
> That Mr. Daw should fill the *hinder* quarter."

Here was degradation! he swore a tragic oath, and appealed to the managers:—

> "I've been chief lion and first tiger here
> For fifteen year;
> That, you may tell me, matters not a souse;
> But what is more,
> All London says I am the greatest boar
> You ever had in all your house!"

Colman, who has previously written—

> "Reader, it ill becometh *me*
> To say how mad proprietors may be."

now with even more lowliness proceeds:—

> "And if obdurate *managers could* feel
> A little more than flint and steel,

If they had any heart,
On hearing such a forcible appeal,
They might have let the man reject the part.
All the head manager said to it
Was simply this, 'Daw, you *must* do it.'"

Daw consequently had to stoop, so that his face would touch the lower part of his rival's back. The elephant appears, is welcomed with shouts, and presently roars most naturally.

"That beasts should roar is neither new nor queer;
But, on a repetition of the spite,
How was the house electrified to hear
The elephant say—'Curse you, Daw, don't bite!'
Daw persevered; unable to get out,
The tall man faced about:
Both in the dark were now at random fighting,
Huffing and cuffing, kicking, scratching, biting.
And in this civil brawl, like any other,
Where every man at arms his country shatters,
The two inhabitants thump'd one another,
Till they had torn the elephant to tatters."

Daw is ruined; but, when real animals are brought on the stage, his last hope expires, and he dies.

In "The Lady of the Wreck," Colman's imitations of Scott are close and happy. As to the plot, the fact that Miss Porter has written on the same legend is a sufficient guarantee for its being "quite correct." The notes are really instructive.

O'Shaughnashane, of Castle Blarneygig (Ulster), one stormy night, is disturbed by a shriek from the sea, which his tower o'erlooks; he peeps from a loophole, and beholds a beauteous female, draped half in her dark dishevelled hair, and half in the dashing spray, as she clings to the rock, whence, quite as consistently as many another heroine of fiction, she sings—

"What linen so fine has the bride put on?
What torch is her chamber bright'ning?
The bride is adrift, in a salt-water shift,
And her candles are flashes of lightning!"

The maid sees and admires the castle's lord, nay, more, a vehicle by which he may rescue her; and thus renews her lay, saying, towards its close:—

"If the bucket come not down,
Soon shall I be doom'd to *kick* it!
Quick, oh quick, unwind the rope,
If thou answer'st to my hope!
Then on thee, when fate is frowning
May a *rope* prevent thy *drowning!*"

The gallant knight complies; the fair one requites her preserver, by transferring her love to himself. He instals her as his castle's mistress. His vassals at the banquet celebrate the event by a song; but, alas! time rolls his course. The Baron Fitz-Gallyhogmagawl has a daughter, passing fair, pining in secret for the Chief of Blarneygig. Interest pleads for her, as does her father. Sir T. breaks the truth to the Lady of the Wreck. She places on his finger a mystic ring, with which she bids him never part, then leaps out of window into the sea. Judy Fitz-Gallyhogmagawl succeeds her as the knight's lawful bride.

An episodic account of the priest who united this pair, burlesques the history of Brian in the "Lady of the Lake." To this caricature succeeds a picture of extreme beauty. But—

"Ideas that evince a mind,
To character the man refined,
Did not on the sensorium light
Of Blarneygig's puissant knight."

He bids his lady sit upon his knee.

"Obey'd she? Yes; for then a spouse
(Times alter,) seldom broke her vows,
Nor thought *all other* vows effaced
While marriage *beds* were not disgraced.
As if love, honour, and obey,
Oaths now of form, on life's highway,
Like paltry passengers were lost
In virtue's terrible hard frost."

Judy, in playful fondness, pulls off the ring given by the Lady of the Wreck. Dire portents in air, and from the main, strike the conscience of the perjured. The bucket mounts into the sky, the sea in at the windows, and, when it sinks, leaves behind it a water rat, of very suspicious and supernatural attributes. The knight flies, but everywhere,

"He feared the rat would be espied,
And all his fears were *ratified*."

Months fleeted, yet the little hairy quadruped could not be driven from the O'Shaughnashane.

It can neither be caught nor killed, tho'

"On Blarneygig's high gateway reared
A manifesto now appeared,
Writ in his own improper hand;
Five minutes' shower washed away
'Rade and tak notis,' every day."

This mattered not, as none of the vassals *could* read, yet they obeyed the word-of-mouth order, to procure a cat for every room in the castle. Strange to say, not one of these feline guests would attack the rat.

"Each claw was shut, and all the furred
As if in love and pity, purred."

After being rat-hunted for three years, the Chief makes the tour of Europe—in vain, the rat goes with him.

"No change it manifested, save
That which the various nations gave.
In France, thy dressing-room, oh, world!
Its whiskers seemed more smartly curled;
Through Italy a mellower note
Squeaked, like a quaver, from its throat;
Among the Germans all the day
It looked not sober, tho' not gay;
And gravely studied to maintain
A haughty toss of nose in Spain."

Again, in Erin, he goes to chase the deer; like Fitz-James, losing his way, a viewless harp twangs his lullaby.

"Huntsman, snore! for up thou 'rt done,
And, before the rising sun,
To awaken and assail ye
Will the reptile squeak reveillie!"

The modern phrase to be "done up" has descended to us from the Slangi of the ancients

Why a rat should be called a reptile I know not. 'Twas vermin he meant. Sir T. catches his foe napping, seizes it by the tail, and dashes out his brains against a stone, then wends home, rejoicing, and sends forth to invite a large party on this great occasion. His friends assemble, and are drinking lustily, when a stranger is announced as at the gate. The knight takes a candle, and goes to meet her. The blood-drenched ringlets, and the features of the Lady of the Wreck, hint what the spectre's words confirm, that the drawing off of the charmed ring had given her power to dwell, in one more shape, with her seducer; but, as he has slain her even in that humble disguise, the faithful rat-lady tells him that his life shall end with the candle in his grasp. Herself and squeaking palfrey then disappear; but the father of Judy reassures his kinsman, by reminding him that he has only to put out the light, and live as long as he likes. He does so, but, while he sleeps, a vassal, in ignorance of its power, rekindles it,—it burns out, and with it perishes the faithless lover.

"Two Parsons, or the Tale of a Shirt," commences with a speculation as to the classes of persons who must have been losers had Eve never brought sin, shame, dress, and death, into the world. Since she did so, the bard regrets that those who prepare us for the grave should ever want clothes.

So was it with Ozias Polyglot, an orthodox man of Kent, the eschewed of that Heathen, Plutus, the effects of whose powers on various ranks of society are well enumerated.

The wife of Ozias brings him nine children in six years; and though the lazy, fat, incumbent's hack had to maintain them on twenty-seven pounds per annum, yet

> "The parson dearly loved his darling pets,
> Sweet little, ruddy, ragged Parsonets."

The good man, to his great trouble, has never once been invited to the hall. Its squire is no mere drinking fox-hunting bully,

> "No, he had travelled, and he knew—
> At least set up to know, which is the same
> For fools who get from fools a sort of name—
> Much about statues, paintings, and *virtu!*"

His house is such a show-place that, though sixty miles from town, his London friends flock down in shoals. Some wags, on a visit to the Squire, opined—

> "Hoaxing a parson was prodigious clever!
> Therefore a messenger was sent,
> To run as fast as he was able,
> With more of a command than compliment,
> To bid Ozias to the great man's table.
> The invitation made the curate start;
> Though worldly vanity could never bias
> Till now the meek affections of Ozias,
> Vain-glory glow'd in his parsonic heart!"

But, haplessly, the Reverend Ozias Polyglot had but one shirt, and was lying between the blankets, while his wife washed it. It was now five o'clock, the dinner hour six; the walk three miles up hill, in the dirt.

> "'Come duck,' he cried, 'make haste and dry the shirt,
> Or else I shan't get there in time at all.'"

The duck vows it is impossible; the drake retorts that he *will* get into it as it is, but

> "Says Mrs. Polyglot, 'Good Lord!
> You're mad, Ozias, vy, it's wringing vet!'"

His neckcloth, too, is soaking in the bottom of the tub. He gulps a damme, hesitating between the hope of patronage and the dread of rheumatism.

" People unblest by fortune's gifts
Wanting clean shirts will often find out shifts.
The parson's surplice was laid by
For Sabbath, neatly folded up, and dry,
And from the tail of that
His loving helpmate snipped a slice,
Which, in a trice,
Made him a very long and white cravat."

" He kiss'd his loving mate,
And ran up hill, through clay, three miles to dinner.
He knew not, simple servitor of Heaven!
That fashion's *six* means *half-past* six for *seven*,
And, *seven* come, the guests arrive at *eight*."

The squire's pagods, sphinxes, griffons, draperies, and mirrors, fill the religionist with worldly awe, but the nudities of *virtù* shock and scandalize him. The butler, bringing in wine, gives the visitor up to an hour of solitary gazing.

" Polyglot toss'd a bumper off; it cheer'd
The cockles of his heart, and gave him vigour
To face, what he before so much had fear'd,
The Squire and *all* the gentlefolks of *figure*.
He took a second bumper, which so fired him,
With so much gaiety inspired him,"

that

" Before a glass he next began to strut,
His powdered wig in better order put,
He thought it not amiss to give a sample
That of clean linen he had now no lack,
So twitched a little at his waistband out,
To make the party think, beyond a doubt.
He really *had* a shirt upon his back.
The Squire and all his friends at length appeared,
Ozias, who, when by himself, had swaggered,
Was staggered;
Yet, welcomed by the Squire, was somewhat cheered.
The wags with starch grimace received the parson,
And carried with such gravity the farce on,
They didn't quiz too much at the beginning."

" In the company
There was the Reverend Obadiah Pringle,
He was the chaplain to the Irish Lord O'Grady."

Night comes, with thunder and rain. By general acclaim Ozias must sleep at the Hall, though it is so full that he can only share a garret bed with Parson Pringle. The Chaplain is by no means pleased with the prospect of such a bedfellow, but submits. Polyglot, behind the attic curtain, undresses, and, unseen, leaps between the sheets, scrambling them round his shoulders, and begging Mr. Pringle to put out the light when *he* is ready. That gentleman, however, is not in the habit of lying darkly, so refuses; and, of course, to his amazement, sees the truth.

" 'Bless us,' he groan'd, his feelings vastly hurt.
'Sir, do you *always* sleep without your shirt?'
Says Polyglot—'twas said quite coolly, too—
'Certainly, Mr. Pringle. Pray, don't *you*?'

'Who, I? Lord, no!' the Chaplain cried:
'Why then it is, Sir,' Polyglot replied,
'The most unwholesome thing that you can do.
I had it from a doctor, Sir, who drives
His carriage; he is in the highest practice,'" &c.

"Now Pringle was a very nervous man,
And very credulous withal; he muttered
'Can it be possible?' and then began
To swallow all the lies Ozias uttered."

Then

"With a melancholy air,
Pull'd off his shirt, and laid it on the chair,
And went to bed, and then to sleep, without it.
Next morning, Parson Polyglot
Was first awake, so out of bed he got;
And, thinking 'twould not much his carcass hurt,
He dress'd himself in Parson Pringle's shirt,
And hearing in the breakfast-room were met
The last night's fashionable set,
He strutted up to them with a large frill out.
In twenty minutes after,
Convulsing all the wags with laughter,
In rush'd the Chaplain of his shirt bereft,
And plumply charged Ozias with the theft.
He said that he could prove it, by his mark.
But their names happened so far to agree,
Both their initials were an O and P;
So this could not have made the matter quiet,
Without a confirmation much more strong,
Settling the question would have been as long
As the famed Covent-Garden O. P. riot."

Pringle avers that Ozias had *no* shirt the day before.

"This charge the females seem'd not to endure, but
Cried, 'Oh, Sir, *that* he *had we're very sure!*'"

The Chaplain is forced to yield. Polyglot, all the better for a good meal or two, marches home;

"But, not to leave his character in doubt,
When Mrs. Polyglot had washed it out,
Ozias took the shirt to the Green Dragon;
And thence anonymously sent
To Pringle, at my Lord's, in town; it went,
And the right owner got it by the waggon."

"Vagaries Vindicated" is a vehement fling at the reviewers, containing a broad contrast between prudes who frown at a free jest, because they understand it, and *innocents* who *smile* because they *don't*. This latter state appears to me neither very engaging nor very secure from misinterpretation. There is a happy medium,—that of the virtuous woman of sense, who knows why she must neither smile nor frown in such cases; not because her secret soul condemns the jest, but because, like a liberal clergyman, she has to uphold the purity of her *order*, and do justice to the uniform she wears. I agree with his opinion that—

"the droll
No passion moves nor penetrates the soul."

It is against sentimental licentiousness that he would guard the young, ay, and the old, too. Had the Squire's drawing-room, instead of languishing Venuses, contained pictures of Dutch boors, drinking with their round-about, platter-faced *vrows*, Ozias Polyglot would have laughed, then turned away rejoicing that his *duck* was not like one of these.

"Eccentricities for Edinburgh" commence with "Fire, or the Sun Poker," a truly classic flight, showing how Prometheus (the first Frankenstein) made, and, by felony from heaven, animated men, who

"First wonder'd at, but shortly *braved* the skies,
As oft their purblind, vain descendants do;
Poor reasoning dirt pies."

When Jove discovered the theft—

"He swore,—the gods had all a swearing habit.
* * * *
He swore to be revenged by Styx.
Swearing to do a thing, when bile 's afloat,
Is easier than afterwards essaying it;
Just as to sign a promissory note
Is not so difficult as *paying* it."

His godship muses over the *quid* and *quomodo*.

"First for the What—an engine for the plan,
A panting paradox for breathing man;
To be————in short, a Woman was the thing."

Colman speaks of a *mere* woman. Jove denies her "rules" (principles) and says—

"Let her but have her way in all her actions,
She 's certain to breed mischief fast enough."

The heathen! Why is it that woman never breeds anything that is not good in Christian lands? Because she is not let have her way at all—I 'm *serious!*

This female was to be the only one in a male community; so, if mischief bred, she would have helpers enough in its breeding. Vulcan anticipatively consigns her to Pluto, but what lady need care for the sarcasms of a limping old blacksmith?

She is finished, and set before the etherial synod.

"The gods and goddesses had firm reliance
On their own skill in every art and science;
Each was a connoisseur or connoisseuse;
That is, they had a general smattering
Enough to set them on all subjects chattering."

Here follows somewhat touching Venus, as fine as anything in Henry and Emma. It is thus checked.

"Oh then—ye Muses! ye are fettered now,
And Bards must humbly to fanatics bow;
Since then, what once was poetry is vice,
And men, grown more *corrupt*, are grown more *nice*."

The lady is dressed: even Minerva contributes, though

"Deep wisdom she reserved, for well she knew
Men with wise women will have nought to do."

The poet here is more severe on *man* than woman. Promised visits from all the gods, and borne by Mercury, she arrives before Prometheus. Jove's æronautic plenipo, with a low bow, compliments the new-made men, yet condoles with them on their celibacy, nevertheless, devoting Jove's lovely gift to Prometheus himself; but the old gentleman smokes the design, and, as if in disinterested kindness, promises that she shall be married to Epimetheus (Epi was younger brother to old Pro)—

"Few women are by a refusal stung
When the old men resign them to the young."

The heathen rites are performed by a clay curate. The honeymoon

wanes. If the young couple had not too much *toyed* they would not have furnished the inevitable rhyme *cloyed*. Mars leaves his card, calls in a full field-marshal's uniform, yet in manners bashful, even to sheepishness; so that the husband has no hesitation in trusting his wife with this pet-lamb. The world, however, will talk, trusted gallants will presume, then cool, then fly; but

"Pandora scarce had lost the God of Slaughter
When Neptune popped his head out of the water,
For shore directly steering."

Half the gods in turn follow these examples—

"Nay, Vulcan, who had hammered her together,
Sighed to her from his lungs of bellow's leather."

Pandora's fault survives her charms; low, despicable dame, her shameless loves are offered at last to the very satyrs. The poem has one bit of humility, which I must transcribe.

"But most, like me, of great Apollo's sons,
Have much degenerated from their father."

The story which follows is droll, and has merit on which another man might have built his claim to the title of *wit*; yet, compared with its author's usual vein, it is heavy, like its hero and his king. Mr. Champernoune is one of Henry the Eighth's beefeaters—

"——— huge things
Employed to waddle after kings,
Like broad-wheeled waggons wanting springs."

When Colman wrote that, he foresaw not that *he* should himself become Lieutenant of the Yeoman Guard. This ballad is keen upon courtiers who sell their souls for place, loaves, and fishes, cringe to majesty, yet trample on its servants.

Large unwieldy men are Colman's favourite quarry, easily run down, well worth cutting up; yet his preface to the "Luminous Historian, or Learning in Love," is replete with polished deference and sensitive enthusiasm for the memory of Gibbon. The poem's opening treats philosophically of life and death, of the blunders we all commit—

"Prone to be this or that too soon or late,"

Evincing that

"'Tis ne'er too soon nor late to play the fool."

It teaches us

"To see worn One-and-twenty writhe with gout,
Groaning beneath whole vintages drank out,
While Dotage dyes his eyebrows for a ball."

But, he adds, though when the wise and good for a moment forget their cast of character, this calls for no reprobation, still 'tis laughable. We may admire the historian, though we chuckle at his clumsy love—

"Like a carved pumpkin was his classic jole,
Flesh had the solo of his chin encored,
Puffed were his cheeks, his mouth a little hole,
Just in the centre of his visage bored."

A shade-portrait of the whole figure is added, stuck up

"——— on either long *long heel*,
To look like an erect black tadpole taking snuff."

Colman justly derides the purblind partiality of those friends who expose a great man's defects, as if they were beauties. *Pour moi*, I think most biographers maliciously *pretend* this mistake of Punch for

Apollo. Eudoxus (Gibbon), in the full meridian of his glory, no longer young, goes for retrenchment to Lausanne; and, though hitherto untouched by the tender passion, is smitten by a fair blue, who resides on a neighbouring hill. Sad news for one so funnily obese as to be incapable of horse-riding, unfit for climbing! Still he resolves to *try*; though not insensible to his charmer's weakness, nor she to his—

"Each saw each other's foible, not their own,
He smiled at science, in a lovely lass,
She at a sapient squab, who turned philandering ass."

His ascent is most ludicrously described. The path, greasy with recent rain, causes him to lose one step in three, as, like a well-fed maggot crawling up a deep fruit-plate, he works, slips, writhes, and waggles on, till he sees the lady's casement, with herself in it.

"She 'll let me in, he groaned, and should she frown,
Love's bliss is lost; but oh! what rapture to sit down!"

She does admit him, and

"The fair pursued her literary prattle—
Now changed her author, now her attitude,
And much more symmetry than learning showed."

Till Eudoxus, of the double chin, unable longer to forbear—

"——rescuing his cushion from its load,
Flounced on his knees, appearing like a round
Large fillet of hot veal just tumbled on the ground."

The fair Agnes is convulsed with laughter; Eudoxus strives to rise—

"But Fate and Corpulency seemed to say
There 's a petitioner who must for *ever* pray!"

At last a servant helps to raise him, and

"Eudoxus, fretted with the morn's romance,
Opined, as he was waddling to the plain,
Himself no wiser than the King of France,
Who march'd up hill, and then—march'd down again."

In the midst of this quiz, Colman's advice for ladies to admit ugly lovers, if any, an' they would avoid scandal, comes with the better grace, as he had no personal sympathy with smirking hole mouths and knob noses; on the contrary, was a handsome fellow, "had been to the Promontory, and got a *goodly one*."

"London Rurality" describes our suburban villas to the life, with their occupants — retired cits, government-clerks, half-pay officers, school-keepers, widows, and old maids; votaries to the genteelly-cheap, to brickkiln air, and overbuilt high road rusticity.

The "Letters" that follow Colman did not create. Mathews had the originals. Their writers, worthy women! in perfect ignorance of evil and of Lindley Murray, had, indeed, traced "bitter words." Their queernesses, however, outrage no "moral feeling."

To humour the expurgators, I assure them that "The Family Colman" would make a large volume. My limits forbid my culling hosts of varied flowers, pure and sweet as wild and gay. The Lady Erpinghams, the Agneses, would welcome such a *bouquet* to their breasts, though the Lucretias and Pandoras might dread its thorns, if any such females existed in this most exemplary age.

WALTER ELLIS.

SUBJECTS FOR PICTURES.

THIRD SERIES.

I.

The Awakening of Endymion.

Lone upon a mountain, the pine-trees wailing round him,
Lone upon a mountain the Grecian youth is laid;
Sleep, mystic sleep, for many a year has bound him,
Yet his beauty, like a statue's, pale and fair, is undecay'd.
When will he awaken?
When will he awaken? a loud voice hath been crying
Night after night, and the cry has been in vain;
Winds, woods, and waves, found echoes for replying,
But the tones of the beloved one were never heard again.
When will he awaken?
Ask'd the midnight's silver queen.

Never mortal eye has looked upon his sleeping;
Parents, kindred, comrades, have mourned for him as dead;
By day the gathered clouds have had him in their keeping,
And at night the solemn shadows round his rest are shed.
When will he awaken?
Long has been the cry of faithful Love's imploring,
Long has Hope been watching with soft eyes fixed above;
When will the Fates, the life of life restoring,
Own themselves vanquished by much-enduring love?
When will he awaken?
Asks the midnight's weary queen.

Beautiful the sleep that she has watch'd untiring,
Lighted up with visions from yonder radiant sky,
Full of an immortal's glorious inspiring,
Softened by the woman's meek and loving sigh.
When will he awaken?
He has been dreaming of old heroic stories,
The poet's passionate world has entered in his soul;
He has grown conscious of life's ancestral glories,
When sages and when kings first uphold the mind's control.
When will he awaken?
Ask'd midnight's stately queen.

Lo! the appointed midnight! the present hour is fated;
It is Endymion's planet that rises on the air;
How long, how tenderly his goddess love has waited,
Waited with a love too mighty for despair.
Soon he will awaken!
Soft amid the pines is a sound as if of singing,
Tones that seem the lute's from the breathing flowers depart;
Not a wind that wanders o'er Mount Latmos, but is bringing
Music that is murmur'd from nature's inmost heart.
Soon he will awaken,
To his and midnight's queen!

Lovely is the green earth—she knows the hour is holy;
Starry are the heavens, lit with eternal joy;
Light like their own is dawning sweet and slowly
O'er the fair and sculptured forehead of that yet dreaming boy.
Soon he will awaken!
Red as the red rose towards the morning turning,
Warms the youth's lip to the watcher's near his own,
While the dark eyes open, bright, intense, and burning
With a life more glorious than ere they closed was known.
Yes, he has awakened
For the midnight's happy queen!

What is this old history but a lesson given,
How true love still conquers by the deep strength of truth,
How all the impulses, whose native home is heaven,
Sanctify the visions of hope, faith, and youth.
'Tis for such they waken!
When every worldly thought is utterly forsaken,
Comes the starry midnight, felt by life's gifted few;
Then will the spirit from its earthly sleep awaken
To a being more intense, more spiritual and true.
So doth the soul awaken,
Like that youth to night's fair queen!

II.

The Death of the Sea King.

Dark, how dark the morning
That kindles the sky!
But darker the scorning
Of Earl Harald's eye;
On his deck he is lying,—
It once was his throne,
Yet there he is dying,
Unheeded and lone.
There gather'd round nor follower nor foeman,
But over him bendeth a young and pale woman.

He has lived mid the hurtle
Of spears and of snow;
Yet green droops the myrtle
Where he is laid low:
The vessel is stranded
On some southern isle;
The foes that are banded
Will wait her awhile:—
Ay, long is that waiting—for never again
Will the Sea Raven sweep o'er her own northern main.

He was born on the water,
'Mid storm and 'mid strife;
Through tempest and slaughter
Was hurried his life;
Few years has he numbered,
And golden his head,
Yet the north hills are cumbered
With bones of his dead.
The combat is distant, the whirlwind is past
From the spot where Earl Harald is breathing his last.

'Tis an isle which the ocean
Has kept like a bride,
For the moonlit devotion
Of each gentler tide;
No eyes hath ere wander'd,
No step been addrest,
Where nature has squander'd
Her fairest and best.
Yet the wild winds have brought from the Baltic afar
That vessel of slaughter, that lord of the war.

He saw his chiefs stooping,
But not unto him;
The stately form drooping,
The flashing eye dim.
The wind from the nor'erd
Swept past, fierce and free;
It hurried them forward,
They knew not the sea;
And a foe track'd their footsteps more stern than the tide—
The plague was among them—they sicken'd and died.

Left last, and left lonely,
Earl Harold remain'd;
One captive—one only
Life's burden sustain'd;
She watch'd o'er his sleeping,
Low, sweetly she spoke,
He saw not her weeping,
She smiled when he woke;
Tho' stern was his bearing and haughty his tone,
He had one gentler feeling, and that was her own.

Fierce the wild winds were blowing
That drove them all night,
Now the hush'd waves are flowing
In music and light:
The storm is forsaking
Its strife with the main,
And the blue sky is breaking
Thro' clouds and thro' rain:
They can see the fair island whereon they are thrown,
Where the palms and the spice groves rise lovely and lone.

Her bright hair is flying
Escaped from its fold,
The night-dews are drying
Away from its gold;
The op'ning flowers quiver
Beneath the soft air;
She turns with a shiver
From what is so fair.
Paler, colder the forehead that rests on her knee!
For her, in the wide world, what is there to see!

He tries—vain the trying—
To lift up his sword,
As if still defying
The Death, now his lord.

Once to gaze on the ocean,
His lips faintly stir;
But life's last emotion
Is one look on her.
Down drops on his bosom her beautiful head,—
The Earl and the maiden together lie dead!

III.

THE LITTLE GLEANER.

VERY fair the child was, with hair of darkest auburn,—
Fair, and yet sunburnt with the golden summer:
Sunshine seem'd the element from which she drew her being.
Careless from her little hand the gather'd ears are scatter'd,
In a graceful wreath the purple corn-flowers binding;
While her sweet face brightens with a sudden pleasure.
Blame not her binding: already stirs within her
All the deep emotions in the love of nature,—
Love, that is the source of the beautiful and holy.
In long-after years will memory, recalling
Sweetness undying from that early garland,
Keep the heart glad with natural devotion.
'Tis a true, sweet lesson; for, in life's actual harvest,
Much we need the flowers that mingle with our labours.
Pleasures, pure and simple, recall us to their Giver;
For ever, in its joy, does the full heart think of Heaven.

L. E. L.

LADY CHARLOTTE BURY.

(WITH A PORTRAIT.)

ON giving the portrait of Lady Charlotte Bury—one of the most distinguished women of her time—we must for the present confine ourselves to presenting a slight sketch of her ladyship's life. She is of illustrious birth, and her forefathers stand recorded in the page of history. Her father, the late Duke of Argyle, the bravest and best of men, mainly contributed to subdue the west of Scotland to the House of Hanover, in the rebellion of 45. He died a Field Marshal, full of years and honour, beloved, revered, and mourned by all who came within the sphere of his influence. Lady Charlotte Bury's mother was the celebrated beauty Miss Gunning, of the ancient family of Morgan, in Ireland; first married to the Duke of Hamilton—secondly to the Duke of Argyle. Her Grace's memory is fondly cherished by her remaining offspring; and among many great and good qualities adorning her high station, she was in an eminent degree the benefactress of the poor.

Charlotte M. Bury

London Published for Henry Colburn Jan.ʸ 1839

Lady Charlotte Bury, their Graces' youngest daughter, who is the subject of this memoir, has been twice married; first to Colonel Campbell, of Shawfield, descended from the Houses of Lothian and Glencairn, one of the handsomest men of his time; after nine years of widowhood, she married, secondly, Mr. Bury, a gentleman of very superior endowments and worth, originally of an ancient family of Bulpher Hall, Essex, whose ancestors fought in the holy wars, and held honourable posts in the court of Henry VIII. By the first marriage, Lady Charlotte had a numerous family, all beautiful and gifted with various talents, who have married suitably to their high lineage and personal charms. Of these she had the misfortune to lose three; one of them, Elinora, first Countess of Uxbridge, who died in the flower of her youth. By her second marriage, Lady C. Bury had two daughters; Beatrice, who died an infant, and Blanche Augusta Bury, not less handsome than the daughters of her first marriage.

Of Lady Charlotte's perfect beauty in her youth there never was a question; but those friends who have known her through life, and value her for higher and more enduring qualities, will dwell with complacency upon those graces of mind, and that truth of character which are pre-eminently her own.

It was not in the fascination of beauty and grace alone that Lady Charlotte excelled; the sweetness and serenity of her temper cast a sunshine on all the intercourse of domestic life, and, amidst the universal homage of the world, she remained unspoiled by its seductions.

From her earliest childhood, Lady Charlotte had a genuine love of, and respect for, letters. She cultivated them assiduously, as the writer of this sketch can testify, under very unfavourable circumstances. That she is gifted with the "art unteachable," the art of poetry, there is high testimony to warrant, in a note by Sir Walter Scott, published in an article of the "Edinburgh Review," on Sir Humphrey Davy's Fly Fishing.

Amongst Lady Charlotte Bury's works may be named, two volumes of Prayers, "Suspirium Sanctorum," dedicated to the late Bishop of Carlisle, Dr. Goodenough; a "Poem on the Sanctuaries of Tuscany;" a series of popular novels, "Flirtation," "Alla Giornata," "The Disinherited," and "The Ensnared;" "The Devoted," &c. &c.

Considering Lady Charlotte Bury's various avocations, her duties, and her sorrows (of which she has had her *bitter* share), this list of her works intimates a more honourable and lasting meed of praise, than can be awarded by any other panegyric whatever. It is not the purport of this brief sketch to enter minutely into the details of a life-time, but to present its general outline; and this will, perhaps, be best completed in the words of a deceased poet.

"While stranger eyes, where'er thy form is seen,
Hail you of captive hearts, unrivall'd queen;
While stranger ears, catching its passing strain,
The music of your voice through life retain;
Admired by all, be still your proudest boast,
That those who know you best, will love you most."

THE HUMORIST.

It was by the advice of the new Editor that the periodical publication announced separately under this title, was incorporated with the "New Monthly Magazine." The contributors to both are the same, their object the same—to support one of the most enterprising publishers of the day. It seemed, therefore, to the new functionary, a matter of questionable policy, to say the least of it, to set up a magazine against a magazine, when, with the same outlay of mind and money, they might be combined, and answer all the same purposes.

It appears that mirth and gaiety are highly considered in the present day, and that such a work as Mr. Colburn suggested would have been eminently successful. If so, why not throw this additional attraction into the pages of his own already established magazine?

Whatever the evil or good may be, which is to arise from this combination, it is wholly attributable to the editor; and he thinks, with great deference to better judgments, that the "Humorist," so incorporated, will be found a most valuable substitute for the mere common-place details of occurrences and accidents, which, by the end of a month, have, in the present state of the diffusion of knowledge, become notorious and even stale, through the five thousand newspapers, London, provincial, daily, and weekly, which are published throughout the kingdom.

With this slight, but perhaps necessary introduction, we open the first page of the "Humorist" with an apostrophe to

CHRISTMAS.

—— Now hoary-headed Winter, like a shivering pauper, with a *freeze* coat and a hurri*cane* in hand, walks abroad. —— Ladies, young and old, appear, like the Hartz mountains, covered with *furs*. —— The grateful perfume of roasting pippins fills the frosty air, some singing and others hissing, as is the wont in most musical meetings. —— The fields are glistening with snow, awaiting, like sheep, the coming of Spring, to shear them of their fleecy covering. —— Now little charity-boys, in leather very-smalls, run about presenting their pieces to the admirers of calligraphy; and Cockneys leave their counters, to present their pieces at little birds. —— The fishmonger's lad leaves his basket upon the banks of the Serpentine, and exerts his muscles in propelling a solitary *skate*. —— Eaves-dropping is at an end! the drip being congelated to a fringe of icicles. —— "George Barnwell" is performed at the theatres, to teach apprentices that, when they are in want of money, they must go to their "uncle's." —— Cooks are up early, and plums suffer the martyrdom of St. Stephen; and all show their politics by cutting up—*peel*. —— Greengrocers become barbarous; for after cruelly cropping the hollies for the holidays, and misletoes, they—take their leaves. —— Snow-balls and fancy-balls are to be met with in every quarter of the town. —— Young bucks and old horses appear in

rough coats; and the coaches are so laden with turkeys and game, that they seem as if they had all been through the *Poultry*, and run *foul* of each other. —— Urchins from school come driven home, huddled together, like so many rams in a market-cart, with their *horns* sticking out on both sides. —— Country-dances are all the vogue, from the ball-room down to the twelve-foot square parlour; and, like sailors in a storm, it's "all hands to the pumps" with the shoemakers.

Farewell, old Christmas! May thy temples ever be crowned with a snow-wreath! May all English hearts be long delighted with Christmas gambols! "Christmas *gambles!*" exclaimed my old maternal aunt, as her ear caught the concluding words of my apostrophe; "I am very sorry to hear *that!*"

THE DAY OF THE DISASTERS OF CARFINGTON BLUNDELL, ESQUIRE.

Carfington Blundell, Esquire, aged six-and-thirty, but apparently a dozen years older, was a spare, well-dressed, sickly-looking, dry sort of leisurely individual, of respectable birth, very small income, and no abilities. He was the younger son of the younger son of a younger brother; and not being able to marry a fortune, (which once, they say, nearly made him die for love,) and steering clear, with a provoking philosophy, of the corkscrew curls and pretty staircase perplexities of the young ladies of lodging-houses, contrived to live in London upon the rent of half-a-dozen cottages in Berkshire.

Having, in fact, no imagination, Carfington Blundell, Esquire, had no sympathies, except with the wants and wishes of that interesting personage, Carfington Blundell, Esquire—of whom he always bore about with him as lively an image in his brain as it was possible for it to possess, and with whom, when other people were of the least consequence to his inclinations, he was astonished that the whole world did not hasten to sympathize. On every other occasion, the only thing which he had to do with his fellow-creatures, all and every of them, was, he thought, to leave them alone;—an excellent principle, as far as concerns their own wish to be so left, but not quite so much so in the reverse instances; such, for example, as when they have fallen into ditches, or want to be paid their bills, or have a turn for delicate attentions, or under any other circumstances which induce people to suppose that you might as well do to them as you would be done by. Mr. Blundell, it is true, was a regular payer of his bills; and though, agreeably to that absorption of himself in the one interesting idea above mentioned, he was not famous for paying delicate attentions, except where he took a fancy to having them paid to himself; yet, provided the morning was not very cold or muddy, and he had a stick with him for the individual to lay hold of, and could reckon upon using it without soiling his shoes, or straining his muscles, the probability is that he might have helped a man out of a ditch. As people, however, are not in the habit of falling into ditches, especially about Regent-street, and as it was not easy to conjecture in what other instances Mr. Blundell might have deemed it fitting to evince a sense of the existence of any-

thing but his own coat and waistcoat, muffins, mutton cutlet, and bed, certain it is that the sympathies of others were anything but lively towards himself; and they would have been less so, if the only other intense idea which he had in his head, to wit, that of his birth and connexions, (which he pretty freely overrated,) had not instinctively led him to hit upon the precise class of acquaintances to whom his insipidity could have been welcome.

These acquaintances, with whom he dined frequently (and breakfasted, too), were rich men, of a grade a good deal lower than himself; and to such of them as had not "unexpectedly left town," he gave a sort of a quiet, particular, just-enough kind of a lodging-house dinner once a year, the shoe-black in gloves assisting the deputy under-waiter from the tavern. The friends out of town he paid with regrets at their "lamented absence;" and the whole of them he would have thought amply recompensed, even without his giving into this fond notion of the necessity of a dinner on his part, by the fact of his eating their good things, and talking of his fifth cousin the Marquis; a personage, by the way, who never heard of him. He did, indeed, once contrive to pick up the Marquis's glove at the opera, and to intimate at the same time that his name was Blundell; upon which the noble lord, staring somewhat, but good-humouredly smiling withal, said, "Much obliged to you, Mr. Bungle." As to his positive insipidity over the hock and pine-apples of his friends, Mr. Blundell never dreamt of such a thing; and if he happened to sit next to any wit, or other lion of the day, who seemed of consequence enough to compete with the merits of his presence, he thought it amply set off by his taste in having had such ancestors, and indeed in simply being that identical Mr. Blundell, who, in having no merits at all, was gifted by the kind providence of nature with a proportionate sense of his enjoying a superabundance of them.

To complete the idea of him in the reader's mind, his manners were gentlemanly, except that they betrayed now and then too nice a sense of his habiliments. His hat he always held in the way best adapted to keep it in shape; and a footman, coming once too softly into a room where he was waiting during a call, detected him in the act of dusting his boots with an extra coloured handkerchief, which he always carried about with him for that purpose. He calculated, that with allowance for changes in the weather, it saved him in a good four-months' coach-hire.

Such was the accomplished individual, who, in the month of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven, and in a "fashionable dress of the first water" (as Sir Hercules called it), issued forth from his lodgings near St. James's, drawing the air through his teeth with an elegant indifference, coughing slightly at intervals out of emotion, and, to say the truth, as happy as coat and hat, hunger, a dinner-party, and a fine day could make him. Had the weather been in the smallest degree rainy, or the mansion for which he was bound at any distance, the spectators were to understand that he would have come in his own carriage, or at least intended to call a coach; but as the day was so very fine, and he kept looking at every door that he passed, as though each were the one he was about to knock at, the conclusion to be drawn was, that having but a little way to go, and possessing a high taste for superiority to appearances, it was his pleasure

to go on foot. Vulgar wealth might be always making out its case: Dukes and he could afford to dispense with pretension.

The day was beautiful, the sky blue, the air a zephyr, the ground in that perfect state for walking (a day or two before dust) when there is a sort of dry moisture in the earth, and people in the country prefer the road itself to the path. The house at which our hero was going to dine was midway between the west end and the north-east; and he had just got half way, and was in a very quiet street, when in the "measureless content" of his anticipations, he thought he would indulge his eyesight with one or two of those personal ornaments, the presence of which, on leaving the house, he always ascertained with sundry pattings of his waistcoat and coat pockets. Having, therefore, again assured himself that he had duly got his two pocket-handkerchiefs, his ring, his shirt-pin, his snuff-box, his watch, and his purse *under* his watch, he first took off a glove that he might behold the ring; and then, with the ungloved hand, he took out the snuff-box, in order that he might as delicately contemplate the snuff-box.

Now the snuff-box was an ancient but costly snuff-box, once the possession of his grandmother, who had it from her uncle, whose arms, flaming in *or* and *gules*, were upon the lid; and inside the lid was a most ingeniously-contrived portrait of the uncle's lady, in a shepherdess's hat and powdered toupee, looking, or to be supposed to be looking, into an actual bit of looking-glass.

Carfington Blundell, Esquire, in a transport of ease, hope, and ancestral elegance, and with that expression of countenance the insipidity of which is bound to be in proportion to the inward rapture, took a pinch out of this hereditary amenity, and was in the act of giving a glance at his grand-aunt, before he closed the lid, when a strange, respectably-dressed person, who seemed to be going somewhere in a great hurry, suddenly dashed against him; and, uttering the words, "With pleasure," dipped his fingers into the box, and sent it, as Carfington thought, half-way across the street.

Intense was the indignation, but at the same time highly considerate the movement, of Mr. Blundell; who seeing the "impertinent beast" turn a corner, and hearing the sound of empty metal dancing over the street, naturally judged it better to secure the box, than derange his propriety further by an idle pursuit. Contenting himself therefore with sending an ejaculation after the vagabond to the purpose just quoted, and fixing his eye upon the affecting moveable, now stationary, he delicately stepped off the pavement towards it, with inward congratulation upon its not being muddy, when imagine his dismay and petrifaction upon lifting up, not the identical box, but one of the commonest order! To be brief, it was of pewter; and upon the lid of it, with after-dinner fork, was scratched a question, which, in the immediate state of Mr. Blundell's sensations, almost appeared to have a supernatural meaning; to wit, "How's your mother?"

Had it been possible for a man of the delicacy of Mr. Blundell's life and proportions to give chace to a thief, or had he felt it of the least use to raise an immediate hue and cry in a gentlemanly tone of voice—or, indeed, in any voice not incompatible with his character—doubtless he would have done so with inconceivable swiftness; but, as it was, he happened to stand as if thunderstruck, and, in an instant, there were a

dozen persons about him all saying—"What is it?" "Which?" "Who?"

Mr. Blundell, in his first emotions, hardly knew "what it was" himself: the "which" did not puzzle him quite so much, as often as he looked upon the snuff-box: but the "who" he was totally at a loss to conjecture; and so were his condolers.

"What—was it that chap as run agin you," said one, "jist as I was coming in at t'other end of the street? Lord love you, you might as well run arter last year. He's a mile off by this time."

"If the gentleman'll give me a shilling," said a boy, "*I'll* run arter him."

"Get out, you young dog," said the first speaker; "d'ye think the gentleman's a fool?"

"It is a circumstance," said Mr. Blundell, grateful for this question, and attempting a breathless smile, "which—might have—surprised—any body."

"What *sort* of a man was it?" emphatically inquired a judicious-looking person, jerking his face into Mr. Blundell's, and then bending his ear close to his, as though he were deaf.

"I—declare," said Mr. Blundell, "that I can—hardly say, the thing was so very unexpected; but—from the glimpse I had of him, I should—really say—he looked like a gentleman—(here Mr. Blundell lifted up his eyebrows,)—not indeed a *perfect* gentleman."

"I dare say not, Sir," returned the judicious-looking person.

"*What is* all this?" inquired a loud individual, elbowing his way through.

"A gentleman been robbed," said the boy, "by another gentleman."

"Another gentleman?"

"Yes; not a *perfect* gentleman, he says; but highly respectable."

Here, to the equal surprise and grief of the sufferer, the crowd laughed and began joking with one another, apparently, as well as his confused hearing could collect, at himself. None but the judicious-looking, deaf individual, seemed to keep his countenance, and condole with him.

"Well," quoth the loud man, "here's a policeman coming at the end of the street; the gentleman had better apply to him."

"Yes, Sir," said the deaf friend, "that's your resource, and God bless you with it." So saying, he grasped Mr. Blundell's hand with a familiarity more sympathizing than respectful; and treading at the same time, in his uncouth hastiness, upon his toes, in the most horrible manner, begged his pardon, and went away.

Mr. Blundell stooped down, partly to rub his toes, and partly to hide his confusion, and the policeman came up. The matter was explained to the policeman, all the while he was hearing the sufferer, by a dozen voices, and the question was put, "What sort of a man was it?"

"Here is a gentleman," said Mr. Blundell, "who saw him."

The policeman looked about for the witness, but nobody answered; and it was discovered that all the first speakers had vanished,—loud man, boy, and all.

"Have you lost anything else, Sir?" inquired the policeman.

"Bless me," said Mr. Blundell, turning very red, and feeling his pockets, "I really—positively I do fear—that—"

"You can remember, Sir, what you had with you when you came out?"

"*One* handkerchief," continued Mr. Blundell, "has certainly gone; and—"

"Your watch is safe," returned the policeman, "for it is hanging out of your waistcoat. Very lucky you fastened it. Have you got your purse, Sir?"

"The purse was under the watch," breathed Mr. Blundell, "therefore I have no doubt that—but I regret to say—that I do not—feel my *ring*."

A laugh, and cries of "too bad."

"A man shook your hand, Sir," said the policeman; "did you feel nothing then?"

"I did not, indeed," replied Mr. Blundell, "not in my *hand* at least, though now I perceive that the fingers on each side, where the ring was, are painfully *dented in*."

"And you had a brooch, I perceive."

The brooch was gone too.

"Why don't you run arter him," cried a very little boy, in an extremely high and loud voice, which set the crowd in a roar.

The policeman, as speedily as he could, dispersed the crowd, and accompanied Mr. Blundell part of his way; whither the latter knew not, for he walked along as if he had taken too much wine; and he already doubted whether he should proceed to recruit himself at his friend's table, or avoid the shame of telling his story, and return home. The policeman helped to allay his confusion a little by condolence, and promises of search, and accounts of daring robberies practised upon the most knowing; and our hero, in the gratitude of his heart, would have given him his card; but he now found that his pocket-book was gone! His companion rubbed his face to conceal a smile, and received with great respect an oral communication of the address; Mr. Blundell, to show him that his spirit as a gentleman was not subdued, told him there was half a crown for him on his calling.

Alone, and meditative, and astonished, and, as it were, half undone, Mr. Blundell continued his journey towards the dinner, having made up his mind, that as his watch-chain was still apparent, and had the watch attached to it, and as the disorder of his nerves, if not quite got rid of it, might easily be referred to delicacy of health, he would refresh his spirits with some of that excellent port, which always made him feel twice the man he was.

Nor was this judicious conclusion prevented, but rather irritated and enforced, by one of those sudden and huge showers which, in this fickle climate, are apt to come pouring down in midst of the finest weather, especially upon the heels of April. This, to be sure, was a tremendous one; though, by diverting our hero's cause of chagrin, and putting him upon his mettle, it only made him gather up all his determination, and look extremely counter-active and frowning. Would to heaven his nerves had been as braced up as his face. The gutters were suddenly a torrent; the pavement a dancing wash; the wind a whirlwind; the

women all turned into distressed Venuses de' Medici. Everybody got up in doorways, or called a coach.

Unfortunately, no coach was to be had. The hacks went by, insolently taking no notice. Mr. Blundell's determination was put to a nonplus. The very door-ways in the street where he was, being of that modern, *skimping*, inhospitable, penny-saving, done-by-contract order, so unlike the good old projecting ones with pediments and ample thresholds, denied security even to his thin and shrinking person. His pumps were speedily as wet through as paper; and what almost rendered this ruin of his hopes the more provoking, was, that the sunshine suddenly burst forth again, as powerful as the rain which had interrupted it. A coach, however, he now thought, would be forthcoming; and it would at least take him home again; while the rain, and "the previous inability to get one," would furnish a good excuse for returning.

But no coach was to be had so speedily, and meantime his feet were wet, and there was danger of cold. "As I *am* wet," thought Mr. Blundell, sighing, "a little motion, at all events, is best. It would be better, considering I am so, not to stop at all, nor perhaps get into a coach; but then how am I to get home in these shoes, and this highly evening dress? I shall be a sight. I shall have those cursed little boys after me. Perhaps I shall again be hustled."

Bewildered with contending emotions of shame, grief, disappointment, anger, nay hunger, and the sympathy between his present pumps and departed elegancies, our hero picked his way as delicately as he could along the curb-stones; and, turning a corner, had the pleasure of seeing a hackney-coach slowly moving in the distance, and the man holding forth his whip to the pedestrians, evidently disengaged. The back of it, to be sure, was towards him, and the street long, and narrow, and very muddy. But no matter. An object's an object;—a little more mud could not signify: our light-footed sufferer began running.

Now runners, unfortunately, are not always prepared for corners; especially when their anxiety has an object right before it, and the haste is in proportion. Mr. Blundell, almost before he was aware of it, found himself in the middle of a flock of sheep. There was a hackney-coach also in the way: the dog was yelping, and leaping hither and thither; and the drover, in a very loud state of mind, hooting, whistling, and swearing, and tossing his arms up.

Mr. Blundell, it is certain, could not have got into a position less congenial to his self-possession, or calculated to set off his graces in the eyes of the unpropitiated. And the sheep, instead of sympathizing with him, as in their own distress they might (poetically) be supposed to do, positively seemed in the league to distress his stockings, and not at all to consider even his higher garment. They ran against him; they bolted at him; they leaped at him; or if they seemed to avoid him, it was only to brush him with muddier sides, and to let in upon his weakened forces the frightful earnestness of the dog, and the inconsiderate, if not somewhat suspicious, circumambiencies of the coachman's whip.

Mr. Blundell suddenly disappeared.

He fell down, and the sheep began jumping over him! The spectators, I am sorry to say, were in an ecstacy.

You know, observant reader, the way in which sheep carry themselves on abrupt and saltatory occasions; how they follow one another with a sort of spurious and involuntary energy; what a pretended air of determination they have; how they really have it, as far as example induces, and fear propels them; with what a heavy kind of lightness they take the leap; how brittle in the legs, lumpish in the body, and insignificant in the face; how they seem to quiver with apprehension, while they are bold in act; and with what a provoking and massy springiness they brush by you, if you happen to be in the way, as though they wouldn't avoid the terrors of your presence, if possible,—or rather, as if they would avoid it with all their hearts, but insulted you out of a desperation of inability. *Baas* intermix their pensive objections with the hurry, and a sound of feet as of water. Then, ever and anon, come the fiercer leaps, the conglomerating circuits, the dorsal visitations, the yelps and tongue-lollings of the dog, lean and earnest minister of compulsion; and loud, and dominant over all, exult the no less yelping orders of the drover,—indefinite, it is true, but expressive,—rustical cogencies of *oo* and *ou*, the intelligible jargon of the Corydon or Thyrsis of Chalk-Ditch, who cometh, final and humane, with a bit of candle in his hat, a spike at the end of his stick, and a hoarseness full of pastoral catarrh and juniper.

Thrice (as the poets say) did Carfington Blundell, Esquire, raise his unhappy head out of the *mêlée*, hatless and mudded; thrice did the spectators shout; and thrice did he sink back from the shout and the sheep, in calamitous acquiescence.

"Lie still you fool," said the hackney coachman, "and they'll jump easy."

"JUMP EASY!" Heavens! how strange are the vicissitudes of human affairs. To think of Mr. Blundell only but yesterday, or this evening rather,—nay, not an hour ago,—his day fine, his hopes immense, his whole life lapped up, as it were, in cotton and lavender, his success elegant, his evening about to be spent in a room full (as he thought) of admirers; and NOW, his very prosperity is to consist in lying still in the mud, and letting sheep jump over him!

Then to be called a "fool:"—"Lie still, *you fool.*"

Mr. Blundell could not stand it any longer (as the Irishman said); so he rose up finally, just in time to secure a kick from the last sheep, and emerged amidst a roar of congratulation.

He got as quickly as possible into a shop, which luckily communicated with a back street; and, as things generally mend when they get to their worst (such at least was the consolatory reflection which our hero's excess of suffering was glad to seize hold of at the sight), a hackney-coach was standing close to him, empty, and disengaged. It had just let a gentleman down next door.

Our hero breathed a great breath, returned his handkerchief into his pocket (made a sop of, to no purpose), and uttering the word "*accident*," and giving rapid orders where to drive to, was hastening to hide himself from fate and the little boys within the blessed vehicle, when, to his intense amazement, the coachman stopped him.

"Hollo!" quoth the Jarveian mystery, "what are you arter?"

"Going to get in," said Blundell.

"I'm blessed if you do," said the coachman.

"How, fellow! Not get in?" cried Mr. Blundell, irritated that so mean an obstacle should present itself to his great wants. "What's your coach for, Sir, if it isn't to accommodate gentlemen,—to accommodate *any* body, I may say?"

Now it happened that the coachman, besides having had his eye caught by another fare, was a very irritable coachman, given to repenting or being out of temper all day, for the drinking he solaced himself with over-night; and he didn't choose to be called "fellow," especially by an individual with a sort of dancing-master appearance, with his hat jammed, his silk stockings unseasonable, and his whole very equivocal man all over mud. So jerking him aside with his elbow, and then turning about, with the steps behind him, and facing the unhappy Blundell, he thus, with a terrible slowness of articulation, bespoke him, the countenances of both getting redder as he spoke:—

"And do you think now,—Master 'Fellow,' or Fidler, or Mudlark, —or whatsomever else you call yourself,—that I'm going to have the new seats and lining o' *my* coach dirtied so as not to be fit to be seen, by such a TRUMPERY BEAST as *you* are?"

"It is for light sorrows to speak," saith the philosopher; "great ones are struck dumb." Mr. Blundell was struck dumb; dumber than ever he had conceived it possible for gentlemen to be struck. It is little to say that he felt as if heaven and earth had come together. There was *no* heaven and earth: nothing but space and silence. Mr. Blundell's world was annihilated

Alas! it was restored to him by a shout from the "cursed little boys." Mr. Blundell mechanically turned away, and began retracing his steps homeward, half conscious, and all a spectacle, the little boys following and preceding him, just leaving a hollow space for his advances, and looking back, as they jogged, in his face. He turned into a shop, and begged to wait a little in the back parlour. He was humanely accommodated with soap and water, and a cloth; and partly out of shame at returning through the gazes of the shopmen, he stayed there long enough to get rid of his tormentors. No great coat, however, was to be had; no shoes that fitted; no stockings; and though he was no longer in his worst and wettest condition, he could not gather up courage enough to send for another coach. In the very idea of a coachman he beheld something that upturned all his previous existence;—a visitation —a Gorgon—a hypochondria. "Don't talk to me like a death's head," said Falstaff to Doll Tearsheet, when she reminded him of his age. Mr. Blundell would have said, "Don't talk to me like a hackney-coachman." The death's-head and cross-bones were superseded in his imagination by an old hat, wisp of hay, and arms a-kimbo.

Our hero had washed his hands and face, had set his beaver to rights, effaced (as he thought) the worst part of his stains, and succeeded in exchanging his boot-pocket-handkerchief for a cleaner one; with which, alternately concealing his face as if he had a tooth-ache, or holding it carelessly before his habiliments, he was fain, now that the day was declining, to see if he could not pick his way home again, not quite intolerably. It was a delicate emergency: but experience having now somewhat rallied his forces, and gifted him with that sudden world of reflection which is apt to be produced by adversity, he bethought himself, not only that he must yield, like all other great men, to necessity,

but that he was a personage fitted for nice and ultimate contrivances; and that although the passengers, if they chose to look at him, could not but be aware that he had sustained a mischance common to the meanest, yet, in consideration of his air and manners, perhaps they would not choose to look at him *very* much; or if they did, their surprise would be divided between pity for his mishap, and admiration of his superiority to it.

Certainly the passengers did look round a good deal. He could not but see it, though he saw as little as he could help. How those who came behind him looked, it would have been a needless cruelty to himself to ascertain; so he never turned his head. No "little boys" thought it worth their while to follow his steps, which was a great comfort and re-assurance; though whenever any observer of that class met him, strange, and most absurdly disrespectful, were their grins and ejaculations. "Here 's a Guy!" was the most innocent of their salutes. A drunken sailor startled him, with asking how the land lay about "Tower Ditch?" And an old Irishwoman, in explanation of his appearance to the wondering eyes of her companions, defined him to be one that was so fond of "crame o' the valley," that he must needs be "roulling in it."

Had cabs been then, Mr. Blundell would unquestionably have made a compromise with his horror of charioteers, and on the strength of the mitigated defacements of his presence, have risked a summons to the whip. As it was, he averted his look from every hackney-coach, and congratulated himself as he began nearing home—home, sweet even to the most insipid of the Blundells, and never so sweet as now, though the first thoughts of returning to it had been accompanied with agonies of mortification. "In a few minutes," thought he, "I shall be *seen* no more for the day (oh! strange felicity for a dandy!); in a few minutes I shall be in other clothes, other shoes, and another train of feelings—not the happiest, perhaps, retrospectively, but how blest in the instant and by comparison! In a few minutes all will be silence, security, *dryness*. I shall be in my arm-chair, in my slippers—shall have a fire; and I will have a mutton-cutlet, hot—and refresh myself with a bottle of the wine my friend Mimpin sent me.

Alas! what are the hopes of man, even when he concludes that things *must* alter for the better, seeing that they are at their worst? How is he to be quite sure, even after he has been under sheep in a gutter, that things *have* been at their worst?—that his cup of calamity, full as it seemed, is not to be succeeded by, or wonderfully expanded into, a still larger cup, with a remaining draught of bitterness, amazing not to have been thought of, making the sick throat shudder, and the heart convulse?

Scarcely had the sweet images of the mutton-cutlet and wine risen in final prospect upon the tired soul of our hero, than he approached the corner of the street round which he was to turn into his own; and scarcely had he experienced that inward transport, that chuckle of the heart, with which tired homesters are in the habit of turning those corners—in short, scarcely had his entire person manifested itself *round* the corner, and his eyes lifted themselves up to behold the side of the blessed threshold, than he heard, or rather was saluted and drowned

with a roar of voices the most huge, the most unexpected, the most terrific, the most weighty, the most world-like, the most grave yet merry, the most laughingly stupifying, that it would have been possible for Sancho himself to conceive, after all his experience with Don Quixote.

It now struck Mr. Blundell that, with a half-conscious, half-unconscious eye he had seen "people" running towards the point which he had just attained, and others looking out of their windows; but as they did not look at *him*, and every one passed him without attention, how was he to dream of what was going forward; much more, that it had any relation to himself? Frightful discovery! which he was destined speedily to make, though not on the instant.

The crowd (for almost the whole street was one dense population) seemed in an agony of delight. They roared, they shrieked, they screamed, they writhed, they bent double, they threw about their arms, they seemed as if they would have gone into fits. Mr. Blundell's bewilderment was so complete, that he walked soberly along, steadied by the very amazement; and as he advanced, they at once, as in a dream, appeared to him both to make way for him, and to advance towards him; to make way in the particular, but advance in the mass; to admit him with respect, and overwhelm him with derision.

"In the name of Heaven," thought he, "*what can it all be?* It is impossible the crowd can have any connexion with me in the *first* instance. I could not have *brought* them here; and my appearance, though unpleasant, and perhaps somewhat ludicrous, cannot account for such a perfect mass and conspiracy of astonishment. *What is it?*"

And all the way he advanced did Mr. Blundell's eyes, and manner, and whole person, exhibit a sort of visible echo to this internal question of his—*What is it?*

The house was about three-quarters of the way up the street, which was not a long one; and it was on the same side on which our unfortunate pedestrian had turned.

As he approached the denser part of the crowd, words began to develop themselves to his ear—"Well, this beats all!" "Well, of all the sights!" "Why, it's the man himself, the very man!" "Look at his face!" "What can he have been at?" "Look at the piano-forte man—he's coming up!"

Blundell mechanically pursued his path, mystified to the last depths of astonishment, and scarcely seeing what he saw. Go forward he felt that he must; to turn back was not only useless, but he experienced the very fascination of terror and necessity, and would have proceeded to his lodgings had Death himself stood in the door-way. Meantime comes this aforesaid mystery, the piano-forte man.

"Here's a pretty business you've been getting us into," said this amazing stranger.

"What business?" ejaculated Mr. Blundell.

"What business? Why, all this here business—all this crowd—and my master's ruined piano-forte. A pretty jobation I shall get, and I should like to know what for, and who's to pay me?"

"In the name of fortune," said our hero, "what is it?"

"Why, don't you see what it is?—a *hoax*, that's what it is. It's

a mercy I wasn't dashed to pieces when those rascals tipped over the piano-forte; and there it lies, with three of its legs smashed and a corner split. I should like to know what I'm to have for the trouble?"

"And I," said the upholsterer's man.

"And I," said the glass-man.

"And this here coffin," said the undertaker.

There had been a hoax, sure enough; and a tremendous hoax it was. A plentiful space before the door was strewed with hay, boxes, and baskets. There stood the coffin, upright, like a mummy; and here lay the piano-forte, a dumb and shattered discord.

Mr. Blundell had now arrived at his own steps, but did not even think of going in-doors; that is to say, not instantly. He mechanically stopped, as if to say or do something: and something was plainly expected of him; but what it was he knew not, except that he mechanically put his hand towards his purse, and as mechanically withdrew it.

The crowd all the while seemed to concentrate their forces towards him—all laughing, murmuring, staring—all eager and pressing on one another; yet leaving a clear way for the gentleman, his tradesmen, and his goods.

What was to be done?

Mr. Blundell drew a sigh from the bottom of his heart, as though it were his last sigh or his last sixpence; yet he drew forth no sixpence. Extremes met, as usual; and the consummation of distress produced an appearance of calmness and reflection.

"You must plainly perceive, gentlemen," said our hero, "that it could be no fault of mine."

"I don't know that," said the piano-forte man. The crowd laughed at the man's rage, and at once cheered him on, and provoked him against themselves. He seemed as if he did not know which he should run at first—his involuntary customer, or the "cursed little boys."

"Zounds, Sir!" said the man, "you *oughtn't* to have been hoaxed."

"Oh! oh!" said the parliamentary crowd.

"I mean," continued he, "that none but some deuced disagreeable chap, or infernal fool, is ever treated in this here manner."

"Oh, oh!" reiterated the bystanders. "Come, that's better than the last."

"Which is the biggest?" exclaimed a boy, in that altitude of voice which is the most sovereign of provocations to grown ears.

The man ran at the boy, first making a gesture to our hero, as much as to say "I'll be with you again presently." The crowd hustled the man back;—the undertaker, meanwhile, had seized the opportunity of repeating that he "hoped his honour would consider his trouble;"—the glass-man and the upholsterer were on each side of him;—and suddenly the heavy shout recommenced, for a new victim had turned the corner,—a man with some sort of milliner's or florist's box. The crowd doated on his face. First, he turned the corner with the usual look of indifferent hurry; then he began to have an inquiring expression, but without the least intimation that the catastrophe applied to himself; then the stare became wider, and a little doubtful; and then he stopped short, as if to reconnoitre—at which the laugh was prodigious. In the present instance, the new-comer was wise; for he asked what was the

matter, of the first person he came up with; and learning how the case stood, had energy enough to compound with one more hearty laugh, in preference to a series of mortifications; and so he fairly turned back, pursued by a roar; and, oh! how he loved the corner, as he went round it! Every hair at the back of his head had seemed to tingle with consciousness and annoyance. He felt as if he saw with his shoulder-blades—as if he was face to face at the back of his hat.

At length, the misery and perplexity of the hapless and extremely-not-knowing-what-to-do Blundell reached a climax so insurmountable, that he would have taken out his second and (as he thought) remaining pocket-handkerchief, if even that consolation had been left him; for the tears came into his eyes. But it was gone! The handkerchief, however, itself, did not distress him. "Nothing could touch him further." He wiped his eyes with the ends of the fingers of his gloves, and stood mute,—a perplexity to the perplexed, a pity even to the "little boys."

Now tears are very critical things, and must be cautiously shed, especially in critical ages. In a private way, provided you have locked the door and lost three children, you may be supposed to shed one or two or so, without detriment to your dignity; and in the heroical ages, the magnitude and candour of passion permitted them openly, the feelings then being supposed to be equally strong in all respects, and a man having as much right to weep as a woman; which, by the way, must have been very perplexing to such ladies as struggled for power, and yet did not wish to be Amazons. But how lucky was it for poor Blundell that no brother-dandy saw him; for he would have been ruined for ever. His tormentors did not know whether to pity or despise him. The piano-forte man, with an oath, was going to move off; but, on seeing his broken instrument, remained, and again urged a compensation. The others expressed their "sorrow," but repeated, that they hoped his honour would consider them; and they repeated it the more, because his tears raised them in their expectations of the money which he would be weak enough to disburse.

Alas! they did not know that the dislike to "disburse," and the total absence of all sympathy with others in our weeping hero (in this, as in other respects, very different from the tear-shedding Achilles), was the cause of all which they and he were at this moment enduring; for it was the inability to bring out his money which kept Mr. Blundell lingering outside his door, when he might have taken his claimants into it; and it was the jovial irascibility of an acquaintance of his, which, in disgust at his evasion of dinner-givings, and his repeatedly shirking his part of the score at some entertainments at which he pretended to consider himself a simple guest, brought this astounding calamity home to the said doors.

Happily for these "last infirmities" of a mind which certainly could not be called "noble," there are hearts so full of natural sympathy, that the very greatest proofs of the want of it will but produce, in certain extremities, a pity which takes the want itself for a claim and a misfortune; and this sympathy now descended to Mr. Blundell's aid, like another goddess from heaven, in a shape not unworthy of it,—to wit, that of the pretty daughter of his landlord, a little buxom thing, less handsome or lady-like than good-natured, and with a heart that might have served

to cut up into cordial bosoms for half-a-dozen fine ladies. She had once nursed our hero in sickness, and, to say the truth, had not been disinclined to fall in love with him, and be made "a lady," half out of pure pity at his fever, had he given her the slightest encouragement; but she might as well have hoped to find a heart in an empty coat. However, a thoroughly good nature never entirely loses a sort of gratitude to the object that has called forth so sweet a feeling as that of loving, even though it turn out unworthy, and the affections (as our heroine's were) be happily transferred elsewhere; and accordingly, in sudden bonnet and shawl, and with a face blushing partly from shame, and partly from anger at the crowd, forth came the vision of pretty, plump, little Miss Widgeon (Mrs. Burrowes "as is to be"), and tapping Mr. Blundell on the shoulder, and begging the "other gentlemen" to walk in, said, in a voice not to be resisted, "Hadn't you better settle this matter in-doors, Mr. Blundell? I dare say it can be done very easily."

Blundell has gone in, dear reader; the other gentlemen have gone in; the crowd are slowly dislodging; Miss Widgeon, aided partly by the generosity of her nature, partly by the science of lodging-house economy, and partly by the sense and manhood of Mr. William Burrowes, then present, a strapping young citizen from Tower-hill, takes upon herself that ascendancy of the moment over Mr. Blundell due to a superior nature, and settles the very illegitimate claims of the goods-and-chattel bringers to the satisfaction of all parties, yea, even of Mr. Blundell himself. The balm of the immediate relief was irresistible, even though he saw a few of his shillings departing.

What he felt next morning, when he woke, this history sayeth not; for we like to leave off, according to the Italian recommendation, with *la bocca dolce*, a sweet mouth; and with whose mouth, even though it be not always quite grammatical, can the imagination be left in better company, than with that of the sweet-hearted and generous little Polly Widgeon?

L. H.

CLUB LAW.

Dear Tom, since, by a lucky knack,
Your white balls overtop the black,
And counter-canvass smother,
Let me your mental garment darn,
As old Polonius spun a yarn
To fair Ophelia's brother.

"Be thou familiar," should you see
At dinner an austere M.P.
Just as his glass he's filling,
Accost him—whatsoe'er his rank—
With "Sir, I'd thank you for a frank,"
And save your aunt a shilling.

"Give ever man (of wealth) thine ear;"
Smile when he smiles, his sallies cheer,
Out his connexions ferret;
Or roar his catch, or sing his psalm:
But, Thomas, "never dull thy palm"
By shaking hands with Merit.

At a house-dinner show your fun,—
Mount a horse-laugh, quiz, banter, pun,
Be saucy as a squirrel;
But if your foe possess a pair
Of Manton's polish'd pops, "beware
Of entrance to a quarrel."

If a roast fillet deck the board,
With bacon, you can well afford
To leave the viand *per se*;
But if a haunch supplant the veal,
"Grapple" the joint "with hooks of steel,"
And carve it without mercy.

"Apparel oft proclaims the man:"
Wear, then, the richest garb you can,
Whilst in the club a dweller;
And if men doubt your means and ways,
Reverse the *caveat emptor* phrase,
And cast it to the seller.

"Take each man's censure" in good part;—
Pliant humility's an art
That copper turns to siller.
"Be not a lender"—memories flit;
"Nor borrower"—unless of wit
From old Josephus Miller.

Place on the fender both your feet;
When Boreas howls complain of heat,
And open all the windows:
Ring for a waiter, bang the door,
And for your brethren care no more
Than Tippoo cared for Hindoos.

Never to acquiesce be seen:
To those who dwell on Edmund Kean,
Talk of John Kemble's glories.
Dub all who do the civil, prigs;
Revile Lord Melbourne to the Whigs,
Sir Robert to the Tories.

And now, dear Tom, farewell; the gale
"Sits in the shoulder of your sail,"—
Defy disapprobation:
For, till committee-men begin
To ballot *out*, as well as *in*,
You're safe in your location.

J. S.

ACHATES DIGBY.

" No knave but boldly will pretend
The requisites that form a friend,
A real and a sound one.
Nor any fool he would deceive,
But prove as ready to believe,
And dream that he had found one."

COWPER.

It is not every man who is born to a good fortune that may be truly termed fortunate. A man's happiness consists, not only in the contentment of his own mind, but in the possession of friends whom he has the power to draw around him.

It has been my felicity to acquire *one* stanch, tried, and unswerving friend; one who, through life, has never forsaken me. Yes, from my boyhood I may boast of having won the esteem of the amiable and every way accomplished Achates Digby.

Although possessed of good property in my own right, and the prospect of a handsome addition on the death of my maternal uncle and aunt, that confidence and self-esteem, which I have seen exhibited in others upon less ostensible pretensions, never formed a portion of my character. I was naturally of a shy temperament, and yearned for the support of others. Achates was the very *prop* I required, for all that I wanted, he possessed in an eminent degree. The gifts of fortune were not his, but his natural endowments were more than equivalent.

I shall never forget the first morning of my introduction to the scholastic establishment of Mr. B—— at Clapham. My luggage was sent by the carrier, and I arrived per post in charge of a large plum-cake provided by my affectionate aunt. The morning " school " was just over, and all the boys were in the play-ground, whooping, hallooing, and gambolling about with a boisterousness that shook my nerves. I seemed like one just landed on an island of savages. I sat down at the foot of an old elm-tree, and taking out a large clasp-knife (we used to call it a " hack " at school), I was about to console my agitation with a slice of the cake, when, in a moment, the whole " school " surrounded me, laughing, giggling, and making remarks upon the " new boy." Without ceremony they clamoured for my cake, and I really began to fear that they would devour me into the bargain. I would willingly have purchased peace by the sacrifice of the whole of it, but I was wholly ignorant of any rule in " fractions " or " division " by which I could apportion the object of their desire so as to satisfy the cravings of all; there was scarcely a plum a-piece, the applicants were so numerous.

At this uncomfortable juncture—I shall never forget the moment—a youth, two years my senior, stepped gallantly forward, and relieved me from my embarrassment. He drove away the swarm of human " bluebottles" that buzzed about me, and approached me in the most friendly manner.

" Really," said he, " the conduct of these boys is most indecent. If

the 'dominie' was to learn the boisterous manner in which they have assailed you, there's not one of them but would get 'horsed' for his impudence. But we must not tell tales. They served me exactly in the same way when I first came among them, but I soon taught them a lesson which they have never forgotten. I picked out the biggest among them, and having thrashed him soundly, the rest of them took the hint."

"But I am not fond of fighting," I replied, "and am afraid I shall suffer."

"Not while Achates Digby is by," said the heroic and generous youth. "I'll take care that they shall not impose upon you."

I thanked him with tears in my eyes for the offer of his protection.

There was a manliness both in his speech and in his manner that struck me even at that early period. I felt my heart glow with the most grateful sentiments for his disinterested offer, and his good-natured interference at once won my esteem. Seating himself beside me, he offered to take charge of my cake, the object of his schoolfellows' indecorous cupidity, which I immediately consigned to his care. He then counselled me to keep "myself to myself," or they would strip me with no more remorse than a band of brigands; and cutting a large slice as he spoke, he generously presented it to me without evincing the least desire to touch it himself. But I was too much overcome by my harassed feelings to taste it, and Achates kindly ate it for me, and said that, with my permission, he would lock up the remainder in his own box; which proposition I gladly complied with, although, notwithstanding his caution, those graceless boys found means to abstract it, as he afterwards informed me, and indeed offered to challenge the whole school for the misdemeanor, if I desired it, but I preferred a little peace to the whole cake; and Achates declared that I was too generous, and was just that kind, forgiving disposition that the world delights to impose upon; at the same time he praised me for my forbearance, and thought, after all, my calm judgment was superior to his neck-or-nothing courage, especially as we had no trace of the real delinquent.

This is, however, a digression. I will relate as far as my memory will serve the conversation which passed between us on the first introduction. I felt delighted with him, and he appeared to experience a similar attachment to me and mine!

"We heard of your coming," said he, "and the arrival of a new boy is always a subject of discussion among the fellows. Your name is Master Tibbs, I think?"

"It is," I replied; "but don't call me *Master* Tibbs any more—I hope we shall be cronies."

"Nothing will be more gratifying to me," said Achates, "than to be numbered among your friends. Let it be agreed, then, that henceforth I call you Tibbs, and you call me Digby."

"With all my heart," I cried, "that is, if you think your father and mother will not object to the familiarity?"

What delicacy!

"I have neither father nor mother, Digby."

"Indeed," he said, and appeared lost for a few moments in deep reflection, as if overcome with an inward feeling of sympathy for my orphan state.

"I am very—very sorry," he continued; "it was generally reported here that you had both, and that your father kept a carriage, and was a man of considerable property."

"He was, but my uncle is now my guardian, and he is *so* kind to me; indeed, my parents died when I was so young, that I never felt their loss."

"You are fortunate," said he, "really; and—is your uncle liberal? Some of the boys here have lots of pocket-money."

"I think there are few better off than I am, Digby," I replied, rather proud, I must confess, of being able to appear in this respect of some importance in the eyes of my new-found friend.

I thought he seemed gratified with this disclosure of my circumstances. In fact he was one of those generous souls who sympathize in, without envying, the prosperity of others. We passed the time in the most delightful and confiding conversation (for I told him everything) until the bell summoned us from the play-ground to dinner.

What a change had an hour made in my situation!—a change which gave a complexion to the rest of my life.

He was a great favourite with all the masters, being a lad of considerable ability and readiness; as for the boys, I think they rather feared than loved him, for he controlled them completely.

For my own part, I felt quite secure and happy in his protection. He placed the greatest confidence in me, and I soon discovered that he had a very small allowance of pocket-money; mine, however, was ample, and we entered into a partnership, using the same purse in common. I was not what is termed a "bright" boy, and should have endured much drudgery had it not been for the friendly assistance of Achates. He invariably "looked over" all my *sums* and *exercises*, and I esteemed him too much not to attend to his *suggestions*. He assisted me also in the composition of my letters to my dear uncle and aunt; and his name, coupled with the kindness I had received from his hands, was repeated in every epistle. The consequence was, an invitation to spend the "holidays" with me, which, at my earnest intercession, he accepted. My uncle and aunt were delighted with my new friend; and by his amiable manners he so ingratiated himself, that he became like one of the family. Indeed, he acknowledged that he found himself quite "at home." I thought that he felt impressed by the superior manner in which we lived, for he candidly avowed that his father had sustained great losses, and was not, by any means, "well to do" in the world. In fact, he never went home in the holidays, on account of the travelling expenses.

Although two years older, he was not a bigger boy than myself, which he proved by putting on one of my suits, (for I always possessed an extensive wardrobe,) and it really looked as if it had been made for him; indeed so he said; and I laughed so heartily at seeing "myself beside myself," as it were, that he, who always took a pleasure in pleasing, frequently gratified me by wearing my clothes.

His father's finances did not allow him to be very lavish in the equipment of his son; and therefore, whenever we were invited to a party at one of the boy's relatives in the neighbourhood, he invariably borrowed a dress, which led many people to mistake us for brothers.

These were my early days, when I had only sipped sparingly at the

fountain of wisdom. That friendship, however, which had begun so young, "grew with our growth;" and upon quitting the school for the benefit of private masters, I petitioned my indulgent relatives to allow me the companionship of my devoted friend, and my prayer was granted; although I must do my dear Achates the justice to state, that it was to the eloquent appeals which *he penned for me*, that I was mainly indebted for the pleasure of his society. I was too secure of his disinterested friendship to be jealous; and I well knew that the unremitting attentions he paid my uncle and aunt, were solely induced by his unalterable esteem for me.

Although I had little or no desire for the more boisterous exercises of youth, being naturally of a quiet and retired disposition, I accidentally discovered that Achates was fond of riding; for, as we were one day rambling together, on the high road, a horseman galloped past us on a beautiful long-tailed Arabian.

"What a noble creature!" exclaimed Achates; "how proudly he arches his glossy neck; and how beautifully he bounds along, as if his slender legs disdained the contact of the earth!"

The enthusiastic language of Achates invariably quickened the somewhat sluggish strain of my thoughts; this poetical burst of his excited my attention, and compelled me to observe with curiosity, what he admired so much. The horse was the theme of our conversation during the rest of our walk; and he really so inspired me with his feelings on the subject, that I, who had never crossed even a rocking-horse, felt desirous of "reigning in a barb," as he beautifully expressed it.

"By-the-bye, Tibbs," said he, "I wonder you haven't a horse; I'm sure your fortune is ample enough to keep even *two* without any apprehensions of being deemed extravagant. All the 'faculty,' you know, are great advocates for the exercise as a promoter of health, and I am positive you would find it a very palatable medicine at any rate."

"My dear Digby," said I, laughing, "I really don't believe I could manage a donkey. Did *you* ever try?"

"What?"

"To manage a donkey," continued I, laughing.

"Ay, that I have," replied he, joining heartily in the laugh; "and succeeded too!"

We conversed a great deal more on the same topic; for where my health was concerned I always found him deeply interested. I had, however, another crotchet in my head, of which I was certain he had no idea; and after deliberating on the best manner of carrying my project into effect, and surprising my kind Achates, I sought my uncle and spoke to him on the subject of the horse, in which he immediately acquiesced: and having gained this point, I argued that the *cost* and not the *keep* of a horse was a consideration, and that as I could not ride alone I would purchase a pony for Achates out of my first quarter, if my uncle would give it stable-room; and added many cogent arguments which, in canvassing over the affair with my clever friend, he had inadvertently "thrown out," and by which I had profited. The horses were purchased, and I had to thank Achates for a new pleasure.

I shall pass over the melancholy loss of my uncle and aunt, merely mentioning the kind attentions and solace which I received from my kind-hearted, sympathizing friend, to whom both my relatives had be-

queathed a slight *memento* of their esteem. The bulk of their property and estates, however, devolved upon me by right. Achates and I had now the world before us, and with such a friend I had little to apprehend in the voyage of life.

A few months afterwards Achates, who kindly undertook the office of steward and general manager of my affairs—for I had a mortal aversion to business—had several conferences with Mr. Mullins, a very respectable tenant with a large family and a small income, respecting a lease of the premises which he held upon my estate. And I must do Achates the honour to state, that he was very popular among all my tenantry; for at his suggestion I reduced the rents of all, and granted new leases upon the most favourable terms. This is another trait in his amiable character, which speaks volumes; and it was gratifying to me to witness the fruits of his generosity which daily poured in from all quarters in the shape of substantial presents, which he was reluctantly compelled to accept, for fear, as he said, he should offend the feelings of the donors. There never was such a man under the sun as Achates Digby. But I am carried away by the intensity of my feelings. I was about to explain the consequences of his frequenting the house of my deserving tenant. Mullins' eldest daughter Julia was the most "showy" girl in the parish, and I thought was engaged, for she was reported to have many suitors for her hand. I never trouble myself, however, in the affairs of my neighbours; but Achates went there so frequently about the lease, that I began to suspect there was something in it; and joking him upon the subject, he frankly confessed that he considered Julia a most incomparable young woman; that he was at first struck by her personal appearance, and sought every opportunity of seeing more deeply into her character, for which he averred he had the most cogent reasons.

"No doubt," I answered, smiling at his warmth.

"You think I love her?"

"Undoubtedly," said I.

"You are mistaken," he replied. "No, I have discovered that Miss Mullins' affections are irrevocably engaged. I have watched her repeatedly at church, and followed the direction of her beautiful eyes. You will be astonished when I tell you that the object on whom she bestows these flattering marks of her esteem is wholly unconscious of it."

"Indeed!"

"Indeed!" he replied; "and you will be still more astonished, Tibbs, when I tell you that you—you, my dear Tibbs, are that blind and enviable person."

"Impossible!"

"Nay, 'tis true," he replied; "and I have kept the secret concealed from you thus long that I might have an opportunity of hearing whether Julia—whether Miss Mullins were worthy of such a man!"

Here was a display of virtue worthy of a Roman! To throw himself, at the hazard of embroiling his affections and rendering his days cheerless and miserable, into the very vortex of charms like hers, to serve his friend; to spend hour after hour in her bewitching company, to discover if there were any imperfections that might be detrimental to the happi-

ness of his Tibbs. Such devotion will scarcely be credited by a censorious world.

"My dear Tibbs," continued my valued friend, taking me by the hand, "my dear Tibbs, she is worthy of you. Can I add anything to such praise as that?"

I was completely overcome by my feelings. He contended that I must propose; but my natural shyness would have effectually prevented the prosecution of my suit, had not Achates kindly undertaken, like an able pioneer, to remove all obstacles! *His* letters were eloquent and irresistible; and I soon had the pleasure of leading to the hymeneal altar the lovely and accomplished Julia Mullins.

Being now what in worldly phrase is termed "settled," Achates delicately intimated a wish to leave me to the enjoyment of domestic comfort; but at the same time placed his own position in such a melancholy light, that he actually brought tears into my eyes. Indeed, I had enjoyed his society and friendship so long, that I could not dispense with him. My amiable consort, too, joined with me in soliciting his stay. He acceded, and the partial clouds which, in the anticipation of such a loss, had obscured my happiness, passed away, and I again enjoyed a perfect and enviable serenity.

I have latterly taken a fancy for forming a collection of butterflies and moths, and both my wife and friend sympathize in the ardour of my pursuit. Morning and evening they sally forth into the park with the entomological net, and seldom return from the chase without bringing me a new specimen.

With such an admirable friend and such a wife, the world may anticipate much, but the conclusions they may draw from their theory are nothing compared with what I derive from their actual practice! I have now three children, of which Achates is as fond as if they were his own. My dear wife, I am certain, regards him as a brother. Music and reading I take no delight in, but I never interfere with the pleasures of others. Julia is fond of both, and so is Achates: they read all the new authors, and sing duets together in a most pleasing manner. Driving, too, is another art which I never could acquire, but Achates is quite an adept, and Mrs. T. says, "he is so safe," that I invariably resign the pony-phaeton to his charge. Mrs. T. is fond of Bath, but the journey is "too much for her nerves" in one day; so Achates obligingly mounts the box and conveys her in two stages to her destination, while I and the children and servants accomplish the journey in a post-chaise. I am rather fond of company, but have a great aversion to doing the "honours." This is no loss to my guests, for Achates not only purveys for their entertainment, but presides at the "festive board;" and his natural *bonhommie*, his conviviality, and his wonderful ease, are the talk of everybody! In fine, I may deem myself one of the luckiest of men. I possess an ample fortune, one of the loveliest women in the county for a partner, obedient children, and, above all, a most attached friend,

ALFRED CROWQUILL.

SONGS OF THE BLACKS.

I. The new Jim Crow.

They may talk about philosophy,
But I'm prepared to show
'Tis all comprised in wheel about,
And jump Jim Crow.
Turn about, and wheel about, and do just so—
Every time I wheel about I jump Jim Crow.

When a gentleman wants money,
And cash is running low,
To raise it how he'll wheel about,
And jump Jim Crow.
Wheel about, and turn about, &c.

Not a single lady in the land,
If you look from high to low,
But for a husband wheels about,
And jumps Jim Crow.
Wheel about, and turn about, &c.

Then there's the politician,
Out of place he'll never go;
But to keep it how he'll turn about,
And jump Jim Crow.
Turn about, and wheel about, &c.

The lawyer, that proves black is white,
(To him I'd better go,)
How a fee will make him wheel about,
And jump Jim Crow!
Wheel about, and turn about, &c.

See Ireland's Agitator,
(The biggest *tatur* it can grow,)
For the *rint*, oh! don't he wheel about,
And jump Jim Crow.
Turn about, and wheel about, &c.

The soldier in the battle,
When beaten by the foe—
For life, oh! won't he wheel about,
And jump Jim Crow.
Turn about, and wheel about, &c.

There's Massa Yates, the playhouse man,
To bring people to his show,
Oh! Golly, don't he wheel about,
And jump Jim Crow!
Wheel about, and turn about, &c.

Thus 'tis clear, without a doubt,
Through life with luck to go,
We are all obliged to turn about,
And jump Jim Crow.
Wheel about, and turn about, and do just so—
Eberry time I wheel about I jump Jim Crow.

II. A Nigger's Reasons.

Air—*Yankee Doodle.*

Niggar man good reason hab
For eberry ting he doing,
Wedder it be work all day,
Or eberry night go wooing.

He dearly lub a pretty gal,
Wid kiss her mouth to stop-a;
But nigger lub himself the best—
'Cause he tink it proper.
Chorus—Ching-ring—bango—golly loo,
Ching-ring—bango—nigger,
Know well how take care he'self,
'Cause *Number One a figger.*

Times keep growing berry bad—
Through care or Massa Cupid;
Some kill demselves a'cause 'em mad,
And some a'cause 'em stupid.
Nigger man de wiser head,
And far de best persuasion,
He nebber kill himself at all—
'Cause he no occasion.
Chorus.—Ching-ring—bango, &c.

Nigger lub new rum galore,
But all in moderation,
For if he take a drop too much
May lose him *sittybashun.*
But should friend invite him home,
Afore him good tings putting,
Den no objection drink like mad—
'Cause it cost him *notting.*
Chorus—Ching-ring—bango, &c.

He nebber care for making love,
Dat troble never move him,
Nigger man wid handsome face
Make eberry body love him;
He like a widder best wid cash,
Dat not a chance to pass-a—
'Cause when he de money touch,
No care a damn for Massa.
Chorus—Ching-ring—bango, &c.

He no like at all to cry,
Sorrow make all crusty;
He tink it best to laugh all day,
A'cause it make him lusty.
Nigger lub good living well,
Starvation make him frightful:
He like rump-teaks and oyster-sauce—
'Cause 'em so delightful.
Chorus—Ching-ring—bango, &c.

He'd like to be a gentleman,
If he could live unhired;
Nigger man no like to work—
'Cause it make him tired;
He tink it bore his debts to pay,
Though folk may say it not right,
A'cause for tree months in de Bench
Black man come out all *wash white.*
Chorus—Ching-ring—bango—golly loo,
Ching-ring—bango—nigger,
Know well how take care he'self—
'Cause *Number One a figger.*

THEATRE-ROYAL, LITTLE PEDLINGTON.

THE MANAGER'S ROOM.

THE Theatre-Royal, Little Pedlington, is to be opened for the season on Monday next. This being Saturday, all within its walls is bustle and activity, whilst crowds of suitors for an interview with the manager are impatiently waiting without. Amidst the din of hammers and the grating of saws, the tragedians are, on the stage, rehearsing an entirely new melo-drama, to be called the *Hatchet of Horror; or, the Massacred Milk-maid*. In the green-room, Miss Warble, assisted by the director of the orchestra, is practising the song "incidental to the play;" in the painting-room, Mr. Smearwell is giving the last touches to the scene "painted expressly for the occasion;" in the saloon, Miss Sally Jumps —or, as she is described in the play-bill, Mademoiselle Sara des Entrechats—is endeavouring to place her right foot on her left shoulder, and performing others of the ordinary exercises preparatory to the execution of a grand *pas seul;* whilst, in a small shed connected with the stage, are the machinist and the property-man, sewing up a donkey in a cow's hide, to represent the "identical favourite cow" of the massacred milk-maid. But let us proceed to the manager's room.

At a table covered with play-books, manuscripts, and letters, in an easy chair is seated Mr. Strut, the "enterprising and spirited" manager. With evident satisfaction he is contemplating the bill of the Monday's performances. At each magniloquent phrase he rubs his hands; his eyes sparkle with delight as they are attracted by the lines which stand prominent, in the full dignity of large capitals; and, as he counts the notes of admiration, which bristle on the paper like pins in the ornamental cushion of a lady's toilet-table, his imagination riots in the promise of nightly overflows throughout the season. Peruse the interesting document.

THEATRE-ROYAL, LITTLE PEDLINGTON.

MR. STRUT has the heartfelt gratification of announcing to the Nobility, Gentry, and the Public in general, that he has once more the honour of assuming the direction of this Theatre, which will open on Monday next, and takes the liberty to flatter himself that the

VARIOUS AND NUMEROUS NOVELTIES,

ALL ENTIRELY NEW!!

which are in preparation, and which will succeed each other

IN RAPID SUCCESSION,

and which will be produced in a style of

SPLENDOUR! MAGNIFICENCE! AND GRANDEUR!

hitherto unprecedented and without example in the annals of Theatricals, and which will be got up

REGARDLESS OF EXPENSE, AND WITHOUT CONSIDERATION OF OUTLAY!

and which in point of

SCENERY! DRESSES! DECORATIONS! AND PROPERTIES!!!

which, as they will be prepared on a scale of extent which was never before attempted, and which is now undertaken for the first time, cannot fail to form a pivot of attraction to

DEFY COMPETITION!!!

In addition to this, he has the pleasing gratification to announce that he has, without any view to the consideration of expenditure, succeeded in bringing together,

IN ONE PHALANX,
A COMBINATION OF COMBINED TALENT!!!

such as has never yet been amalgamated within the arena of the walls of any theatre, and constituting a simultaneous

IMPETUS OF COMBINED ATTRACTION!!!
WHICH MUST SET ALL RIVALRY AT DEFIANCE!!!

MR. STRUT has the satisfaction to announce that, in addition to many other valuable engagements which he is thinking of having it in contemplation to enter into, he has secured the talents of the following distinguished *élites* :—

Messrs. SNOXELL
WADDLE
EUGENE STRUT
AUGUSTUS STRUT
STANISLAUS STRUT
STRIDE
STAGGER
AND
TIPPLETON
Mesdames BIGGLESWADE
STRUT
E. STRUT
T. STRUT
WARBLE
Mlle. SARA DES ENTRECHATS

Messrs. Higs, Nigs, Pigs, Wigs, Gigs, C. Gigs, T. Gigs, R. Gigs, Brigs, and Knigs.
Mesdames Nobs, Hobs, Dobs, F. Dobs, L. Dobs, J. Dobs, Wobs, Phobs, and Snobs.

AND

MISS JULIA WRIGGLES.
(Her first appearance on any stage.)

The performances will commence with, for the first time, an entirely new Melodrame, never before performed, founded on the affecting, barbarous, and interesting murder of Martha Squigs, to be called

THE HATCHET OF HORROR;
OR,
THE MASSACRED MILKMAID.

Principal characters by the following unprecedented cast!!!
MESSRS. SNOXELL, WADDLE, STRIDE, EUGENE STRUT, AND STAGGER.
MESDAMES BIGGLESWADE, T. STRUT, MISS WARBLE *(with a Song.)*
MLLE. SARA DES ENTRECHATS *(with a Pas Seul.)*
AND THE PART OF
MARTHA SQUIGS *(the Massacred Milkmaid)* by MISS JULIA WRIGGLES.

In the course of the piece will be introduced a new and splendid representation of the

FATAL COW-HOUSE.

In which the Murder was committed!

Together with the identical
BLOOD-STAINED HATCHET, WITH A LOCK OF THE VICTIM'S HAIR STICKING TO IT!!
With which the Murder was committed!!!
And the identical
FAVOURITE COW OF THE MASSACRED MILKMAID!!!!
For which the Murder was committed!!!!!
At the conclusion of the piece, a favourite Song by
MISS JULIA WRIGGLES.
After which an entirely new and elegant Burletta, without songs or any musical accompaniment whatever, in one act, to be called
ALL ROUND MY HAT.
With the following powerful cast!!!
MR. TIPPLETON,
Messrs. Pigs, Gigs, and Brigs; Mesdames Hobs, Phobs, and Snobs,
and *(with a Song)*
MISS JULIA WRIGGLES.
Previous to which, for the first time, a fashionable Interlude, to be called
WHO ARE YOU?
The principal characters by
MESSRS. TIPPLETON AND GIGS,
AND
MISS JULIA WRIGGLES.
To be preceded by an occasional Address, to be spoken by
MISS JULIA WRIGGLES.
Prior to which, the favourite
BROAD-SWORD HORNPIPE
BY
MISS JULIA WRIGGLES.
In the course of the evening *a laughable comic Song* by
MR. AUGUSTUS STRUT.
The whole to conclude with, never acted, a laughable Farce, to be called
SHE *SHALL* BE AN ACTRESS.

COLONEL DASH,	by	Miss JULIA WRIGGLES!
HARLEQUIN,	by	Miss JULIA WRIGGLES!!
VENUS,	by	Miss JULIA WRIGGLES!!!
MOLLY O'ROONEY (an Irish Girl),	by	Miss JULIA WRIGGLES!!!!
JEANNIE M'BRIDE (a Scotch Girl),	by	Miss JULIA WRIGGLES!!!!!
EUGENIE LA BELLE (a French Girl),	by	Miss JULIA WRIGGLES!!!!!!
MATILDA SCHWABSTZ (a German Girl),	by	Miss JULIA WRIGGLES!!!!!!!
AND		
LADY CLARA LOVELY (an English Lady of Fashion),	by	Miss JULIA WRIGGLES!!!!!!!

On this occasion Mr. SNOXELL *and* Mrs. BIGGLESWADE *will perform.*

On this occasion Mr. TIPPLETON *will perform.*

On this occasion Miss JULIA WRIGGLES, Miss WARBLE, *and* Mlle. SARA DES ENTRECHATS *will perform.*

On this occasion Mr. TIPPLETON and Miss JULIA WRIGGLES WILL PERFORM IN TWO PIECES!!!

On this occasion the WHOLE of the POWERFUL and UNPRECEDENTED COMPANY *engaged at this theatre, and announced, as above, to perform in the evening's performances,* WILL PERFORM!!!

"This will do!" exclaimed Strut, as he finished the reading of this extraordinary announcement. "This *must* do. If this don't bring them it is all over with the legitimate drama."

Mr. Strut rang the bell for Stumps, the messenger of the theatre.

Strut. Is Mr. Dumps, the treasurer, in the theatre?

Stumps. Yes, Sir; he is up in the treasury very busy sorting the checks for Monday night.

Strut. Tell him I wish to see him when he is at leisure. And, Stumps! Is Mr. Tippleton arrived yet?

Stumps. I have not seen him, Sir. But I believe that in that heap of letters you will find one from him.

Strut. Letters! Ha! I have not had time to open them. One—five—ten—fifteen—twenty—twenty-three! Twenty-three letters to read and reply to! If I were not apprehensive that my correspondents would suspect that I could not write a common letter with common propriety, I would follow the example of Scrubs, the manager of the Theatre-Royal, Fudgeborough, and mount a private secretary. Let me see. Ha! this is it! Confound the long-winded fellow! Three closely-written pages, containing a detailed account of how he chanced to miss yesterday's coach, by which accident he was prevented being at Little Pedlington last night; and one line (in a postscript) informing me of all I care to know—"Shall be with you in time for rehearsal to-morrow!"—Now, as soon as Mr. Tippleton comes, let him be sent to me. And, Stumps! You have a list of the persons I have appointed to see me here?

Stumps. Yes, Sir.

Strut. Then, mind me! I am not to be seen by any one else upon any pretence whatever.

Stumps, having received his instructions, quits the room.

"And now to read my letters!" exclaims the manager. "On the eve of my opening, they are doubtless all upon subjects of importance and interest to me."

He opens the first of the heap, and reads:—

"*Little Pedlington,*

"Saturday morning.

"DEAR SIR,

"As a lover of the drama, and a well-wisher of yours, permit me, though almost a stranger to you, to express my delight at your having resumed the management of our theatre. *The drama must be supported;* and the magnificent bill you have just issued, confirms, what never has been doubted, that, under your liberal and spirited management, it will *deserve* support. Pardon the liberty I take in thus wishing you success, and assuring you that no one is more anxious to promote it than

"Yours faithfully,

"EPHRAIM SNARGATE."

"Upon my word," says Strut, "this is gratifying! After this, who shall say there is no patronage for the theatre in Little Pedlington? But stop! here is something more:"—

"Please turn over.—Postscript. *Could* you oblige me with an order for two for your opening night?"

"Ha! one of the true patrons of the drama. Under such auspices I *must* succeed. Well! to the rest."

"*Vale of Health, L. P.*

"Saturday morning.

"Miss Cripps presents compliments to Mr. Strut—would be obliged by an order for two for Monday. Miss C. wishes two places *to be kept for her* on the front row of one of the stage-boxes—whichever may be most convenient to Mr. S.—though the left-hand side is her favourite side of the house.

"Should Mr. S. happen not to be in the theatre when this note arrives, he will have the kindness to send the orders to the V. of H. by his messenger; as Miss C. cannot conveniently send for them, her maid being engaged washing."

"Well! cool, it must be acknowledged!" cries Strut. "My announce-bills are scarcely dry, the last year's dust is scarcely swept from the stage, ere I am thus beset by my friends and patrons! Come! to the next.—Business, at last!—From Bellowmore, the great tragedian who leads the business at Dunstable. This is worth attending to."

"Sir,

"It is not my intention to play anywhere this summer"—[*Then, why the plague does he write to me?*]—"my health, owing to my great exertions for some time past, rendering it imperative upon me that I should remain quiet for a few weeks. No doubt you have learnt from the newspapers that I have drawn immensely wherever I have acted,"—[*Oh!*]—"and my last night at Dunstable produced *the greatest receipt ever known!*"—[*Ah!*]—"But I must consider my health; and, so resolved to do, I have *refused engagements* of the most advantageous kind, which have been pressed upon me from all parts of the country."—[*Ah! ha!*]—"My apothecary prescribes a few weeks of the air of Little Pedlington:"—[*I see.*]—"and, should my health improve by it, perhaps I might have no objection to go the round of my principal characters. I have, over and over again, refused *eight-tenths* of the *clear receipts* and a *free benefit*, for a twelve nights' engagement, in theatres *holding more than your's*. If you could make it worth my while, by advancing upon these terms, *and my health should so much improve as to enable me to encounter the fatigue of twelve performances*, perhaps I should have no objection to treat with you.

"Your's,

"Augustus Fred. Bellowmore.

"Favour me with your immediate reply, *as I am not quite decided* whether to *rusticate* at L. P. or at Fudgeborough, where (as I understand) Mr. Scrubs is *straining every nerve* to secure attraction."

"Tragic and dignified," observes Strut. "Worth consideration, though. Let me see. Eight-tenths? That will leave two-tenths to be divided amongst the rest of the company, the orchestra, painters, tailors, carpenters, servants, &c.—and myself.—I must consult Dumps upon the matter. Now, to the next."

"My dear Strut,

"Perhaps you may remember meeting me one evening last season at Mr. Rummins's *conversazione*, where I enjoyed half an hour's very delightful chat with you. You may recall the circumstance to mind

—though my name may have escaped your recollection, as we never met but that once—by my having had the good fortune to agree entirely with you in everything you said upon every subject, and by my requesting you (at the end of our *confab.*) to take me behind your scenes, and to give me an order for the following night's performance—both which requests you most politely, obligingly, and good-naturedly granted. I like your bill amazingly—it must carry all Little Pedlington before it. I should like much to bring Mrs. A. and my young folks to witness your first night's triumph,—which will be a glorious one, and well do you deserve it, my dear fellow,—but, as they are just cleared of the sick-list, you can, perhaps, spare me a private box for them. However, should this be at all inconvenient to you, use no ceremony about saying so; in which case, orders for six must content us, and we must do the best we can for ourselves, in the *public* boxes. On occasions like this, one is bound to make some sacrifice of one's own convenience to the advantage of the house.

"Wishing you every success, believe me, my dear fellow,

"Your's very sincerely,

"ANDREW ASKENOUGH.

"P.S. Do drop in some evening and take a friendly dish of tea with us."

"Confound his impudence!" exclaimed Strut, as he threw down the letter. "This from a man who, according to his own confession, never spoke to me but once in his life, and who doubts whether I shall even recollect his name! Well; there are many more like him in Little Pedlington. Now to proceed." And he continued to open and read his letters.

"Captain Sniggerstone's best compliments * * * * orders for two."

"Mrs. Stint'em presents her kind regards and * * * * orders for four."

"Dr. Drench presents his very best respects * * * congratulates him * * * spirit and enterprise * * * success * * * every true lover of the drama * * * oblige him with orders for three, or so."

"Mr. Snargate, Sen. will esteem it a favour if Mr. Strut will send him orders for himself and lady. He would not trouble him, but that, fond as he is of a play, he is free to confess that these are not times for people to spend money for theatrical amusements. He sincerely wishes Mr. Strut every success."

"All singing to the same tune, by the Lord Harry! So, because these are not times for people to pay for their amusements, I am expected to open a theatre *gratis!* One-half of Little Pedlington—the *patrons* of the drama—are of this opinion; the other half—the would-be fashionables, the little Great, who imagine that when they have voted the theatre *vulgar* they have established their own claim to be considered somebodies and somethings—never go to a play at all. Thus, between the two parties, my chances of success are in a hopeful way! Well; on with my correspondents.

"SIR,

"Being out off an engagment shud be glad to engag in yor kumpny if yo can find Rome to engag me. i hav led the Bisnies inn Mr.

Scrubs kumpny att Fudgebery for 2 ears besids staring att other plasis inn my Princeple Pats. Left Mr. S. kumpny becas Mr. S. find me 2 shilans & deduckt out off my sallyry last sataday becas i refus to leaf the stag wen i was rehorsing Richard the 3rd upon Mrs. S. haven the impotence toe order me toe goe toe the Buchers toe fetch the muton chopps for thare dinner & i apel toe yo Sir if i warnt write to uphold my digginty & refus toe goe toe fetch the chopps haven to play Richard that very nit. Sir i dont pertend to kompar mysulf with Mr. Tipiltin and Mr. Snoxil but i send yo a peas cut off the Fudgebory Gazete toe shoe what they sed off me att my bendyfit when i plaid Archer inn the Bostrantygum after which lipt threw a Noop 15 feet i. Also sung 2 komac songs with grat aplaws—after which Othelio in 2 ax—the hole to conklud with litel pikel inn the Spile chile. Sir i inclos a list of 103 pats wat i am quit component to play & am quit up inn them & cud get out off my bed any nit and play them at a mommins notas. & opin for your reply i am Sir yor most humbil servent toe comarnd

" CHAS. SEYMOUR ST. EGREMONT.

"P.S. i can also manige the gash lites, dans the tit rop, & mak fire works."

"So so, Mr. St. Egremont! A gentleman who can play everything, from Archer in the 'Beaux Stratagem,' and Richard the Third, down to Little Pickle in the 'Spoilt Child'—sing comic songs, and leap through a hoop fifteen feet high, into the bargain—is worth attending to. But as to the praises of the 'Fudgeborough Gazette,' on the occasion of your own benefit, I have been manager of a playhouse long enough to know how to value that."

Here was a loud tap at the door. "Come in!" cried the manager; and Mr. Snoxell, the leading tragedian, with a painted wooden hatchet in his hand, entered the room.

"Mr. Strut," said the tragedian, in an angry tone, "I have a complaint to make—two complaints; in short, Sir, I have many complaints to make. In the first place, Sir, look at this hatchet."

Strut. Well, Sir; what's the matter with it?"

Snoxell. Matter, Sir! Do you expect that I should go on at night with such a thing as this for a hatchet?

Strut. Why, really, Snoxell, it seems to me that the property is remarkably well made.

Snoxell. Well made! well made! See this, Sir. (*Pointing to a play-bill.*) You have made a line of it in your bills. The public will expect something. One little dab of red ochre—one paltry, small tuft of horse-hair glued to it! Why, Sir, it won't be seen by the third row in the pit.

Strut. Rely on it, my dear Snoxell, it will *tell* exceedingly well at night.

Snoxell. Very well, Sir; I have only this to say: I have a reputation at stake in Little Pedlington, and I *will—not*—go on at night with such a thing as this for a hatchet.

Strut. Sit down for a minute, Snoxell; we'll see about it.

Mr. Strut rang the bell, and desired Stumps to send Squeaks, the property-man, to him. Squeaks—a little man, with a voice like that of Punch in a show-box—speedily appeared.

Strut. Come here, you scoundrel. Is this a property fit to be given to such a person as Mr. Snoxell?

Squeaks. Why, Sir, I made it agreeable to the order I got from Mr. Siffle, Sir, the prompter, Sir.

Strut. And what was his order, you rascal?

Squeaks. Why, Sir, he ordered me to make the identrical blood stained 'atchet, Sir, with a lock of the victim's 'air sticking to it, Sir, with which the murder was committed, Sir. And there's the blood, Sir, and there's the 'air, Sir, and thet's all I can say about it, Sir.

Strut. Get along, you little villain, and put more red paint, and another tuft or two of horse-hair to it.

Squeaks. Very well, Sir; if you please, Sir. But I can only say, Sir, that 'ere property, Sir, will come to near ninepence as it is, Sir; and Mr. Dumps, the treasurer, Sir, will grumble at *that*, Sir; and if it comes to any more, Sir, Mr. Dumps 'll stop it out of my salary o' Saturday, Sir; and that 'll be very 'ard upon me, Sir.

Strut. Get out, you scoundrel, and do as you are ordered.

[Squeaks, with his blood-stained hatchet, withdrew.]

Strut. There, Snoxell; I hope you are satisfied.

Snoxell. Yes—perhaps,

Strut. Now, what more have you to say?

Snoxell. Why—I have next to say, I will not act Grumps in the new piece.

"Not act Grumps!" exclaimed Strut, with astonishment. "Bless my soul! Mr. Snoxell; what can you possibly object to the part? It is a very fine part, and so you said at the reading."

Snoxell. And so I thought; but it does not come out in acting, and I won't play it.

Strut. Won't! *Won't*, indeed! Either, *I* am manager in my own theatre, Mr.—aw—Snoxell, or—aw—you are. (And as he uttered these words, Mr. Strut put his hands into his breeches pockets, slid gently down his chair, his head falling back, and his feet sliding under the table.)

Snoxell. Sir, I will not play the part.

Strut. You won't? Does it occur to your recollection, Mr.—aw—Snoxell, that there is such a word as "forfeit" in your articles? And that if you refuse a part, Sir, I can forfeit you ten shillings?

Snoxell. Forfeit!—Forfeit! Do you say forfeit, Sir? Forfeit me! Snoxell! "The heart-rending Snoxell," as I am generally designated. That word again, Mr. what's—your—name, and I'll throw up my engagement.

It must here be observed that, but for the letter just received from Bellowmore, the manager would no more have ventured, at such a juncture as the present, to assume the tone he did towards his leading tragedian, than attempt to swallow him alive. He used the circumstance adroitly, and the conversation thus proceeded.

Strut. Throw it up, if you please, Sir.

Snoxell. Throw it up!—Mr. Strut—you—surely you are not in earnest. Who could you find to lead the serious business?

Strut. Bellowmore.

Snoxell. Bellowmore! What! Is he in Little Pedlington?

Strut. No; but here is a letter I have just received from him.

Snoxell. What can *he* want?

Strut. An engagement. I can have him at a day's notice, and upon my own terms.

Snoxell. Ha! ha! ha! Bellowmore! I have a great respect for him—think highly of his talents—but he can no more lead the tragic business in such a place as Little Pedlington than ———. I should be the last man in the world, my dear Strut, to throw any impediment in the way of your opening, as my retirement from the theatre just at this time would do; therefore ——. Confess that—come now, confess that my retirement would——

Strut. Why—aw—certainly—aw—I—aw—

Snoxell. That's sufficient—I am satisfied—I'll play the part. But upon one condition.

Strut. What's that?

Snoxell. Why, there's that speech, a very fine speech, in the part of Growler, which Waddle is to play: the speech, you know, when he discovers me, with the hatchet in my hand, lifting the latch of the cow-house—you know the speech I mean—beginning "Rumble, thou hurricanous winds, and shake the trembling stars out of their firm-set hemispheres, till all is clouded in one black ruin." Now, I'll tell you in confidence: Waddle can do nothing with that speech. It is too much for him. It is riding fifteen stone on a pony. He'll not get a hand to it—let me speak it, and I'll bring down three rounds.

Strut.—Very well, Snoxell. Speak to Dowlas, the author of the piece, about it, and settle it as you please.

Snoxell. Bellowmore, indeed! My dear Strut, with that speech in the part, I'll make such a thing of Grumps as shall astonish even Little Pedlington.

Not only soothed but satisfied, Snoxell quitted the room.

The manager, left to himself, prepared to answer his correspondents. Scarcely had he taken pen in hand, when he was startled by a violent thump at the door. "Come in," cried the manager; and Mr. Waddle rushed into the room. For some minutes Waddle was unable to speak. With hurried and unequal step he paced the apartment, he rubbed his face with his handkerchief, drew his fingers through his hair, and occasionally gave a twitch under the cuff of his coat-sleeve, as if a little snow-white Holland had been there to appear at the summons.

Strut. Now, Waddle; what is it you want? You see I am very busy.

Waddle. Want, Sir? Want, indeed! Why, Sir, what I want is this: do you expect me to play Growler to Mr. Snoxell's Grumps? That's what I want, Sir!

Strut. Certainly I do, Sir.

Waddle. What, Sir! and cut me out of the speech about "hurricanous winds!" Why, Sir, it is the only bit of fat I have in my part: ten lengths, and all the rest as flat as a pancake—no possibility of getting a hand. I have a great respect for Mr. Snoxell—very great—and think highly of his talents; not but that I *do* think there is somebody else in the theatre who *could* play Grumps—fine as the part is—as well as he. But to add my only *telling* speech to such a part as his—where every line would be a hit, if he knew what to do with it—why, it is absolutely putting butter to bacon. However, Sir, as I have a reputation

at stake in Little Pedlington, I have thrown the part down on the prompter's table.

Strut. Very well, Sir; then when you go into the treasury next Saturday you will find yourself *minus* ten shillings.

Waddle. Why, Sir, it is not only my own opinion that I am not well treated in the matter; but everybody at rehearsal, from Mrs. Biggleswade, down to little Laura Dobs, who goes on in the choruses, thinks so too. The speech had better have been given to Miss Julia Wriggles at once, and that would have made the thing perfect.

Strut. I desire, Sir, you will make no impertinent allusion to that young lady.

Waddle. I don't intend it, Sir. But even Mrs. Biggleswade says, that the whole bill is sacrificed to her, and that every one in the company is made to hold up her train.

Strut. Do you mean to play the part, or not, Sir?

Waddle. Why, Sir, as my salary is but twenty-five shillings a-week —although Snoxell has two pounds—I can't afford to pay forfeit. But I'll tell you what, Sir; as I know that withdrawing my name from the piece would be fatal to it, I 'll play the part *without* the "hurricanous winds," on condition that you put me up to sing the "Little Farthing Rushlight," in the course of the evening.

Strut. Very well, very well; sing a hundred-weight of rushlights, if you choose.

Waddle. But I must be announced in as large letters as Mr. Tippleton.

Strut. You shall, you shall.

Waddle. And I must not come *after* Miss Wriggles's song.

Strut. Very well.

Waddle. Nor *before* her broadsword hornpipe.

Strut. Very well, very well.

Waddle. Nor *between* her——

Strut. You shan't, you shan't. Now, d—nation! do but leave me to my business, and you may come on and sing your song at three o'clock in the morning, and have the house all to yourself.

Waddle. I'm satisfied. There is not much left in Growler, to be sure; but I see where I can hit them; and if I don't stick it into Snoxell in a way to astonish all Little Pedlington, you may send me on to carry a message—that 's all.

The door had hardly closed on Waddle when there was a gentle knock; which being duly responded to by the permissive "come in," Mrs. Biggleswade—both the Siddons and the Jordan of the company—entered the room, and took a seat at the table opposite to Strut.

Mrs. B. My dear soul, I see you are busy. I have but one word to say. I have been up into the wardrobe, and there is not a dress I can wear for Dame Squigs, in the "Hatchet of Horror." I must positively have a new one made for me; and so Mrs. Tinsel, the wardrobe-keeper, says.

Strut. My dear Mrs. Biggleswade, I cannot afford anything new, in the way of dresses, for this piece—not a quarter of a yard of sixpenny ribbon. I am at a ruinous outlay in the getting-up, as it is, if I get clear for seven pounds I shall think myself fortunate.

Mrs. B. Then, my dear creature, what *is* to be done? There is no-

thing in the wardrobe that comes within a hundred miles of the thing: besides, you advertise dresses, and so forth, entirely new.

Strut. Ay; that is a matter of course.

Mrs. B. Well; then I suppose I must go on for Dame Squigs in my Lady Macbeth dress; for Mrs. Tinsel declares *she* can do nothing to help me. Now, my dear soul, what *am* I to do?

Strut. Why, my dear madam, according to your articles you are bound to find your own dresses; and——

Mrs. B. Why, yes, but—this is a sort of character-dress, you know, and—Indeed the only thing Mrs. Tinsel thinks *can* be done is to put the skirt I wore in the "Blue Posts" to the body I wore in the "Cruel Murderer," with the trimmings from my "Ferocious Farmer" dress. It *may* look very well at night; and if you think *that* will do, why——

Strut. O, it will do very well.

Mrs. B. Then we 'll manage it so. But, my dear soul, you will allow me to have a new——

Strut. Not a pin that is not found sticking in my wardrobe; so let us say no more about it.—How is your rehearsal going?

Mrs. B. Very well; very well, indeed.

Strut. And—pray—and—how is Miss Wriggles getting on?

Mrs. B. That little girl will do Martha charmingly—considering. But don't you think Miss Phobs would have been better in the part?

Strut. Miss Phobs! Miss Phobs!! A girl at seven shillings a-week, who goes on in the choruses! Why, bless my soul! what *can* you be thinking about! In my opinion, Miss Wriggles is the very thing for it, in all respects.

Mrs. B. Yes; she is tall, well-made, handsome; and between ourselves, my dear soul, beauty is all that the public look for now-a-days.

Strut. You don't pretend to say, Madam, that she has no talent?

Mrs. B. Bless your soul! no: she is full of talent—but raw, very raw. Though that is nothing: for *we* know very well that after three or four years' hard practice she may turn out a very good actress. Now—now don't be angry: you know I always speak candidly, though I never say an ill-natured thing of anybody; and considering it is to be the dear child's *first appearance on any stage*—Ahem!—Wigs was saying just now, he has a *faint* notion of having acted with her for the last three years in Scrubs's company over at Fudgeborough.

Strut. Wigs said so, did he? Very well.

[Strut writes a memorandum upon a slip of paper.]

Mrs. B. But there is one thing you must do for her—come now, you must: she will require a pretty dress for the part, and you must let her have the best that can be found in the wardrobe.

Strut. O, there are some new dresses being made for her.

Mrs. B. So; I have you. Miss Julia Wriggles can have what she pleases, whilst poor Biggleswade——! O, you naughty man! But I hope poor dear Mrs. Strut has no notion———

Strut. I must request, Madam—desire, Madam—no insinuations, Madam——That young lady, Madam, is a—a—niece of mine, and—and——

Mrs. B. Of course, of course; and it is natural that one should do the best for one's own family.—Ahem!—But I never heard that you have a brother—or a sister; and I know poor dear Mrs. S. has not;

so how can she be your niece? Ha! ha! ha! Now don't be angry. Your cousin, your cousin, it is all one. Ha! ha! ha! Well; I mustn't keep the stage waiting. By the by, whilst you have the pen in your hand, just write me an order for two for Monday.

Strut. Very sorry to refuse you—not a single order will be admitted.

Mrs. B. Very well, very well. Ha! ha! ha! O, you naughty man! But you must give an order or two to poor little Wriggles. One's own niece, and a first appearance, too! She'll require support, you know. Ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Biggleswade obeyed the call-boy's summons of "Everybody for the last scene," and quitted the room.

Again Mr. Strut resumed his pen; but he had proceeded no farther in his answer to the first of his letters than—"Sir, In rep—" when (without the usual formality of tap-tap) the door was thrown open, and Miss Julia Wriggles—the talented, the refined, the elegant—appeared.

Strut. Well, my love, what do you want?

Miss W. My love, indeed! What a fool you are! My *love!* Do you want to be heard all over the theatre, you stupid fool?

Strut. Well, dear, I only spoke.

Miss W. Spoke, indeed! Hold your tongue, do. An't I to play Colonel Dash in "She *Shall* be an Actress?" And an't I to go on in male attire? Hold your tongne. Then why an't it printed in the bills—Colonel Dash, in male attire, by Miss Julia Wriggles? Hold your tongue. Every one of them 'ere bills as is gone out, must be called in, and fresh 'uns, with my name in male attire, must be printed.

Strut. Preposterous, my love! Are you aware that to *bill* such a town as Little Pedlington costs nearly eight shillings?

Miss W. Hold your tongue: I'll have it done. At least it must be done in the bills of the day, and that's letting you off easy. Hold your tongue. Do it, or I shall just walk myself back to Fudgeborough, and then where are you? And then, again: I find the people here complain of your late hours—that they can't get to bed before eleven o'clock, and I'm not going to stand playing 'em out at that time o' night. The "Actress" must be done as a middle piece.

Strut. But, my dear darling creature, it can't be. Mr. Tippleton—the "facetious Tippleton," as he is called here—always stipulates for the middle of the evening.

Miss W. Hold your tongue, you stupid fool! I don't care for Tippleton, or you either. If you don't do it I walk myself off to Fudgeborough, that's all. And the dress they've made me for Martha Squigs won't do by no manner o' means. They must make me another. Hold your tongue. And if they dare even to show me that dress again, I'll tear it into a thousand million of atoms. Hold your tongue, and immediately give orders to Tinsel to obey my orders, and make me whatever I think proper to order; or this very day I walk myself off to Fudgeborough. And that reminds me—give me some orders.

Strut. Really, Julia, I—I can't. Orders won't go; and I have just refused Mrs. Biggleswade.

Miss W. I don't care for that. Mrs. Biggleswade may stand being

refused; I don't, you know. Hold your tongue. Give me a dozen double box-orders; if I want more I'll send for them. Hold your tongue. I'm called. Now remember what I've told you to do; and if it an't done in less than no time at all, I just walk myself back to Fudgeborough; and then how will you look?

Miss Julia Wriggles bounced out of the room. At the same moment the manager was cut short in the middle of a deep sigh by the entrance of Stumps.

Stumps. The gentleman who sent the new tragedy the other day, Sir, wishes to see you. He will be glad of your answer about it.

Strut. Busy,—can't see him,—no answer, at present,—must come some other time.

Stumps. Yes, Sir. And Mr. Bray, Sir, the man that belongs to the donkey, is here.

Strut. The donkey-man! Why didn't you show him in instantly? Admit him. O, here he is. Bray, my dear fellow, how d'ye do? Devilish glad to see you. Take a seat. Well, how did your donkey get on at rehearsal: d'ye think he'll do?

Bray. Do! Why, Master Tim, I wish some of the humane donkeys in your company would act their parts as well as my donkey will act his'n. Sew'd up in the hide, too, he looks a 'nation sight more like a cow than many of t'others will look what they've got to represent. To be sure, he set off a-braying in high style in the principal scene; but that's natural enough, you know; even a donkey, when he gets upon the stage, likes to have a bit of gag of his own. Hows'ever, that won't do at night, so I'll muzzle him, 'cause it arn't in the natur of a cow to bray, you know; and in this theatre natur' goes afore all. Why, don't you know, Tim, that for a cow to bray would be like his talking a foreign lingo, just the same as if me and you was to talk French—and the Little Pedlingtonians are deep enough to know that a real cow, as you've advertised him, would never think of doing that.

Strut. That's true. Now, as to terms, I believe we understand each other. Two shillings a-week for the use of him.

Bray. That's to say, I let him out to play for three nights a-week, at two shillings.

Strut. Three nights! Nonsense! there was no such limitation understood.

Bray. Don't care. Mine's the principal donkey in the piece, 'cause he's the only one; and he shan't injure his constitution by playing more than three nights a-week unless he's paid extra for it, just the same as the principal actors of your own. Come—fourpence for each night additional, or I goes directly and rips him out of the hide and takes him home; and if I takes away my donkey, what'll you do for a cow?

Strut. Well; if I must, I must. Agreed.

Bray. Now, then; what am *I* to be paid?

Strut. You! For what?

Bray. Why, master Tim, you've engaged my donkey, but you haven't engaged me to drive him; ha! ha! ha! and he'll be of no use if you don't. My donkey's as obstinate as a mule, and nobody but me can manage him; and I can't think of taking a less salary than his'n. Ha!

ha! ha! You see I have you there. No use to talk; he won't move a peg if I an't with him.

Strut. Then I must say, this is the most unblushing piece of——

Bray. Stuff and nonsense, Tim; it's all fair in a Theatre, you know. Besides, you can't do without *that* hanimal in the piece no more than any of the others; so pay me you must.

The manager having no refuge but in compliance, this new and unexpected demand is agreed to, and Mr. Bray takes his leave. He is presently succeeded by Mr. Dumps, the Treasurer.

Strut. I am glad you are come, Dumps. I am expecting Tippleton, and I should wish you to be present when he comes. But, how do you like the bill?

Dumps. Hm! Don't know. Wants cutting. Where's the use of saying at the bottom of the bill, that on this occasion Tippleton will perform, and Snoxell will perform, and so forth, when you have already said so in the middle?

Strut. The use of it, my dear fellow! Why, look at its length! A reader might forget all that, but for such a remainder at the end of it.

Dumps. Then, why advertise "The Hatchet of Horror" as a new piece, when you know very well it was run off its legs two years ago, over at Fudgeborough. I don't think that's quite the thing at the Theatre Royal, Little Pedlington.

Strut. Hush! Nobody here will be the wiser for it, unless we tell 'em. But I say, Master Tommy; I have been looking over the salary-list: it is awful!

Dumps. Hm, hm! *That* wants cutting, at any rate.

Strut. Then cut Wigs. He's a bad actor—of no use—and—and a troublesome fellow in the company. Pay him a week's salary and discharge him. Have you seen the box-book? How does it look?

Dumps. Hm! Why—that *don't* want cutting. Only thirteen places taken.

Strut. Thirteen already! Why, my dear fellow, that's glorious.

Dumps. Hm! The old set of orderlies; the Crippses, the Stint'ems, the Snargates. They have all just now written to me for orders.

Strut. To you also? Why, confound their impudence! They have applied to me too! Secure the best places in my boxes, and——These be your only patrons of the drama. But, see; here's a letter from Bellowmore. What think you of it?

Dumps. "Eight-tenths of the clear receipts!" Hm! Cool. Better ask for eleven-tenths. Do no good. Never drew his salary.

Strut. And what's your opinion of——? [*Tap-tap.*] Come in.—— My dear Hobbleday, I am exceedingly busy, and can't speak to you now. Is it anything very particular you have to say?

Hobbleday. No, my dear Strut; nothing. See you are busy. No ceremony with me. How-do, Dumps? Merely called to wish you success. Saw your bill. Splendid! All Little Pedlington raving about it. Julia Wriggles. Charming girl, I understand, eh? No doubt of your success. All the town will come. May be sure of *one* person, and that's little Jack Hobbleday. Good pair of hands, eh? Well, I see you are busy. Good bye. Wish you success. Sure of a bumper. Good bye. Make your fortune, take my word for it.—Oh! I say, Strut: could you just scribble me such a thing as an order for two for the first night?

Strut. I'm sorry to refuse you, my dear fellow; but not an order of any kind or description whatever will be admitted on any account or pretence whatever. However, I'll put your name on the free-list for the season.

Hobbleday. No! Will you? Well, now—really—vastly kind—greatly obliged—most flattering compliment, I declare. Have'nt words to express how much I am obliged.

Strut. It is but fair, though, to apprize you that on that particular occasion, and on every night of performance throughout the season, the free-list will be altogether, entirely, and totally suspended, *in toto*.

Hobbleday. No matter. That don't signify. A most flattering compliment, nevertheless. Greatly obliged—highly flattered. Good bye, Strut. Good bye, Dumps!

The manager and his right trusty chancellor of the exchequer had scarcely recovered from this interruption, when again they were disturbed by a tap at the door, and Mr. Tippleton (who had but just descended from the top of the coach) made his appearance.

Tippleton. How are you, Strut? How do, Dumps? I 've a complaint.

Strut. What! You have scarcely set foot in the theatre, and already you complain?

Dumps. Hm! What the deuce can *you* find to complain about? Haven't you the highest salary in the theatre?

Tippleton. Yes; and that 's my complaint. Look to my articles. Tippleton is to be paid the highest salary of anybody—two pounds a-week. Now I have discovered that you pay Snoxell two pounds a-week, so that mine is no longer the highest salary.

Dumps. And how does that affect you? Snoxell had eight-and-thirty shillings; this season he is advanced to two pounds. Would you have us reduce his salary for a point of form?

Tippleton. No. I'll injure no man, no man shall injure me. I'll tell you how the affair may be amicably arranged: raise my salary to two-pound-two. There.

Dumps. Hm! And where 's the money to come from? As it is, we shan't draw up the curtain under nine-pound-eighteen; and cram the house to the roof we can't get more than fifteen pounds into it.

Tippleton. Don't care. Look to my articles. Money come from! Who bring the money? Tragedians?—No. The comedians bring the money. Who *are* the comedians? Bobby Tippleton. Therefore Bobby Tippleton must be paid. Don't care. Can go over to Fudgeborough—*carte blanche*—my own terms—do what I like.

Strut. Well; I suppose I must comply. You shall have two guineas.

Tippleton. I'm satisfied.—I 've a complaint.

Strut. What now?

Tippleton. Look at this play-bill. Look to my articles. My name to be printed in the largest-sized letters. See here.—"*All round my Hat.*"—Tippleton in italic capitals, Miss Julia Wriggles in large capitals. Great respect for Miss Julia Wriggles—don't want her to hold up my train—won't hold up her train. Thing must be altered.

Strut. 'Tis a mistake of the printer's: it shall be set right in the bills of the day.

Tippleton. I'm satisfied.—I've a complaint.

Strut. Another!

Tippleton. "*Who are you?*" Tippleton and Gigs in one line—Miss Julia Wriggles in a line by herself. Great respect for Gigs, also; but Tippleton must stand alone. Offered my own terms at Fudgeborough, remember.

Strut. Well; that also shall be altered.

Tippleton. I'm satisfied.—I've a complaint.

Strut. And what—the—devil—more—can you find to complain about?

Tippleton. You've sent me a part in a new piece to study.

Strut. And a very fine part it is.

Tippleton. Don't say the contrary. But I stand to my articles. Willing to oblige. In these times an actor ought to put his shoulder to the wheel; I put *my* shoulder to the wheel: so if it be a good part, and the best part in the piece, and I happen to like the part, and the part should please me in every possible respect, why I have no objection to——

Dumps. Hm, hm! But there's no such clause as *that* in your articles, I'll swear; though there *is* something about a fine for refusing a part.

Tippleton. Don't care for articles. Fines are all very proper—never could get through business in a theatre without them—any performer, high or low, who refuses a part, fine him—all right—only you mustn't fine Bobby Tippleton. Scrubs, over at Fudgeborough, has offered me——

Strut. You are a pleasant fellow, Master Bobby! Now, suppose I sign a blank sheet of paper, and allow you to fill it up with terms, conditions, and stipulations, entirely according with your own wishes—will that content you?

Tippleton. Can't say—must look to my articles. Well—I'm called to rehearsal. Good day.—Stop! I've a comp—— No matter: I'll think it over, and let you know by-and-by. [*Tippleton withdraws.*]

Strut. Well, Dumps, what think you of the appearance of affairs *now?*

Dumps. Hm! I'll tell you what I think: Tippleton and Snoxell, and Mrs. Biggleswade and Miss Wriggles—pull altogether as hard as they will—won't draw expenses into the house.

Strut. Psha! With such flattering assurances—(*he points to the pile of applications for orders*)—of the support of the worthy townspeople;—with such friendly, such zealous, such disinterested co-operation on the part of the company—the THEATRE ROYAL, LITTLE PEDLINGTON, must succeed.

Dumps. Hm, hm, hm! I wish you may get it.

POETICAL EPISTLE

FROM AMOS STOKES, ESQ., OF NASHVILLE, U. S., TO WASHINGTON NOKES, ESQ., OF LIVERPOOL,

Commencing the account of a very remarkable Aërial Voyage made in THE GRAND KENTUCKY BALLOON.

In ordinary times and moods, dear Nokes,
You might for centuries have had to whistle,
Ere I—the plain prosaic Amos Stokes—
Should send you a poetical epistle;
But the muse sometimes visits solemn folks,
As a flower blossoms even on the thistle;
And mine's a theme so startling and sublime,
That it affords good reason for my rhyme.

I have been far above the clouds—and seen
Sights unreveal'd before to mortal eye!
You know that merry madcap, Harry Green,—
Well, he persuaded Ebenezer Guy,
A Latin usher—solemn, long, and lean—
Whose talk was pompous, polyglot, and dry,
And your unlucky friend—(a witless wight!)
In Hudson's grand balloon to take a flight.

Hudson—long practised in balloons—was meant
To steer our bark, and manage every part,
For we three others were as innocent,
As babes unborn, of aeronautic art:
In fact, all four were seated, all intent
On making quickly an auspicious start,
When leaning, to untie the rope, too far,
Our clumsy pilot tumbled from the car.

As Hudson was a heavy man, of course
The loss of his preponderating weight
Made the machine start upwards with a force,
As if a whizzing rocket went elate.
So instantaneous was our earth-divorce,
We had no time the crowd to calculate,
Or note their shouts, fast dwindling to a hum,
When the whole scene grew indistinct and dumb.

E'en I, dear Nokes, an unreflecting wight,
Felt an awe-stricken and a solemn mood,
In being sever'd from the world outright,
And floating upwards, through th' infinitude
Of space, as if, while bless'd with life and light,
A sort of dissolution had accrued,
And I had bid a last adieu to earth,
To find, in some new sphere, a second birth.

Is that dim mass, methought, obscured with clouds,
Looming below, a doubtful, vapoury form,—
Is that our planet, with its countless crowds—
Its nations, empires, cities? Is the storm
Of vice and passion that man's heart enshrouds,
The virtues that the female bosom warm,
Thrilling and throbbing in that little sphere?
Oh! what an ant-hill does the whole appear!

And other planets, throng'd like ours, perchance,
With beings that seem only born to die;
Why do they weave their rotatory dance,
Like gnats disporting in a summer sky?
Why do they fill the limitless expanse
With sepulchres that whirl eternally
Around the central fount of life and light?
What was their dawning—when will be their night?

While thoughts like these were flashing through my mind,
With lightning speed, adapted to our motion,
My comrade, Harry Green, remain'd resign'd,
To a convulsive laughter, at the notion
Of the fat sprawler whom we left behind,
Till, having wiped the tears that made a lotion
For either cheek, he cried—"I can't forget
Hudson's own wonder at his somerset."

"Had *he* been with us, our retarded flight,
If we could fly at all—a doubtful case—
Had been no higher than an urchin's kite,
Or eagle 'towering in its pride of place,'
And never had we known the keen delight
Of soaring thus triumphantly through space,
And looking, every moment as we climb,
Down on the earth with feelings more sublime."

"Do you remember, Guy, the well-known joke
Of singing Dignum at a public dinner,
Who, slicing from a pudding, at one stroke,
A mass that left it full three-quarters thinner,
Said, as he moved the dish, 'Some pudding, Skinner?'
'Which,' replied Skinner, while his glances stray
From plate to dish, 'which *is* the pudding, pray?'

"So I, while gazing on the sphere below,
And that above, which, like a silken moon,
Sustains our car, am half in doubt to know
Which *is* the earth, and which is the balloon.
How beautiful is this celestial show!
Methinks it were an enviable boon
Ne'er to revisit earth, but in the sky
Amid these glorious scenes to live and die."

"There's little doubt about the *last*," replied
The hollow voice of Guy, who hitherto,
While, as with fear transfix'd, he sternly eyed
The mass above him, evidently drew
Grim auguries he did not seek to hide,—
"Prepare for death—you've nothing else to do—
Giving false hopes I'll not be a colleague at,
For *dubiam qui dat salutem, negat.*

"An endless holiday my school will have,—
I never more shall wield the birch or cane;
No human agency our lives can save,
In this accursed car must we remain,
Until it proves—as soon it will—our grave.
Our fate is manifest,—the case is plain,—
I wouldn't hurt your feelings,—never mind,
Mors omnibus communis,—I'm resign'd."

As his affrighted looks the boast belied,
We called upon him for an explanation;
When, in the same sepulchral voice, he sigh'd—
"As Hudson tumbled, in his agitation
He caught the string that to the valve is tied,
And snapp'd it off—so that no operation
Can now let off the gas, and we must rise
Till cold or famine kill us in the skies!"

"Nonsense!" cried Harry Green,—who loved his joke,
Bad as it might be, better than his friend,—
"While thus we soar (excuse the equivoque),
Into the grave we cannot well descend."
"So much the worse," with melancholy croak,
Responded Guy, "we shall not in our end
Have even decent burial, but be cast to
And fro in air—*nantes in gurgite vasto*,—

"Until the flesh is wasted from our bones,
(Dying of famine, *that* will soon be done!)
When for unnumber'd years our skeletons,
Floating in space, may reach at least some zone,
Or sphere remote, whose geologic sons
In a glass case may have us clapp'd, and shown
As fossils of the air—*quis talia fando*—
But I 'll not weep—*Fortunæ omnia mando*."

At first I thought, by climbing up some rope,
That we might cut the silk, or tear a rent,
So as to let the imprison'd gas elope,
But after each had tried th' experiment
In climbings numberless, we lost all hope,
For none by grappling made the least ascent;
The car hung low—the cords were small—and we
Had ne'er since boyhood even climb'd a tree.

Little supposing, when we first went up,
That we should spend the morning in the sky,
Still less that we should want to dine or sup,
We had ne'er dreamt of taking a supply;—
Of liquids we had not a single cup,
Nor would our solids bear a scrutiny,
Consisting of a quince cake, small enough,
Three pears, two apples, and one penny puff.

"We 're stump'd, I fear," said Harry Green, whose mood
Changed with his grave and lengthen'd countenance,
"But our first duty is to share the food,
So as to give to each an equal chance.
The puff and quince-cake must not now be chew'd
The pears are three, a lucky circumstance;
The apple-sharing I myself will see to,
There's one for you two, and there's one for me too."

At first I thought this trite and sorry jest
Was merely fun, until he ate the prize,
When Guy and I our discontent exprest,
Whereat he said decisively—"Be wise,
Discard all thoughts of quarrel from your breast,
If we *fall out* we 're dash'd to atomies."
"Humph! a high joke," quoth Guy; "you little ween
Hi joci in seria ducunt—Mr. Green."

In fact, we all look'd serious as he spoke,
  Eyeing each other with distrust and fear,
And none of us the sulky silence broke,
  For now the sun was setting—night drew near—
None had an extra Macintosh or cloak,
  And the cold grew so nipping and severe,
That though no single syllable we said,
Our teeth began to chatter in our head.

The cold augmented as we soar'd more high,
  But this, though most distressing, would not bear
Comparison with the sharp agony
  Caused by the rarefaction of the air.
We gasp'd for breath as if about to die,
  As fishes on dry land pant, gulp, and stare,
And swell'd, as if our blood and bones were thirsting
To quit our bodies by a general bursting.

This must have been our dismal fate, indeed,
  But that our noses, in a copious stream,
At the same moment all began to bleed,
  Which gave us ease.—Your ministers may deem
The pressure from without a bore—agreed:
  That from within, though, is a worse extreme,
When your exterior seems all turn'd about,
And your inside is struggling to get out.

Up in that keen attenuated air
  Th' evaporation is so great and swift,
That we already wither'd, as it were;
  Our parch'd and rattling tongues we could not lift,
Our eyes were solder'd up—no tears were there,
  And when that æther rare we breathed or sniff'd,
Our stomach's region, and brain's *pia mater*,
Felt twice as dry as a lime-burner's gaiter.

The silence, too, so thrillingly intense,
  Caus'd a fresh pain:—dilated and acute,
Our ears ached piercingly, because their sense
  Could catch no sound—all, all was hush'd and mute;
While now the darkness, most profound and dense,
  Might half persuade us Death had won his suit,
And struck us all, but that by fits and starts
We heard the feeble beating of our hearts.

Oh! there 's an awfulness most dread and deep
  In piercing thus night's topmost atmosphere,
And feeling that, however fast you sweep
  You never need look out ahead for fear
Of running foul of others, since you keep
  A course that none have ever dared to steer,
And have all space before you, all your own,
E'en to the wide creation's widest zone.

But what!—methought, if like our planet, Space—
  Holds some vast desert—some Zahara dark,
Where the Creator's hand has left no trace,
  A primal Chaos, never cheer'd by spark
Of sun or moon, and that our airy chase
  Should finish by delivering our bark
Into that limbo, and so leave us fated
'Mid nothingness to be annihilated!

From this appalling reverie I woke,
By seeing in the blazing skies afar
A fearful storm, which suddenly outbroke
In the full rage of elemental war,
Amid whose lightning flash and lurid smoke
Diminish'd earth, no bigger than our car,
Seem'd to sustain a contest most uneven
With all the dread artillery of heaven.

Tremendous must have been the thunder's peal,
But not the faintest murmur reach'd mine ear,
A fact, dear Nokes, which will alone reveal
Our measureless remoteness from earth's sphere.
As the storm died away I seem'd to feel
The darkness that return'd more deep and drear,
And nought disturb'd the silence of the sky
Save the mix'd snores and mutterings of Guy.

Mumbling his prayers, and dreaming that he heard
His boys their Greek and Latin tasks repeat,
I caught this galimathias absurd—
"*Amo-amas*—a dactyle has three feet—
God's will be done!—that 's not a Latin word—
Tupto-tupteis, means—*verbero*, to beat:"
And then he murmur'd, in a tone more drowsy,
"Amen! good night—*tuptoumen*, boy, *tuptousi*."

Harry, meanwhile, as if he strove no more
With adverse fate, began to nod his head,
And soon set up a comfortable snore,
Like him who, when his bark resistless sped
Tow'rds dread Niagara's engulphing roar,
Threw down his oar, his cloak above him spread,
Stretch'd out his legs, composed himself to sleep,
And thus perform'd his last tremendous leap.

Our plight, in sooth, was much the same as his,
Save that *our* vortex was a stream of air,
Which hurried us to some unknown abyss:—
And yet, perhaps, we better might compare
Our danger with Mazeppa's wretchedness,
For our wild steed no curb nor check would bear,
And if he would, to dream of it were idle,
For in the valve-string we had lost the bridle.

I could not sleep; for, through the darkness dense
That hitherto had compass'd us about,
In beautiful and bright magnificence,
The constellations, signs, and stars shone out,
Like monarchs stepping from their thrones;—my sense
Ached at their flashing crowns, which made me doubt
Whether they were the same whose duller glories
I had oft mark'd from Earth's observatories.

At length, when, all unconscious of the lapse,
I sunk into a short and broken rest,
It was this vision, doubtless—(though, perhaps,
Mazeppa's horse occasion'd half the pest)—
That brought, 'midst other painful afterclaps
The nightmare to bestride my labouring breast;
And conjured up, out of this heavenly glory, a
Most diabolical phantasmagoria.

The Zodiac's monsters and celestial signs
  Seem'd to take living bodies, near and far;
Their arms they snatch'd, and, quitting their confines,
  Cried "Havoc! and let slip the dogs of war."
The trumpet's clang rang loud along their lines;
  While shouted fiercely every sign and star,—
"Sacrilege! sacrilege! Destroy—o'erwhelm
The impious mortals that invade our realm!"

The roaring Lion, rushing from his lair,
  Lifted his paw and bared his snarling teeth;
Up, with a growl appalling, sprung the Bear;
  The hissing Serpent, darting from his wreath,
Transfix'd me with his eyeballs' fiery glare;
  And all the forms I saw—(I'm here beneath
The mark)—were ten times bigger, every one,
Than Doctor Mantell's famed Iguanodon.

The Scorpion huge, his shudd'ring prey to reach,
  Stretch'd out his bristling claws; the Hydra rear'd
His furious heads, each horrider than each;
  Orion with his cries the Dog-star cheer'd;
The Twins (not Siamese), with hideous screech,
  Urged on the Crab and Lizard;—all appear'd
Eager and rampant for the sign when all,
With ravening rage, upon their prey might fall.

It was not long delay'd.—From out her chair
  Cassiopeia rose, and shouted "On!"
Twang! went the archer's bow; and through the air
  Claws, teeth, horns, hoofs, and weapons fell upon
Our wretched *trio;* while the startled zone,
  Still more our wild'ring faculties to scare,
With roaring, growling, grunting, hissing rang,
The clash of cymbals, and the clarion's clang.

Roused by this *charivari*, when I woke,
  Shivering and stupified with cold and fear,
The baseless fabric of the vision broke,
  And all again was silent, dark, and drear,
Except when Guy, in mingled mutterings, spoke,
  Or Harry's hearty snorings met mine ear.
So pass'd the night;—but oh! with morning's beam,
The real sight was ghastlier than my dream!

Gaunt—stiffen'd—pale—desiccated—adust,—
  Our clothes and faces in a gory smear
With our nose-blood,—our stony eyes out-thrust,
  Striving in vain to shed the frozen tear:
Harrow'd with horror, sicken'd with disgust,
  Our teeth's sharp chatter all that met our ear,—
We look'd like corpses, or three dismal dumbies,
Hung up to dry till we should turn to mummies.

How long we thus remain'd transfix'd and mute,
  I cannot tell—perhaps an hour or more,
Till, pinch'd with hunger, I drew out the fruit
  Which I had pocketed the night before:
So did my friends, all eating with such brute
  Voracity, that breakfast soon was o'er,
Tho' every pear was large and full of juice (it's
The sort that here is called the Massachussets.)

O Nokes! how suddenly our frame derives
Fresh vigour, sometimes from the scantiest meal!
Our moisten'd tongues threw quickly off their gyves,
And, as his mood relax'd from woe to weal,
Cried Hal, "We draw (to judge by what I feel)
From the first *pear* a second time our lives."
Whereat Guy, frowning, said, "Don't talk at random,
Ne lude sacris, Mr. Green——*nefandum*!"

Alas! our subsequent and dire distress
Was but augmented by this short relief,
For hunger's gnawings and cold's bitterness
Return'd with tenfold sharpness; but our chief
Torment was thirst, increased by the excess
Of dryness in the atmosphere;—in brief,
I stated that if others felt as I did,
I thought our quince-cake ought to be divided.

"Quince-cake," laugh'd Harry, with a look of *bonhommie*,
"To tell the truth I swallow'd it last night,
From pure and abstract motives of economy,
Fearing it might evaporate outright;
But some concession you have fairly won o' me,
So of the penny puff I waive my bite."
"Sir!" muttered Guy, "I hate and I despise you,
Thus *blando fraudem pretexere risu*."

To guard against th' extension of this code
So treacherous and base, myself and Guy
Shared the small puff—no very heavy load
For stomachs yearning with inanity;
And now, in our most desolate abode,
Was left no drop—no mouthful of supply,
Whatever crib or cruise we might examine,
To save us from th' extremity of famine.

Our woes to aggravate, we found, alas!
That when the outward pressure was reduced,
In its endeavours to escape, the gas
Thro' the stretch'd silk had gradually ooz'd,
Until the whole machine's suspended mass,
Balanced in equilibrio, refused
To rise or fall, affording us the pleasure
To starve, or freeze, or wither up at leisure.

"Ha!" suddenly cried Hal! "I have found a way,
By which we all may shun our threaten'd fate."—
"What is it?" we together cried—"Oh say!"
"You may jump out," drawl'd Harry. "I, elate,
Then to some higher habitat may stray,
While you a starving death will evitate."
Quoth Guy—"You should have left these jests, *jamdudùm*
Nec lusisse pudet, sed non incidere ludum."

"'Tis our sole chance," quoth Hal, "for our career,
When lighten'd thus, will doubtless recommence,
And we may soar until some higher sphere
Bring us within attraction's influence—
Some peopled globe, where hospitable cheer
May welcome us with glad benevolence:
Heaven grant that we may find, for our revival,
A smoking dinner waiting our arrival."

His lowering looks soon darken'd to a stern
And fell expression that confirmed his speech;
And thus we sate in silence, each in turn
Eyeing his comrade with misgiving—each
Holding dark counsel with his thoughts, to learn
How he might save himself—and overreach
His friends. So lawless in its operation
Is that remorseless law—Self-preservation.

Heavy and slowly dragg'd the dreary day;
Our bosoms rankling with a fiercer ire,
As the light ominously died away,
And thirst, and cold, and hunger grew more dire
I hoped some rain or dew-drops might allay
Our raging thirst's insatiable fire;
But in those altitudes, dear Nokes, there's neither
Rain-drops nor dew to damp the parching æther.

What horrid thoughts of violence and crime
Haunted my comrades in the dead of night,
I know not; but the Devil at one time
Urged me to grapple Green with all my might,
And throw him out; but Hal was in his prime,
And, waking, might on me bestow the flight
I meant for him. Guy *was* awake, poor elf!
So Satan whispered me—throw out thyself!

These temptings I resisted, Heaven be praised!
And bore my torments till the break of morn,
When Harry, as his heavy eyes he raised,
And mark'd our looks, grim, haggard, and forlorn,
Cried—"Gentlemen, you surely must be crazed
To think these pangs much longer can be borne.
We'll wait till sunset, then draw lots, to know
Which of the party overboard must go.

"But it were well (the hint I venture here
Is offer'd to your *joint* consideration),
If one of you would kindly volunteer
To act the Curtius on this sad occasion,
By leaping in the gulf—a fate, 'tis clear,
Better than *vi et armis* jactitation,
And as you're oldest, Guy, I tell you plump,
'Tis your's to make the sacrificial jump."

"Mine!" cried the pedagogue, with angry sneer;
"In your own idle vein to give reply,
I might maintain that, as I'm tallest here,
And we are doom'd to die by inches—I
Must perish last;—besides, your loose career
Has prematurely destined you to die.
Against all suicide I make disclaimer,
Quocunque trahant fata nos sequamur

"Moreover, I've a nephew, full of glee,
Yet fonder still of learning than of frolics,
For all his Latin who depends on me,
And has begun translating his Bucolics.
On *his* account I wish my life to be
A little lengthen'd—not of course *too* prolix;—
At thought of leaving him very gorge aches,
At least—before he gets into his Georgics."

"Well then," said Green, "you, Stokes, will not pretend
That you have niece or nephew—what say *you?*
Will you jump overboard to save a friend?"
"I would," said I, "but I 've a cousin who
Is giddy—young—wants watching, or he 'll spend
His cash too fast. Oh, Harry! if you knew
My cousin Tom, I ne'er had been expected
To leave him cousinless and unprotected."

"As for myself, I own," said Green, and smiled,
"That I am free from every social clog,
Have neither kith nor kindred, chick nor child,
But I've a poodle puppy—*such* a dog!
He, too, depends on me—is young and wild,
And from his home might wander in a fog:—
You 're Christians, gentlemen! have hearts—confess
You *wouldn't* leave that poodle masterless."

The voluntary principle, we saw,
Had no supporters in our coterie,
So we resolved, at sunset, lots to draw,
And sacrifice one victim of the three.
Thus sat we grim and silent, cold and raw,
Two destined murderers, and one murderee;
Eyeing each other, all that day of fate,
With scowls most savage, fell, and desperate.

As the watch'd sun went down—(it was the last
Sunset that one of us was doom'd to view)—
An ominous and baleful glare it cast
On our most ghastly and sepulchral crew:
Our senses swam—our hearts beat loud and fast
And more convulsively our gasps we drew,
Clenching our teeth, and holding in our breath,
As Green prepared the paper lots of death.

There was a leering devil in his eye,
A look of cruelty and craft combined,
Which satisfied me that some treachery
Lurk'd in his bosom. My misgiving mind
Whisper'd that if he drew the lot to die,
Some fraudulent evasion he would find,
Or might in desperation's last resource,
Throw overboard myself or Guy by force.

Resolved to see fair play, and sell my life
As dearly as I could, if thus defied,
I kept my hand upon a large clasp knife
In my coat pocket, while I gave, aside,
A friendly wink to Guy, in whom the strife
Of hope and fear was potent, as he cried,
"My pangs can't last; one plunge and I shall lose 'em,
In space profound—*profundo—profudi—profusum.*"

"The hour is come!" croak'd Green, and well we knew
What was to follow that appalling text.
"The hour is come!"—Adzooks! that 's very true,
'Tis twelve—the packet sails at one—I'm vex'd
To break off here, dear Nokes!—in haste adieu!
Allow me to refer you to my next,
Which will contain a full and true relation
Of what next happen'd in our aërostation. H.

His lowering looks soon darken'd to a stern
And fell expression that confirmed his speech;
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These temptings I resisted, Heaven be praised!
And bore my torments till the break of morn,
When Harry, as his heavy eyes he raised,
And mark'd our looks, grim, haggard, and forlorn,
Cried—"Gentlemen, you surely must be crazed
To think these pangs much longer can be borne.
We'll wait till sunset, then draw lots, to know
Which of the party overboard must go.

"But it were well (the hint I venture here
Is offer'd to your *joint* consideration),
If one of you would kindly volunteer
To act the Curtius on this sad occasion,
By leaping in the gulf—a fate, 'tis clear,
Better than *vi et armis* jactitation,
And as you're oldest, Guy, I tell you plump,
'Tis your's to make the sacrificial jump."

"Mine!" cried the pedagogue, with angry sneer;
"In your own idle vein to give reply,
I might maintain that, as I'm tallest here,
And we are doom'd to die by inches—I
Must perish last;—besides, your loose career
Has prematurely destined you to die.
Against all suicide I make disclaimer,
Quocunque trahant fata nos sequamur

"Moreover, I've a nephew, full of glee,
Yet fonder still of learning than of frolics,
For all his Latin who depends on me,
And has begun translating his Bucolics.
On *his* account I wish my life to be
A little lengthen'd—not of course *too* prolix;—
At thought of leaving him very gorge aches,
At least—before he gets into his Georgics."

"Well then," said Green, "you, Stokes, will not pretend
That you have niece or nephew—what say *you?*
Will you jump overboard to save a friend?"
"I would," said I, "but I 've a cousin who
Is giddy—young—wants watching, or he 'll spend
His cash too fast. Oh, Harry! if you knew
My cousin Tom, I ne'er had been expected
To leave him cousinless and unprotected."

"As for myself, I own," said Green, and smiled,
"That I am free from every social clog,
Have neither kith nor kindred, chick nor child,
But I've a poodle puppy—*such* a dog!
He, too, depends on me—is young and wild,
And from his home might wander in a fog:—
You 're Christians, gentlemen! have hearts—confess
You *wouldn't* leave that poodle masterless."

The voluntary principle, we saw,
Had no supporters in our coterie,
So we resolved, at sunset, lots to draw,
And sacrifice one victim of the three.
Thus sat we grim and silent, cold and raw,
Two destined murderers, and one murderee;
Eyeing each other, all that day of fate,
With scowls most savage, fell, and desperate.

As the watch'd sun went down—(it was the last
Sunset that one of us was doom'd to view)—
An ominous and baleful glare it cast
On our most ghastly and sepulchral crew:
Our senses swam—our hearts beat loud and fast
And more convulsively our gasps we drew,
Clenching our teeth, and holding in our breath,
As Green prepared the paper lots of death.

There was a leering devil in his eye,
A look of cruelty and craft combined,
Which satisfied me that some treachery
Lurk'd in his bosom. My misgiving mind
Whisper'd that if he drew the lot to die,
Some fraudulent evasion he would find,
Or might in desperation's last resource,
Throw overboard myself or Guy by force.

Resolved to see fair play, and sell my life
As dearly as I could, if thus defied,
I kept my hand upon a large clasp knife
In my coat pocket, while I gave, aside,
A friendly wink to Guy, in whom the strife
Of hope and fear was potent, as he cried,
"My pangs can't last; one plunge and I shall lose 'em,
In space profound—*profundo—profudi—profusum.*"

"The hour is come!" croak'd Green, and well we knew
What was to follow that appalling text.
"The hour is come!"—Adzooks! that 's very true,
'Tis twelve—the packet sails at one—I'm vex'd
To break off here, dear Nokes!—in haste adieu!
Allow me to refer you to my next,
Which will contain a full and true relation
Of what next happen'd in our aërostation. H.

MORALITIES FOR FAMILIES.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

No. I.—The Wine-Cellar.

Stephen Curlew was a thrifty goldsmith in the reign of the second Charles. His shop was a mine of metal; he worked for the court, although, we fear, his name is not to be found in any record in the State-Paper Office. Stephen was a bachelor, and, what is strange, he never felt, that is, he never complained of, his loneliness. His chased ewers, his embossed goblets, his gold in bars, were to him wife and children. Midas was his only kinsman. He would creep among his treasures, like an old gray rat, and rub his hands, and smile, as if communing with the wealth about him. He had so long hugged gold to his heart, that it beat for nothing else. Stephen was a practical philosopher; for he would meekly take the order—nay, consult the caprice—of the veriest popinjay with the humility of a pauper, when, at a word, he might have outblazoned lords and earls. If this be not real philosophy, thought Stephen, as he walked slip-shod at the heels of his customers, what is?

Stephen was a man of temperance: he was content to see venison carved on his hunting-cups; he cared nor to have it in his larder. His eyes would melt at clustering grapes chased on banquet-goblets; but no drop of the living juice passed the goldsmith's lips. Stephen only gave audience to Bacchus when introduced by Plutus. Such was the frugality of Stephen to his fifty-sixth year; and then, or his name had not been eternized in this our page, temptation fell upon him.

It was eight o'clock, on a raw spring evening, and Stephen sat alone in his back-room. There was no more fire upon the hearth than might have lain in a tinder-box, but Stephen held his parchment-hands above it, and would not be cold. A small silver lamp, with a short wick—for the keen observation of Stephen had taught him the scientific truth, that the less the wick, the less the expenditure of oil—glowed, a yellow speck in the darkness. On the table lay a book, a treatise on precious stones; and on Stephen's knee, "Hermes, the True Philosopher." Stephen was startled from a waking dream by a loud and hasty knocking at the door. Mike, the boy, was out, but it could not be he. Stephen took up the lamp, and was creeping to the door, when his eye caught the silver, and he again placed it upon the table, and felt his way through the shop. Unbolting the five bolts of the door, but keeping fast the chain, Stephen demanded "who was there?"

"I bear a commission from Sir William Brouncker, and I'm in haste."

"Stay you a minute—but a minute;" and Stephen hurried back for the lamp, then hastily returned, opened the door, and the visitor passed the threshold.

"'Tis not Charles!" cried Stephen, alarmed at his mistake, for he believed he had heard the voice of Sir William's man.

"No matter for that, Stephen; you work for men, and not for Christian names. Come, I have a job for you;" and the visitor, with the easy, assured air of a gallant, lounged into the back-parlour, followed by the tremulous Stephen.

"Sir William—" began the goldsmith.

"He bade me use his name; the work I'd have you do is for myself. Fear not; here's money in advance," and the stranger plucked from his pocket a purse, which, in its ample length, lay like a bloated snake upon the table.

Stephen smiled, and said, "Your business, Sir?"

"See here," and the stranger moved the lamp immediately between them, when, for the first time, Stephen clearly saw the countenance of his customer. His face was red as brick, and his eyes looked deep as the sea, and glowed with good humour. His mouth was large and frank; and his voice came as from the well of truth. His hair fell in curls behind his ears, and his moustache, black as coal, made a perfect crescent on his lip, the point upwards. Other men may be merely good fellows, the stranger seemed the best. "See here," he repeated and produced a drawing on a small piece of paper, "can you cut me this in a seal ring?"

"Humph!" and Stephen put on his spectacles, the subject is"——

"Bacchus squeezing grape-juice into the cup of Death," said the stranger.

"An odd conceit," cried the goldsmith.

"We have all our whims, or woe to the sellers," said the customer. "Well, can it be done?"

"Surely, Sir, surely. On what shall it be cut?"

"An emerald, nothing less. It is the drinker's stone. In a week, Master Curlew?"

"This day week, Sir, if I live in health."

The day came, Stephen was a tradesman of his word, and the stranger sat in the back parlour, looking curiously into the ring.

"*Per Bacco!* Rarely done. Why, Master Curlew, thou hast caught the very chops of glorious Liber, his swimming eyes, and blessed mouth. Ha! ha! thou hast put thy heart into the work, Master Curlew; and how cunningly has thou all but hid the dart of Death behind the thyrsus of the god. How his life-giving hand clutches the pulpy cluster, and with what a gush comes down the purple rain, plashing into rubies in the cup of Mors!"

"It was my wish to satisfy, most noble Sir," said Stephen, meekly, somewhat confounded by the loud praises of the speaker.

"May you never be choked with a grape-stone, Master Curlew, for this goodly work. Ha!" and the speaker looked archly at the withered goldsmith; "it hath cost thee many a headache ere thou couldst do this."

"If I may say it, I have laboured hard at the craft—have been a thrifty, sober man," said Stephen.

"Sober! Ha! ha! ha!" shouted the speaker, and his face glowed redder, and his eyes melted; "sober! Why, thou wast begot in a wine cask, and suckled by a bottle, or thou hadst never done this. By the thigh of Jupiter! he who touched this," and the stranger held up the ring to his eye, and laughed again, "he who touched this hath never known water. Tut! man: were I to pink thee with a sword, thou'dst bleed wine!"

"I," cried Stephen, "I bleed!" and he glanced fearfully towards the door, and then at the stranger, who continued to look at the ring.

"The skin of the sorriest goat shall sometimes hold the choicest liquor," said the stranger, looking into the dry face of the goldsmith. "Come, confess, are not thou a sly roisterer? Or art thou a hermit over thy drops, and dost count flasks alone? Ay! ay! well, to thy cellar, man; and—yes—thine arms are long enough—bring up ten bottles of thy choicest Malaga."

"I!—my cellar!—Malaga!" stammered Stephen.

"Surely thou hast a cellar?" and the stranger put his hat upon the table with the air of a man set in for a carouse.

"For forty years, but it hath never known wine," cried the goldsmith. "I—I have never known wine." The stranger said nothing; but turning full upon Stephen, and placing his hands upon his knees, he blew out his flushing cheeks like a bagpipe, and sat with his eyes blazing upon the heretic. "No, never!" gasped Stephen, terrified, for a sense of his wickedness began to possess him.

"And dost thou repent?" asked the stranger, with a touch of mercy towards the sinner.

"I—humph! I'm a poor man," cried Curlew; "yes, though I'm a goldsmith, and seem rich, I—I'm poor! poor!"

"Well, 'tis lucky I come provided;" and the stranger placed upon the table a couple of flasks. Whether he took them from under his cloak, or evoked them through the floor, Stephen knew not; but he started at them as they stood rebukingly upon his table, as if they had been two sheeted ghosts. "Come, glasses," cried the giver of the wine.

"Glasses!" echoed Stephen, "in my house!"

"Right, glasses! No—cups, and let them be gold ones,"—and the bacchanal, for it was plain he was such, waved his arm with an authority which Stephen attempted not to dispute, but rose, and hobbled into the shop, and returned with two cups, just as the first cork was drawn. "Come, there's sunlight in that, eh?" cried the stranger, as he poured the wine into the vessels. "So, thou hast never drunk wine? Well, here's to the baptism of thy heart." And the stranger emptied the cup, and his lips smacked like a whip.

And Stephen Curlew tasted the wine, and looked around, below, above; and the oaken wainscoat did not split in twain, nor did the floor yawn, nor the ceiling gape. Stephen tasted a second time; thrice did he drink, and he licked his mouth as a cat licks the cream from her whiskers, and putting his left hand upon his stomach, softly sighed.

"Ha! ha! another cup? I know thou wilt,"—and Stephen took another, and another; and the two flasks were in brief time emptied. They were, however, speedily followed by two more, placed by the stranger on the table, Stephen opening his eyes and mouth at their mysterious appearance. The contents of these were duly swallowed, and, lo! another two stood before the goldsmith, or, as he then thought, four.

"There never was such a Bacchus," cried Stephen's customer, eyeing the ring. "Why, a man may see his stomach fairly heave, and his cheek ripen with wine; yet, till this night, thou hadst never tasted the juice? What—what could have taught thee to carve the god so capitally?"

"Instinct—instinct," called out the goldsmith, his lips turned to clay by too much wine.

"And yet," said the stranger, "I care not so much for—How old art thou, Stephen?"

"Sixty-five," and Stephen hiccuped.

"I care not so much for thy Death, Stephen; instinct should have made thee a better hand at Death."

"'Tis a good Death," cried the goldsmith, with unusual boldness, "a most sweet Death."

"'Tis too broad—the skeleton of an alderman with the flesh dried upon him. He hath not the true desolation—the ghastly nothingness of the big bugbear. No matter; I'm content; but this I'll say, though thou hast shown thyself a professor at Bacchus, thou art yet but a poor apprentice at Death."

Stephen Curlew answered not with words, but he snored very audibly. How long he slept he could not well discover; but when he awoke, he found himself alone; no, not alone, there stood upon the table an unopened flask of wine. In a moment the mystery broke upon him—and he sprang to his feet with a shriek, and rushed into the shop. No, he had not been drugged by thieves—all was as it should be. The stranger, like an honest and a courteous man, had taken but his own; and, without disturbing the sleeper, had quitted the house. And Stephen Curlew, the wine glowing in his heart—yea, down to his very nails, stood and smiled at the unopened flask before him.

Stephen continued to eye the flask; and though its donor had shared with him he knew not how many bottles, Stephen was resolved that not one drop of the luscious juice before him should wet an alien throat. But how—where to secure it? For in the new passion which seized upon the goldsmith, the one flask seemed to him more precious than the costly treasure in his shop—a thing to be guarded with more scrupulous affection—more jealous love. In what nook of his house to hide the glorious wealth—what corner, where it might escape the profane glances and itching fingers of his workmen? The thought fell in a golden flash upon him—the cellar—aye, the cellar! Who of his household ever thought of approaching the cellar? Stephen seized the flask and lamp, and paused. The cellar had no lock! no matter; he had a bag of three-inch nails and a stout hammer.

The next morning, neighbours met at the closed door and windows of the goldsmith, and knocked and shouted—shouted and knocked. They were, however, reduced to a crowbar, and, at length, burst into the house. Every place was searched, but there was nowhere visible old Stephen Curlew. Days passed on, and strange stories filled the ears of men. One neighbour vowed that he had had a dream or a vision, he knew not which, wherein he saw the goldsmith whirled down the Strand in a chariot drawn by a lion and a tiger, and driven by a half-naked young man, wearing a panther skin, and on his head vine-leaves and ivy. An old woman swore that she had seen Stephen carried away by a dozen devils (very much in liquor), with red faces and goat legs. However, in less than a month, the goldsmith's nephew, a scrivener's clerk, took possession of Curlew's wealth, and became a new-made butterfly with golden wings. As for Stephen, after various speculations, it was concluded to the satisfaction of all parties, that he must have been carried away by Satan himself, and the nephew cared not to combat popular opinions. But such, in truth, was not the end of the goldsmith. Hear it.

Stephen, possessed by the thought of the cellar, with the one flask, a lamp, nails and hammer, proceeded to the sacred crypt. He arrived in the vault, and having kissed the flask, reverently put it down, and straightway addressed himself to the work. Closing the door, he drove the first nail, the second, third; and borrowing new strength from the greatness of his purpose, he struck each nail upon the head with the force and precision of a Cyclops, burying it deep in the oak. With this new-found might, he drove eleven nails; the twelfth was between his thumb and finger, when, looking round,—oh! sad mishap, heavy mischance! awful error!—he had driven the nails from the wrong side! —In a word, and we tremble while we write it, he had nailed himself in! There he stood, and there stood the flask. He gasped with horror, his foot stumbled, struck the lamp, it fell over, and the light went out.

Shall we write further on the agony of Stephen Curlew? Shall we describe how he clawed and struck at the door, now in the hope to wrench a nail, and now to alarm the breathing men above? No; we will not dwell upon the horror; it is enough that the fate of the goldsmith was dimly shadowed forth in the following paragraph of last Saturday.

"Some labourers, digging a foundation near"—no, we will not name the place, for the family of the Curlews is not yet extinct, and there may be descendants in the neighbourhood—"near——, found a skeleton; a hammer was beside it, with several long nails: a small wine-flask was also found near the remains, which, it is considered, could not have been in the vault in which they were discovered, less than a century and three quarters!"

Oh, ye heads of families—and oh, ye thrifty, middle-aged bachelors, boarding with families, or growing mouldy by yourselves, never, while ye live, forget the terrible end of Stephen Curlew. And oh, ye heads of families—and oh, ye aforesaid bachelors, albeit ye have only one bottle left, never—NEVER NAIL UP THE WINE-CELLAR.

THIRTY-SIX AND THIRTY-SEVEN!

Old Time was taking his rounds last night,
As is ever his wont to do,
To see that the old year's dead outright,
'Ere he turns his glass for the new:
The old Man paused in his silent rout,
When to Marlborough Street he got,
"And people," he said, "there live hereabout,
If my memory cheat me not,
Who never yet, would the old year let,
Pass quietly up to Heaven;
They were tipsy in Thirty-six—I'll bet
They're not sober in Thirty-seven!"

He pass'd the Office where everyday
Flock gentleman and gipsy,
And poor Lord Waterford's made to pay
Five shillings for being tipsy;

But never a murmur disturb'd the sleep
Of Messrs. Conant and Dyer,
But he fancied he heard a murmur deep
From a window a little higher;
"Oho!" he said, "at the same old tricks,
Two doors from number Eleven,
They were *very* bad in Thirty-six,
But they're *awful* in Thirty-seven."

He stopp'd when he came to the corner door,
And he listen'd there a minute,
And, "Well," he said, as he heard the roar
Of the laugh and song within it;
"Where *Horace*, and *Poole*, and *Crowquill* were,
There was little chance of quiet,
But now they have got that *Gurney* there,
We *shall* have a *precious* riot!"
But still they sang, till the echos rang,
"The chance on Life's dice is even,
But the bowls we mix, in Thirty-six,
May we mingle in Thirty-seven!"

"Let rogues and rebels go grumbling on,
Declaiming against their betters,
And swear that our liberties here are gone,
And that freedom is bound in fetters:
But lawyers over the seas will fag
At our laws and our institutions,
And scraps be imported to Brobdignag,
From England's Lilliputians.
Sedition sticks to her good old tricks,
And works with the same old leaven,
But she couldn't upset us in Thirty-six,
And she'll hardly, in Thirty-seven!

"So here's a welcome to thee, New Year!
Tho' clad in thy mantle cold,
And for all the blessings he leaves us here,
A kind good-night to the old!
Here's Gurney's health in a bumper-toast,
May his sceptre be long above us—
Here's a health to those that we love the most,
And to those the most that love us;
Come shine, come shower—the sky may lower,
But the pilot-star's in heaven,
And the bark that it lighted in Thirty-six,
It will shine on in Thirty-seven!"

Just then a blue coat who chanced to pass
In charge of a noisy Paddy,
Perceived old Time with his scythe and glass,
And "Hearkee!" he said, "good daddy!
Take a friend's advice,—leave them all alone,
For you're only cracking your bellows,
And you might as well whistle to this flag-stone
As to any of them 'ere fellows:
One *Gurney*'s there, in the president's chair,
And they'd heed not a voice from Heaven,
For in Thirty-six though their fun was rare,
'Twill be rarer in Thirty-seven!"

LITERATURE.

HORACE WALPOLE'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.*

WHO is there that ever took up the inimitable correspondence of Horace Walpole, and perused half-a-dozen of his spirited and graceful letters, without arriving at the conclusion that he was the most bewitching letter-writer that England had ever produced? There is much art in writing a good letter, but with Walpole, as honest Dogberry has it, "writing came by nature." We know little of phrenology, but if among the various polysyllabled organs which the learned Thebans of that science have mapped out upon the skull of poor humanity, there be such an one as *Philo-post-officeness*, in Horace Walpole must that organ have been largely developed. He loved gossip, to gather, and to retail it; and was especially fitted for the office to which fate seemed to have predestined him—that of chronicling the follies, fashion, politics, and wit of the eighteenth century, by his nimble fancy, his love of fun, his sprightly power of description, and above all, by that chit-chat knowledge of every body whom one cares to hear about, which few had so good an opportunity of acquiring as the son of "old Sir Robert."

He was, moreover, all things to all men. With West he talked of *virtu*,—with old Cole, the parson of Bletchley, his discourse was of antiquities,—with George Montagu and his cousin, Harry Conway, politics and fun formed the staple of his converse;—while with Lady Ailesbury and Lady Hervey he dissertated learnedly touching fashion, scandal, and old china. He was as gossiping as Brantome, as speculative as Montaigne, and as learned in the history of intrigue as his favourite Grammont himself. He was every thing by turns, and nothing long; and his "tricksey spirit" skipped at the bidding of his fancy from Pam to politics—from genealogy to the last bon-mot. It has been objected to our literature by our lively neighbours the French, that it possesses few, comparatively speaking, of those amusing collections which, under the title of *Ana*, form so conspicuous and interesting a portion of the literature of France. The charge is, to a certain degree, well founded; but the Correspondence of Horace Walpole answers completely to our idea of what such collections should be. In it we find dissertations on points of remote and recent history, pleasant anecdotes, shrewd apophthegms, clever puns, and learned discourses, blended together most delightfully; and related in a style which fully justifies us in applying to the writer the admirable character which he himself has sketched of "*Notre Dame de Livry*," the goddess of his idolatry, Madame de Sevigné: "her every paragraph has novelty: her allusions, her applications, are the happiest possible. She has the art of making you acquainted with all her acquaintance, and even with the spots she inhabited. Her language is correct, though unstudied; and when her mind is full of any great event, she interests you with the warmth of a dramatic writer, not with the chilling impartiality of an historian.

* Correspondence of Horace Walpole with George Montagu, Esq., &c. New edition, with illustrative notes now first added. 3 vols. 8vo.

Pray read her account of the death of Marshal Turenne, and of the arrival of King James in France, and tell me whether you do not know their persons as if you had lived at the time. For my part, if you will allow me a word of digression, I hate the cold impartiality recommended to historians. *Si vis me flere, dolendum est primum tibi ipsi.*" And Walpole certainly practised what he admired. His writings abound in heartiness: one's feelings in perusing them are not excited by maudlin sentiments or affected passion. No, he was uncompromising as an enemy, he was unflinching as a friend, and we are led by the honest fervency with which he makes known his likings and his antipathies, to hate those whom he hated and love those whom he loved.

It is indeed the spirit of earnestness which pervades Walpole's letters, that gives to the scenes and actors described in them, that extraordinary air of reality which none but a master-hand could throw into the picture. Like the Arabian magician, he calls up before us,

"In the same figure, like the king that 's dead,"

every one whom we would fain confront. In his enchanting and graphic pages we live amidst the beauties and the wits of the by-gone century. We feast on the matchless charms of the Gunnings; we worship Pam with the Duchess of Grafton; we listen with admiring ears to the eloquence of Chatham, the wit of Selwyn, and the repartees of Charles Townshend; we drink deep of the courtly knowledge of Lady Suffolk and Oronooko Chetwynd; we laugh at Dean Milles and the "Antiquaries;" and "sometimes touch a card with the Clive." By the power of his pen we are transported to those days of political agitation when the dull and plodding man of business mixed politics and bills of parcels, and blundered forth to his astonished correspondent, "I take the *Wilkes and Liberty* to acquaint you;" and we are of the party, when the writer giving way to the natural buoyancy of his spirits romps with the boys at Ragley; mystifies Mrs. Younge by sticking flowers in his hair, and protesting that the Duke of Bedford had brought the fashion from Paris; or rolls on the grass with Rosette.

These letters are indeed for all time. They were valuable at the period at which they were written; they are still more so now, when those who figure in them have passed away; many of the bright names recorded in them being rescued from oblivion solely by "the sprigs of rosemary" which Walpole has cast into their graves. We are, therefore, well pleased to see a new edition of this correspondence, and that too with the addition of such notes as are necessary to make generally intelligible those allusions which time has rendered somewhat obscure; nor are we disposed to differ from the opinion expressed in the Preface, "that the *omission* of several passages unsuited to the taste of the present period, more particularly to that of female readers of any refinement, will render the present edition most acceptable to the public."

To that public we feel in some measure bound to justify the encomium we have passed both upon the letters and upon the writer, by extracting a few passages from the correspondence; but as this is familiar to many of our readers, we will substitute in lieu of them a selection from the notes, biographical, anecdotical, and literary, with which the Editor has very agreeably illustrated the pages of his author, while he has embodied in them many personal reminiscences of the period at which Walpole wrote.

"Walpole calls the Hercules' Pillars an ale-house. Whatever it might have been at the period he wrote, it is very certain that in twenty-four years after that time it laid claim to a higher appellation. After the peace of 1762, it was a respectable tavern, where the Marquis of Granby, and other persons of rank, particularly military men, had frequent dinner parties, which were then fashionable. It was also an inn of great repute among the west-country gentlemen coming to London for a few weeks, who thought themselves fortunate if they could secure accommodations for their families at the Hercules' Pillars. Hotels were, at that time, unknown. It was in this tavern that the Duke of Athol sheltered his family when the house which he inhabited in South Audley-street was burnt to the ground. It may be interesting to add, that the spot where it once stood is now occupied by the noble mansion of the Duke of Wellington."—vol. i. p. 54.

"A comical instance of the little value which ministers place upon a mere title occurred during the administration of Lord North. Sir Richard Philips, who lived near Pimlico, and was a supporter of the minister in parliament, asked permission to pass through Buckingham-gate and St. James's-palace on his way to the House of Commons. Lord North expressed his regret at not having it in his power to comply with his request, as the king did not like carriages passing so near his palace; but if Sir Richard would like an Irish peerage, he should have pleasure in recommending him to his Majesty for one. Sir Richard, nothing displeased, accepted the offer, and was created Baron Milford."—vol. i. p. 96.

"Miss Lucy Young, maid of honour to the Princess Dowager of Wales—Lord Rochford had for some time paid her great attention, but without making any proposal of marriage, which occasioned remarks detrimental to her reputation. One night that Lord Rochford was with her at Vauxhall, Miss Young became so distressed by the sneers of some ladies belonging to the household of the Princess, that Lord Rochford's honourable feelings were aroused—he made her an immediate tender of his hand, and the next day Miss Young became Countess of Rochford."—vol. i. p. 106.

"Betty Neale, who for many years lived in St. James's street, in a small house with a bow-window, on the western side, afterwards occupied by Martindale. It had not the appearance of a shop, but was exactly as it now is. It had been built by subscription for her, and was, in fact, the rendezvous of the Opposition party, who met at her house every day. She never admitted chance customers, and one day upon Colonel Luttrell's calling and asking for fruit, Betty desired him to walk out, as she only kept fruit for particular persons. Betty Neale was greatly in the confidence of the heads of the Opposition party, and often employed by them in gaining intelligence."—vol. i. p. 150.

"Lord Townshend was very fond of drawing caricatures, in which he excelled. He published a set of twelve, to which he affixed the name of Austin, a drawing-master; but well known not to have been done by him. Whilst Lord Townshend was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he had an aid-de-camp, who was not far inferior to his Lordship in drawing caricatures. His name was Captain Teasdale:—One day when Teasdale was the aid-de-camp in waiting, and sitting at the foot of the vice-regal table, he observed Lord Townshend taking a sketch of his face, which was by no means remarkable for beauty—Teasdale immediately took his pencil from his pocket and drew a portrait of the Lord Lieutenant, who was too much engaged with his own drawing to perceive what his aid-de-camp was about. Lord Townshend, greatly satisfied with his performance, handed it to the person who sat on his right hand, and Teasdale at the same moment presented the portrait of the Lord Lieutenant to his nearest neighbour at the bottom of the table on his right hand, and the two caricatures simultaneously made the tour of the table—Lord Townshend took it with great good humour, and was not offended.—vol. i. p. 326.

"Among the persons killed at St. Cas, was Sir John Armitage. The fate of this gentleman was excessively lamented: he was a *volunteer*, but without having intended being one upon this expedition,—his mind was far differently engaged, in making preparations for his approaching marriage with Miss Howe, sister of the three gallant brothers who successively bore the title of Lord Howe. Sir John went to the levee at the time when officers and volunteers were taking leave of his Majesty to join the army. The brave old King (whose mind was bent upon the expedition), supposing Sir John, who had been a volunteer upon a previous occasion, had still the same military spirit, asked him, 'When he meant to set out?' Taken, as he was, by surprise, sir John answered, 'To-morrow,' and unhappily kept his word. The lady, several years after, married Sir William Pitt. A black collar, which she always wore around her neck, concealed a splendid brilliant necklace, given to her as a nuptial present by her ill-fated lover—a man very greatly and generally esteemed. He was a member of parliament for York."—vol. i. p. 391.

"General Townshend acted very improperly in receiving the surrender of Quebec, and a few days afterwards made an *apology in writing* to General Monckton, who, being his superior officer, had succeeded General Wolfe as Commander-in-chief. King George II., who was a strict disciplinarian, was so much displeased that when General Townshend, upon his return to England, attended for the first time at the levee, to pay his respects to his Majesty, the brave old King turned his back upon him, and was with some difficulty persuaded to speak to him.—vol. i. p. 423.

"Miss Fenton, the original Polly of the Beggar's Opera. Charles Duke of Bolton took her off the stage, and, after having children by her, married her. According to Walpole, 'after a life of merit, she relapsed into Polyhood.' Two years before her death, she picked up an Irish surgeon at Tunbridge, who, when she was dying, sent for a lawyer to make her will; but he, finding who was to be her heir instead of her children, refused to draw it. Another less scrupulous was found, and she left her three sons a thousand pounds a-piece, the surgeon about nine thousand."—vol. ii. p. 6.

"Miss Ford, the writer of the letter in question, appears to have been the object of an illicit, but unsuccessful attachment on the part of Lord Jersey, whose advances if not sanctioned by the lady, appear to have been sanctioned by her father, who told her *she might have accepted the settlement his lordship offered her, and yet not have complied* with his terms. The following strange extracts from the letter will explain the history alluded to by Walpole.

"'However I must do your lordship the justice to say, that as you conceived this meeting (one with a noble personage which Lord Jersey had desired her not to make) would have been most pleasing to me, and perhaps of some advantage, your lordship did (in consideration of so great a disappointment) send me, a few days after, a present of a boar's head, which I had often had the honour to meet at your lordship's table before. It was rather an odd first, and only present from a lord to his beloved mistress; but its coming from your lordship gave it an additional value, which it had not in itself; and I received it with the regard I thought due to every thing coming from your lordship, and would have eat it, *had it been eatable.* * * * * * I am impatient to acquit your lordship and myself, by showing that as your lordship's eight hundred pounds a-year did not purchase my person, the boar's head did not purchase my silence.'"—vol. ii. p. 57.

"It was during the debate on the subject of the cider tax that Mr. Grenville acquired the name of the Gentle Shepherd. He was contending, in answer to Mr. Pitt, that such a measure was unavoidable, as government knew not where to impose another tax of equal efficiency. 'The right honourable gentleman,' said he, 'complains of the severity of the tax; why does he not propose another tax instead of it. *Tell me where, tell me where,*' this he repeated several times with great energy: '*tell me where you* can

lay another tax?' 'Gentle Shepherd, tell me where!' replied Mr. Pitt, in a musical tone, repeating the words of a popular canzonet; immoderate bursts of laughter followed, and Mr. Grenville retained for ever the name of *The Gentle Shepherd.*"—vol. ii. p. 183.

"Nancy Dawson was a very popular song at that time, which Walpole seems to have considered it as desirable not to hear, as John Cramer did some recent popular melodies, which in their day were equally intrusive. 'Remember,' said the musician to a footboy whom he was engaging—'Remember there are two things I insist on: that you never let me hear you mention the name of Fauntleroy, or whistle a tune from the 'Frieschutz.'"—vol. ii. p. 273.

"It was Le Kain who replied to an officer who had spoken contemptuously of actors, comparing their situation with that of a military man compelled after long service to retire upon half-pay, 'How, sir, do you not reckon as any thing the right you have to talk to me in this way?"—vol. ii, 292.

"A want of legs is not the only deficiency under which the cherubim labour, according to the capital story told of St. Cecilia. That saint was one day singing and playing on the organ, when the chapel was suddenly filled with cherubim, who kept fluttering round her as long as she continued her tuneful devotions. The saint, apprehensive that they must be tired from the length of time which they had been poising themselves on their downy wings, addressed them with—'Asseyez vous, mes enfans;' to which she received for answer, 'Merci, madame, merci, mais nous n'avons pas *de quoi*.'"—vol. iii. p. 48.

The Notes we have here extracted are but a few from among a host of similarly agreeable "aids to knowledge," with which the diligence and taste of the editor have enriched this collection. It is stated that many of these notes were first written on the margin of the leaves of the original edition, very soon after its appearance; and were derived from the impression remaining upon a very retentive memory of the transactions of long by-gone years, and from the recollection of conversations with, and communications from, individuals much farther advanced in life than the writer, and possessing authentic and important information; nor was the idea of publication entertained until very recently. The decision which has now given them to the public is to be applauded; and, with such valuable accession, it is not to be doubted that the large mass of Walpole's letters given in the work before us, and known popularly as the "Correspondence with Montagu," will be received with fresh zest and avidity.

HENRIETTA TEMPLE, BY THE AUTHOR OF "VIVIAN GREY."

WANT of originality is the besetting sin of our literature. Half our writers only write because others have written before. Rochefoucault says, "Il y a des gens qui n'auroient jamais été amoureux, s'ils n'avoient jamais entendu parler de l'amour." This would be equally true as applied to composition. Sir Walter Scott drew from history the material wherewith to give a reality and a utility to fiction before unknown; at once sprang up a host of imitators, whose Parnassus was the British Museum, and who, from the remains of chronicles and legends drew the clay whereof they modelled their figures. They only forgot the fire from heaven, with which our modern Prometheus animated his beings. And herein consists the difference between the

creator and the copyist—between the man of genius and his follower. The first flings his own fire into "his young creation, his soul's child." The other gives you a worn plaster cast. At all events this fault cannot be laid to Mr. D'Israeli's charge—he is entirely original. We are never reminded of any one else, we never half close the book, saying, "surely we have read this before!" No, we are startled, surprised, and always carried on to the last. In any other age than the present, or even now, had he lived less in society, Mr. D'Israeli would have been a poet. He has essentially the poetic temperament—the intense self-consciousness, the impetuosity, and the eye for the beautiful. Many of his single phrases are perfect pictures; what can be more happy than the line in which he calls Florence

"The airy Athens of the Apennine."

What a world of association is at once called up! the loveliness grows more lovely, because the shadow of the remembered is flung around it. We not only see the fair city, but we see the statesmen, poets, and painters who lived amid its walls, and left life's undying life, the mind, behind them.

It is an epoch in youth's memory—the first reading of "Vivian Grey." It embodied the only enthusiasm of our day excitement,—it was one of those books over which we read ourselves out of breath. It is curious to return to its pages, after a few years have passed by; we know nothing that makes us more sensible of the change in ourselves. It appears to us even cleverer on the second reading than it did at first—then we felt with it, now we think over it. It is a strange and striking picture of the vain struggle of talent against circumstance and wealth; the life of the world is intellect, but it is life in death. It matters not in what way a man may be distinguished among his fellows, so surely as he is endowed by nature, fate will ordain that he shall "a double penance pay." Cleveland, the gifted, the disappointed, the suddenly struck down, is but the type of thousands. The destinies of to-day are the same dark deities as of old, they demand their victims.

The second series of "Vivian Grey" indicated even more variety of talent than the first. We remember an American describing its effect in his own country, and saying, "We read it as we walk in a noble picture gallery." How much of poetry, and therefore of the thoughtful, the feeling, and the picturesque, is there invested with existence! Vivian Grey is himself the type of the imagination subservient to emotion, because invested with humanity; what can such a history be but of strife and of disappointment! There is the perpetual seeking for love and for the ideal, which come not, at least to stay; they are angels known but by the shining of the white wings they only spread to depart.

This principle was even more strongly developed in "Contarini Fleming," one of the most remarkable and thoughtful works of the day—and in which the history of the hero's love and marriage showed what was the writer's power over our softest and most subtle sensations. "Henrietta Temple," a love story from him who imagined the soft yet sunny being of Violet Fane, or the more passionate mystery of Alceste, might well excite attention. He has looked in the heart's paradise and "caught its early beauty."

"There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth and every common sight
To me did seem
Apparalled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream."

It is of this time that Mr. D'Israeli writes, and never yet did the weary one go down to the valley of the shadow of death without having known that time whose feeling condenses all other in itself. All have known

"Those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day."

Who has not loved, has not lived; the cycle of their being is incomplete; as yet they know not how completely they can be carried out of themselves—as yet they know not the meaning of poetry; to them the deepest harmonies of nature are mute. But suddenly even as the south wind opens the hidden crimson of the rose, a new breath has warmed the heart, till then cold and closed. We wonder how we could have lived and not loved before, so natural does it seem to love. We recall our former indifference only to wonder at it, and cling with a more eager delight to our new-found treasure. We feel a tender pity for what before appeared to us either impossible or absurd, and we have a vainly checked fear of punishment for our once lack of sympathy. We marvel at the intenseness of our own happiness; the presence of one beloved being has changed our whole world; we would stay for hours only to gaze on one face, which is to us even as sunshine,—light in itself, and making all things light as well. We talk, yet care not what is talked about; one low voice has a charm beyond all that wit or intelligence could put into words. We think with perpetual reference to one object, which mingles with the last thought that melts into sleep, and which is the first to float upon the light of morning. What a charm is flung around the commonest things! what power is there in a step! how soon do we learn to know that step amid a thousand! What power to make the cheek colour and the heart beat, beat with a sweet tumultuous beating never known before! How impertinent appear all our ordinary enjoyments,—we live but in the existence of another, we ask for nothing, but so to exist! It is this "haunted hour" which Mr. D'Israeli has painted, as only the poet paints, with a beauty and with a truth at once ideal and real. We linger with a delight he has conjured from our own past, or with a hope lighted up in our own future, over

"The haunts of happy lovers,
The path that leads them to the grove,
The leafy grove that covers."

Truly does he himself say, "What a mystery is love! all the necessities and habits of our life sink before it. Food and sleep that seem to divide our being, as day and night divide time, lose all their influence over the lover; all the fortune of the world, without his mistress, is misery, and with her all its mischances are a transient dream. Revolutions, earthquakes, the change of governments, the fall of empires, are to him but childish games. Men love in the plague, and forget the pest

though it rages about them. They lead a charmed life, and think not of destruction until it touches their idol, and then they die without a pang, like zealots for their persecuted creed." Such is the exalted and fervid faith that here pours forth its eloquence—which casts

> " A wide and tender light,
> Leaving that beautiful which still is so,
> And making that which is not, till all things
> Become religion, and the heart runs o'er
> With silent worship."

A thousand exquisite touches come out in the narrative. How true is the following:—" The curiosity of woman, lively at all times, is never so keen, so exciting, and so interested, as in her anxiety to become acquainted with the previous career of her lover. She is jealous of all he has done before she knew him, of every person to whom he has ever spoken. She will be assured a thousand times that he never loved before, and yet she credits the first affirmation. She envies the mother who knew him as a child, and even the nurse who may have rocked his cradle."

What is the next remark but poetry—the true and the earnest:—" The separation of lovers, even with an immediate prospect of union, involves a sentiment of deep melancholy. The re-action of our solitary emotions, after a social impulse of such peculiar excitement, disheartens and depresses us. Mutual passion is complete sympathy. Under such an influence, there is no feeling so strong, no fancy so delicate, that it is not immediately responded to. Our heart has no secrets, though our life may. Under such an influence, each unconsciously labours to enchant the other—each struggles to maintain the reality of that ideal, which has been reached in a moment of happy inspiration. Love is the May-day of the heart. But a cloud, nevertheless, will dim the genial lustre of that soft and brilliant sky when we are alone; when the soft voice no longer sighs, and the bright eye no longer beams, and the form we worship no longer moves before our enraptured vision. Our happiness becomes too much the result of reflection. Our faith is not less devout, but it is not so fervent. We believe in the miracle, but we no longer witness it."

With one assertion we must take leave to differ. Mr. D'Israeli says, " Fortunate the youth the romance of whose existence is placed in a scene befitting its fair and marvellous career; fortunate the passion that is breathed in palaces."

Little does it matter where passion breathes. What are surrounding objects to eyes that

> " Look love
> To eyes that look again?"

The presence of the beloved one is its own palace.

> " It is the heart doth magnify this life,
> Making a truth and beauty of its own."

We have dwelt so much on the sentiment of this work that we have left ourselves little space for its gay portions. We can do little more than allude to its playful satire and lively sketches of character. Lady Bellairs is a finished portrait, drawn, though we must say, too much *en couleur de rose*. What but the truth should be said of the

representative of a social system, remarkable for insolence and servility, without a kindly feeling to redeem, or a true principle to support, its miserable mixture of impertinence and expediency?

There are some fine bits of description scattered like pictures through the work; and, whether amid the graceful pleasure-grounds of England, or the olive groves of Italy, the whole *locale* is worthy the fair and fairy-like heroine, Henrietta Temple.

THE DUCHESS OF LA VALLIERE.

The age of Louis XIV. was one of those periods which turn history to romance. It was the time in the annals of France that answered to the reign of our own Elizabeth. Like that time it was the herald of fierce struggle, and of important political change. It was equally remarkable for a sudden burst of literary talent, not addressed, as now, to the public, but to the throne. Flattery was half redeemed by the grace with which it was offered. The last colours of chivalry yet lingered on the horizon, and gave a lofty and picturesque tone to the manners which it yet influenced. The tournament was a theatrical but still splendid display of that gallantry which had originated in the southern imagination of the troubadour. The personal character of the monarch impressed itself on its dazzling and gorgeous hour. Louis possessed in an eminent degree that personal fascination which is the genius of a king;—young, handsome, graceful, he inspired a devotion saved from ridicule by its truth. When Lauzun flung at his princely master's feet his sword and his glove, telling him that honour and life were alike in his keeping, he but gave words to the enthusiasm of a whole people. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and that one touch is in the history of Louise de la Vallière. At once it arrests our sympathies, and unlocks the fountain of our gentlest tears. Madame de Genlis has, we think, had scant justice awarded to her in this country. Mixed up with an unpopular party, a courtier and somewhat overmuch the woman of the world, the world of the French capital, her personal and her literary reputation have not been kept sufficiently apart. And yet she is the writer of some most charming fictions: many of her short stories are among the happiest things we know. The history of the Duchess of La Vallière* is, however, her master-piece; and a most exquisite narrative it is. The *chef-d'œuvre* both of herself and her gifted contemporary, Madame de Stael, is alike the history of a woman's beating heart. But Madame de Stael takes a wider range; her heroine is a glorious exception, and in her she idealizes the conflict of genius and of love with destiny. Madame de Genlis only paints the affections, unaccompanied by the talent and the energy that make the struggle more terrible. Her heroine is a young, simple, confiding girl, whose fate is the fate of thousands. To love and to suffer is a common lot. If it were possible for a woman not to love, a woman's would be an incomplete existence. Love calls forth all that is most generous, most true, and most beautiful in her nature. It is like the flowers that sleep in the soil till the sun calls them forth; and often only to be withered, or gathered and flung

* The Duchess of La Vallière, and Madame de Maintenon; 2 vols.

carelessly aside. Historically correct—for Madame de Genlis was most careful in consulting contemporary authorities—the character of Madame de la Vallière is developed as only one woman can enter into the character of another. We see her first an orphan, lonely amidst the gaiety of a court, which is to her but like the shining of fairy-land, where—

" All is glittering show,
Like the sunny gleam
That December's beam
Can fling o'er icy snow."

The progress of her passion for Louis, rather than the monarch, is told with equal sweetness and truth. Next we see her his devoted but miserable mistress, snatching " a fearful joy " in the belief that she can at least make him happy. Men are rarely generous to women; they forget, it may be questioned whether they even know, how dependent is feminine affection for happiness on a kind word or look. Madame de la Vallière finds even these at last withheld. Remorse is rendered doubly keen by jealousy; and at length she seeks, if not peace and content, the rest of positive duties, and the hope born from penitence, in the convent of the Carmelites. Such is the outline which Madame de Genlis has filled up with the most touching and womanly feelings. She has also the merit, at that time, one much rarer than it is now, of giving an accurate historical picture. Both Madame de la Vallière and Madame de Maintenon are actual transcripts of their day. We have not dwelt on particular scenes, though possessing great dramatic merit, but as a whole we repeat our assertion that neither history nor fiction can furnish a more deeply pathetic chronicle than the life of Louise de la Vallière.

MUSIC.

Le Troubadour du Jour. Nouveau Recueil Périodique de Musique de Chant, Français, Italien, et Espagnol, avec accompagnement de Piano-forte et Guitarre.

This is a publication on an entirely novel plan; but novelty is by no means the limit of its attraction. There are existing many separate collections of German, French, and Italian songs; but we have as yet had no *recueil*, the object of which is to assemble together the lyric gems of France, Italy, and Spain. The songs of the latter country are so beautiful, so characteristic, and so sure to please as soon as they are heard, that it is matter of surprise they are not more generally known in our musical circles. The charming Malibran occasionally introduced us to a few of them; and we trust that the present publication will render our acquaintance with them more extended. Each song occupies one *cahier*, and forms a number of the publication. The numbers are beautifully printed in uniform style, and are sold separately, thus affording the opportunity of making a *chosen* selection from the whole. The publication, as far as it at present extends, embraces many beautiful compositions of Rossini, Bellini, Vaccai, Panseron, and other favourite composers of the day. No. I., "Il faut Pleurer," by Romagnesi, is an elegant and feeling tribute to the memory of Madame Malibran.

Mr. M'Dowall's Musical Game.

All who have had the least degree of experience in the tuition of young people, must be aware how much time, trouble, and dissatisfaction may be

spared, both to pupil and teacher, by conveying instruction in the form of amusement. Every effort of ingenuity which tends to facilitate this desirable object, is deserving of commendation. Such is the "Musical Game," which comprises those first rudiments of instruction, which it is necessary to impress on the memory of the young musical student, whether directed to the practice of the piano-forte, or of any other instrument. The game is played with a set of cards, on each of which there is a question. On a card being turned up, the question it presents is to be answered by the players, who, according as their answers are correct, or incorrect, receive, or forfeit, a certain number of counters. When all the cards have been turned up, the holder of the greatest number of counters is the winner. In cases of doubt, the accuracy of the answers may be decided by reference to a "Key," which contains the correct answer to every card, arranged numerically; corresponding numbers being printed on the cards. The course of musical instruction conveyed by this game is quite rudimental; commencing with notation, and ending with the keys in each scale, major and minor. The cards, counters, and the whole apparatus of the game are packed in a little box, whose pretty exterior strongly recommends it as an acceptable Christmas present.

THE DRAMA.

To begin the new year with the record of a loss is unseasonable for the moment, and a poor omen of the future. A solemn and final leave-taking is no suitable subject at a holiday-time, and the last parting with the last of the Kembles ill associates with the theatrical pranks of Christmas. Yet so events ever run, on and off the stage, showing us of what a mingled yarn the "web of our life" is composed. Pantomime follows tragedy; and the *Clown* at Covent-garden was in full tumble on the evening of the twenty-sixth upon the boards which Charles Kemble trod for the last time three nights before,—upon that spot whence he was borne away by the force of circumstances, and which he quitted with the air of one who leaves the best of life behind him. Partings of this kind are always affecting. We, who never saw Bannister, felt sensibly touched the other day on reading his "farewell" in another portion of this Magazine; and the farewell note of the most gay and gallant of our actors was to be heard by nobody with indifference. The regret struck deeper than we expected, for the actor's regret gave tenfold poignancy to the sentiment. We saw Charles Kemble abandoning the "art which he passionately loved, with a reluctance "deep almost as life;" and retiring from its circle of brilliant and enduring fictions into a reality which he felt to be, in comparison, a blank and dreary shadow. He seemed to feel, in short, all the concentrated regrets of that vast audience whose applauses, the audible music of the player's fame, he was never again to hear. And this he gave up in the full consciousness of a power to entertain, of a mind to picture vividly many of the creations with which its finest accomplishments were associated, and with a heart to throb, for years to come, with some of the most genuine impulses of comedy. He seemed fettered, and drops from the dramatic scene, not by the arbitrary decrees of age, but of accident. He had said but a few days before, that he loved his profession still, as he loved it when a boy; and he could not help feeling that his time had not come for parting. And thus, after playing Benedick, not with all the buoyancy, but with all the keenness of relish for which it has been long remarkable—with a little want occasionally, as well there might be, of animal spirits, but with a full and perfect sense of the intellectual richness and delicacy of sentiment in the character which was exclusively *his* of all living actors—after realizing this solid and brilliant picture—the pang of a final separation may be supposed to be acute indeed. Having spoken his farewell word, he was led up the stage, and then he returned, bowing to the

various parts of the house, and then, says one description, "with the most melancholy face we ever beheld," he once again reluctantly retreated, and then the curtain came "between them and the light," hiding for ever the enchanted scene in which he had passed more than forty years of his existence.

Nothing that Mr. Kemble ever delivered upon the stage, great as were his powers, affected his audience so deeply as the few words which he, with difficulty, uttered at the close of his brilliant career.

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—My professional career is ended; and had I consulted my own inclination in the choice of a character, I should have selected a part of a graver cast, and more in harmony with the feelings under which I have laboured this night. To do anything with a consciousness that it is to be done for the last time must cast a shade over the exertions of the most buoyant disposition. How dense is the cloud which now hangs over my mind, I have no language to express. To renounce the practice of an art which I have passionately loved, is most painful; and to take leave of you, my most indulgent and most liberal patrons—to know that in a few moments I shall bid a final adieu to you, my kind benefactors, whose approbation has been at once the stimulus and the reward of my exertions—[*Mr. Kemble's voice here became broken and inaudible from emotion.*] I entreat you to excuse this weakness. From early youth to this, my latest hour, I have always received from you favour and encouragement; and to that alone I ascribe any little merit which your indulgence has allowed me to possess. I only wish it had been a thousand times greater, that I might have been able to show myself more worthy of your kindness. For many, many years, I have been your faithful servant; and I trust that you will not consider me presumptuous if, on the score alone of that long service, and my unremitting exertions to please you on the stage, I express a hope that they will entitle me to your kind recollections hereafter. Your goodness is engraven deeply on my heart, and will never be obliterated till I cease to exist. Long life, health, and all happiness attend you; and with this 'prayer of earnest heart,' I now respectfully, most repectfully, and mournfully, bid you farewell."

This retirement renders some half dozen characters, at least, blank and void; and so, we fear, they will remain for some time. We have no present promise of a successor to Charles Kemble. Instead of reading plays for us, would that he could teach others how to act in them, as he acted; he who so perfectly embodied images of humanity that would rank foremost in "a nation of gallant men, of men of honour, and of cavaliers."

Notwithstanding these mournful ceremonies, we may indulge a hope that Mr. Kemble, with the spirit of youth still eager in him, will enjoy, ere the festival season is spent, even some of the pantomime pleasantry which has succeeded to the last scene of his stage history. There is much to laugh at in both the leading pantomimes, if men-children will only consent to lay aside their wisdom, and be merry with their wiser juniors, renouncing criticism as an un-Christmas-like quality, and "giving up the reins of their imagination into Farley's hands," being pleased they know not why, and care not wherefore—always the shortest and surest road to pleasure. Without this feeling, no man should venture to intrude himself among the spectators of a pantomime; and with it, he will find abundant tricks, and infinite absurdities, in Drury-Lane's "Gammer Gurton," and Covent Garden's "Georgey Barnwell." Of course, the subjects might have been better chosen—the latter especially; but morality is not likely to sustain much damage, and mirth has no leisure to think of mischief. The most elegant of the other Christmas gambols is the Vestris-vagary at the Olympic, a little theatre that ought to be large enough for all London.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

Zoological Society.—The ordinary monthly meeting of this body was held on the 1st ult. The report of the council announced that the receipts of the past month were 382*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.* The presents to the museum were numerous, including donations from the Duke of Northumberland and professor Passerine. The donations to the menagerie, were a brown coatamundi, from J. E. Davis, Esq.; a reindeer, from Captain Meys; and three rattle-snakes, from Robert Small, Esq. In conformity with the recommendation of the previous meeting, a list of the number of the animals, with their mortality during the past month, was given. On the 1st of November, the total number of specimens was 1037, of which 18 had died, and two had been killed by accident. On the period of the meeting, the collection contained 295 mammalia, 697 birds, and 25 reptiles, making a total of 1017 specimens.

Infusoria.—At a recent meeting of the Ashmolean Society, Dr. Daubeny gave some account of observations he had lately made on thermal springs, and presented a list of no less than thirty, from various parts of Europe, which evolve nitrogen gas in greater or less proportion, over and above those of the Pyrenees, already noticed by Longchamp. He stated that the red film or crust which collects on the surface of many chalybeate springs, has lately been determined by Ehrenburg to consist of a congeries of minute Infusoria, which secrete iron as well as silex.

Royal Asiatic Society.—The first sessional meeting of this society took place on the 3rd ult., on which occasion numerous presents were announced, including the *ornythorynchus paradoxus* from Australia, a specimen of the puff adder, with poison in its bags, and two packets of the poison of the upas tree. A paper was read by Colonel Smythe on the habits of the Thugs, a singular race of marauders and assassins, in Hyderabad. These people believe that by the exercise of their vocation they conciliate the approbation of their deity, who once formed the determination of destroying all mankind, except their own race. Owing to the secrecy and cautiousness of their plans, they have long perpetrated their crimes with success. They destroy their victims by strangulation, and bury them as soon as they are despatched.

Medical Society, Ghent.—A curious paper was read before this society, by M. Nobill, relating the following remarkable case of the loss of a great part of the substance of the brain. A youth, sixteen years of age, of a gloomy and saturnine disposition, and a limited degree of intelligence, fancied that he had been deceived by a girl to whom he was attached, and who, he believed, entertained a reciprocal attachment. In consequence of the supposed slight, he determined upon committing suicide; and for this purpose fired a pistol, loaded with two balls, through his head. The balls passed out at the same orifice, and with them a portion of the brain sufficient to fill two moderate sized tea-cups. On receiving the wound, the young man became insensible, but recovered at the expiration of twenty-four hours, with the loss of his sight. Each day, when the wound was dressed, large portions of the brain came away with the dressings; and by the twenty-eighth day, the part was entirely healed. After the healing of the wound, a wonderful change took place in the character of the youth; instead of being gloomy and taciturn, he became lively, intelligent, and talkative, appearing to feel the greatest interest in what was passing around him, and suggesting a variety of improvements in matters which seemed previously beyond his comprehension. The other senses remained intact, but he did not recover his sight. He never appeared to suffer the slightest aberration of mind, notwithstanding the enormous loss of cerebral substance, amounting, in all probability, to the whole of the left anterior lobe of

the brain. He survived the injury two years, presenting, during that period, a strange puzzle to the phrenologist.

THE FINE ARTS.

THE sixty-eighth anniversary of the Royal Academy of Arts was held on the 10th ult., at their apartments in Somerset House, when the following distributions of premiums took place:—To Mr. Douglas Cowper, for the best copy made in the painting school, the silver medal, and the Lectures of the Professors Barry, Opie, and Fuseli, handsomely bound and inscribed.—To Mr. Ebenezer Butler Morris, for the next best copy made in the painting school, the silver medal.—To Mr. John Waller, for the best drawing from the life, the silver medal.—To Mr. John Tarring, for the best drawing of the principal front of Goldsmith's Hall, the silver medal.—To Conway Weston Hart, for the best drawing from the antique, the silver medal.—To Mr. George Mitchell, for the best model from the antique, the silver medal.

A few days since, Mr. Haydon delivered a lecture on the Fine Arts at the London Mechanics' Institute, in which he gave a full description of the state of the arts of painting and sculpture in the British empire, and insisted upon the necessity of state-patronage for the perfecting of native talent. In support of the opinion thus advanced, he referred to the success which had attended the Grecian, Italian, and Flemish schools, under the fostering encouragement of their respective governments; and happily ridiculed the notion that poverty was the best stimulus to successful exertion in the arts. Competence, he averred, was much more likely to foster and strengthen talent. At the close of the lecture, Mr. Basil Montagu related an anecdote of Mr. Haydon, equally creditable to his enthusiasm for the fine arts, and his discrimination of their beauties:—About thirty years since, Haydon, it seems, came to London, a mere boy, and called at Mr. Montagu's house to express his conviction that some of the finest treasures of art lay mouldering and neglected in a damp cellar. Mrs. Montagu, an admirable judge of excellence, and a ready patroness of talent, immediately accompanied the young artist to view the neglected works, which were subsequently and by her exertions restored to light, and were none other than the Elgin marbles. Mr. Montagu eulogised the character and talents of Mr. Haydon, and concluded by expressing his conviction, that the dawn of a happier day had arrived both for the arts and the artist.

The Fine Arts have not a more interesting province than that which engages them in tracing the outward lineaments of living genius. A portrait of Mr. Moore, the poet, recently painted with great spirit by his countryman, Mulvany, and engraved in mezzotint, by G. R. Ward, has just been published. The fidelity of the likeness is the theme of admiration among the friends of the poet, and will confer a lasting value on the production in the eyes of all who are curious in literary portraits. The engraver, who is a son of Ward the academician, is, we are glad to observe, fast rising into eminence in his profession.

DISCOVERIES AND IMPROVEMENTS.

A New Air Meter.—MR. T. ELLIOTT, of Pincher colliery, has received ten guineas from the Coal-trade Committee of Newcastle, as an acknowledgment of his skill and industry, as displayed in the invention of an instrument for measuring the velocity of air in coal-mines. The instrument is set in motion by the current of air in the mine, which acts upon four wands, in the

manner of a windmill. By means of this piece of machinery and a tube, the velocity of the air, at any instant, may be determined with the greatest facility. The invention is calculated to be of great service in the ventilation of mines.

Mineral Tallow.—Specimens of this substance have lately been found in a bog on the borders of Loch Tyne. It was first discovered by some peasants on the coast of Finland, in 1736. A similar substance was found at Strasburg by Dr. Herman, and in this country by Professor Jameson. It has the colour, the feel, and the taste of tallow; but it is without smell, though as volatile and combustible as any of the volatile oils or naptha.

POLITICAL AFFAIRS.

Great Britain.—The domestic politics of the month present few noticeable points. The several parties are preparing themselves for the ensuing Parliamentary campaign with all due diligence, and are trying the strength and temper of their weapons by an occasional skirmish. Dinner-parties are converted into belligerent forces, and upon the quality of the wine greatly depends the amount of the execution done. If we may believe the respective parties, each is certain of victory.

Foreign States.—In France, the all-absorbing topic is the failure of the African expedition under Marshal Clausel, which was to occupy Constantine, but which has terminated scarcely less disastrously for the troops engaged, than the ever-memorable expedition to Moscow. The Marshal, accompanied by the Duke de Nemours, marched from Bona with 7000 men, and would, it was confidently affirmed, enter Constantine on the 19th of November. The elements, however, as well as the Arabs, fought against them, and with such fatal effect, that after a vain attempt to get possession of the city, they returned to Bona, scarcely 3000 in number. Those slain by the Arabs bore no proportion to those frozen to death in the snow. The intelligence of the disaster has created great consternation in France, and it is believed that the stability of the Ministry will be affected by it. The Duke de Nemours has returned, without sustaining injury, though destitute of the wreath of glory which he was to win in the African deserts. Marshal Clausel is recalled, and will, no doubt, undergo a severe ordeal. In the mean time, it is believed that the government will persist in occupying Algiers and its dependencies.

The French Chambers met on the 27th November, but hitherto nothing but the usual preliminary business has been transacted. The friends of the Ministers affect to have no fears on the Constantine affair; the policy in respect to Spain is said to be the vulnerable point, in the estimation of M. Thiers, who boasts of daily adding to his strength upon this question.

The French officers implicated in the silly affair of Louis Buonaparte, at Strasbourg, not having been claimed by the French government, are at large. The trials of the Vendôme mutineers closed on the 12th ult. in the conviction of four of the accused—two of whom were sentenced to death, and the other two to five years' imprisonment each.

The relations between France and Switzerland, which had "momentarily been interrupted," have been placed on their former footing; and the Voorst, in compliment to foreign powers, had offered rewards for the arrest of four of the foreign refugees, who, it was intended, should be expelled the cantons, but who had hitherto concealed themselves.

Spanish affairs are still in a state of doubt and perplexity. Rodil, whose faithlessness had become too manifest to be longer questionable, has been

superseded in his command by Narvaez, a spirited and skilful soldier, who would by this time have given more decisive proofs of his ability and bravery but for the conduct of the traitor Alaix. Gomez has encountered Narvaez in the south of Andalusia, and sustained great loss; and had not the Christino general been compelled to give up his pursuit of the enemy, in order to punish a detachment of Alaix's troops, who were committing excesses in Jaen, it is more than probable that the Carlists would have been completely destroyed. Cabrera, too, it seems, had been defeated by Brigadier Albrein, on the night of the 2nd, at Anevalo, on his way, probably, to form a junction with Gomez, near the Ebro. Should both accounts be true, the Queen's cause will be placed in a most favourable position.

In the north of Spain, things remain much as they were a month since, if we except the increased inconvenience and suffering within the walls of Bilboa, occasioned by the long protracted siege of the town. The place has held out most gallantly, though unaccountably deceived in its expectations of assistance from Espartero, who, after taking up a position on the Cadaqua for the relief of the town, suddenly fell back upon Portugalette, with his artillery and bridge of boats, in order to await a reinforcement of troops! At San Sebastian all is inactivity as regards the enemy, and insubordination as to military discipline.

At Madrid, the Cortes are sitting, and have just placed extraordinary powers at the command of the Government, with the view of repressing and punishing treason against the constitution.

The Queen of Portugal has issued a decree, bearing date November 18th, granting an amnesty to all concerned in the occurrences of the 4th and 5th of that month. A very curious decree has been published, classifying and regulating the exportation of wines from Oporto; in the programme of which document the Minister of Finance states that the wine which is usually exported to England being of superior and medicinal quality, and subject to an excessive rate of duties in England, excludes the introduction of the second quality into that kingdom, but that it may find a market in America, and being inferior to that exported to England, ought consequently to pay less export duties. The provisions of this decree, founded upon the Minister's report, are—1st, that the first quality of wine, usually exported to Great Britain, may henceforward be exported to all parts of the world; 2nd, that the second quality can only be exported to America, paying the same duties (12,000 reis per pipe) as paid by the superior quality, the casks to be branded with the Custom-house mark, "Second Quality;" and 3rd, that half the duties shall be refunded on proof of the same being landed, when exported in foreign, and two-thirds if in national, vessels.

It is reported that Mehemet Ali is again pressing upon the great powers the recognition of his family's right of succession to the Asiatic provinces conquered by his son; but the impression appears to be that with himself will terminate his dynasty, and that on his death the possessions wrested by Ibrahim from the Turkish empire will revert to the Sultan.

In America, the currency, the crops, and the elections for the Presidentship, occupy and absorb public attention. The measures taken by General Jackson to suppress the paper currency are still operating with great severity in some of the States, although the consequences are greatly mitigated in their pressure. The wheat crop, it appears, is very deficient, and the necessity for an importation of 5,000,000 of bushels is anticipated. This calculation is made after all allowances consequent upon increased economy. It is stated, as a new and curious circumstance, that wheat may be shipped from the Baltic and Mediterranean, at about half the rates charged upon

the same article from Rochester to New York, and at about one-fourth of what is charged from Ohio.

There is little doubt of the election of Van Buren to the President's chair.

LONDON OCCURRENCES.

The "Gazette" of the 2nd ult. contains a royal proclamation, further proroguing the Parliament to the 31st of January, when it is summoned to meet for the despatch of "divers urgent and important affairs."

Prince Polignac, accompanied by his eldest son, arrived in London on the 3rd ult. from Dover, where he had landed on the preceding day from Calais.

The letters patent constituting the University of London have been issued. The corporation is to consist of a Chancellor, appointed for life by the Crown; a Vice-chancellor, appointed in the first instance by the Crown for one year, and subsequently by the annual election of the senate; and a body of Fellows or members of the senate, of such number as the Crown shall determine from time to time—the number now appointed being thirty-five. These, and their successors, are constituted a body politic and corporate, with the usual grant of a common-seal, the right of sueing and being sued, &c., under their corporate name, and that of holding personal property to any extent, and real property not exceeding the value of 10,000*l.* per annum. This body politic and corporate is empowered to confer, after examinations, the several degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Master of Arts, Bachelor of Laws, Doctor of Laws, Bachelor of Medicine, Doctor of Medicine; and to examine for medical degrees in the four branches of medicine, surgery, midwifery, and pharmacy, charging reasonable fees for these several degrees. Persons presenting themselves for examination, are to produce certificates of having gone through the proper course of study, from the London University College, King's College, or such other institutions, in any part of the king's dominions, as his Majesty by his sign-manual may hereafter authorize to grant such certificates. In the case of candidates for medical degrees, the certificates of the medical schools of Great Britain, or even of such foreign countries as the senate of the University may recommend to his Majesty for that purpose, are to be accepted. The Crown reserves to itself to be the Visitor of the University, with the usual powers appertaining to that office. It is strange that any mistake should have occurred as to the identity of the corporation styled in the royal charter "The London University." Yet it is so; the University in Gower-street having been confounded, by several public writers, with this newly-created body. The chartered "University" is, in fact, nothing more than an Examiners' board, empowered to hold property and confer honours, under the qualifications set forth in the charter; and the "London University" in Gower-street is only one of the "colleges" qualifying for the degrees to be conferred by the royal body.

The London and Greenwich Railway was formally opened on the 14th ult. by the Lord Mayor, attended by the other civic authorities. It is said that the receipts now amount to nearly 100*l.* a-day.

The Court of St. James's went into mourning on the 18th ult., for the demise of his late Majesty Charles the Tenth.

COMMERCE AND CURRENCY.

The crisis in the monetary and commercial affairs of the country, which created so much—not unfounded—alarm, has, we have reason to hope, passed away, without producing such extensive calamity as was necessarily anticipated. The step taken by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in raising the interest on some of the exchequer bills, has made them again negociable

securities; and thus relieved the money market from much of the pressure under which it previously suffered. The foreign exchanges, too, have become more favourable for England: the prices of stocks have recovered their usual height: and the increased accommodation which the Bank of England has afforded to the commercial interest and the joint stock banks, has tended greatly to give an impetus to trade and commerce. The share market has partaken of the improvement, and exhibits a good deal of firmness, with higher prices. The account of the quarterly average of the weekly liabilities and assets of the Bank of England, from the 20th of September to the 15th of December, inclusive, was published in the Gazette of the 16th ult., as follows:—*Liabilities*—circulation, 17,361,000*l.*; deposits, 13,330,000*l.*; making 30,691,000*l.* *Assets*—securities, 28,971,000*l.*; bullion, 4,545,000*l.*; total, 33,516,000*l.*; whence it appears that, compared with the returns of the previous month, the circulation had been diminished by 182,000*l.*, and the deposits increased by 648,000*l.*; while the securities had been increased by 837,000*l.*, and the bullion reduced by 388,000*l.*

The difficulties of the Northern and Central Bank are such, that it has been compelled to apply to the Bank of England for assistance, and the negociation was brought to a favourable conclusion about eight days since. The directors of the Bank of England stipulated that the affairs of the Northern and Central Bank should be wound up, and the only difficulty in the way of an arrangement was understood to arise out of a large claim on the part of the London and Westminster Bank, which acted as London agent for the Northern and Central Bank. Every difficulty, however, was ultimately removed, and the Bank of England advanced the necessary funds.

The Gazettes of the past four weeks show 123 bankrupts; 12 insolvents; 9 Scotch sequestrations.

STATE AND PROSPECTS OF AGRICULTURE.

Practical verification of the Reasons before urged with regard to the depression in the Price of Wheat—Present state of the Market—Notions of Scarcity refuted by Facts—Improved Credit in which the Trade of Agriculture is now held by the Monied Interest—Annual Meeting of the Central Agricultural Association—Remarks on the Report delivered on that occasion—Tendency of the Age to a free interchange of Products—Present condition of the Crops, &c.

We have seldom, if ever, known a period of less excitement with respect to the commerce of agriculture, than that which has passed since the rapid rise of wheat. The loud lamentations of last year, which gave birth to the Central Agricultural Association, and produced the parliamentary committees, and their abortive results, not only subsided, but were rendered ridiculous, by the sudden turn of things,—a turn instantly, practically, and conclusively demonstrating that the whole history of the long depression of price lay in these two emphatic words,—*demand* and *supply*. We have, in our last, not only shown how and why price fell, but the prospective probabilities of the case. The transactions of the month which has since passed have continued to verify, not our predictions, but our reasoning. The delusions of panic, and the hopes of speculation, have been to a great degree dispersed; a sober and rational view has supervened, the prudent farmer has been desirous to avail himself of the chance which gave him a "remunerating price," the market has filled, and it has been tolerably steady, with the allowance that the tendency has been to slow declination. The delays of the season have had the simple and natural effect to render the samples moister and softer than they would otherwise have arrived had the weather been brisk and dry; they came up too in greater bulk at last, and thus the price has been in the last market (December 19) further

brought down. Even wheats of the best quality were submitted to this deduction, in order to get the inferior sorts off hand. This is an effect often known in the mart, but not sufficiently comprehended at a distance. The farmer reads of a large supply, and a higher price, of a small supply, and a lower market. It is, however, thus accounted for. An extensive quantity yields choice of samples; the best only are taken off, and the best price is accordingly given. A scant supply exhibits a very partial set of samples; and those who want, purchase the inferior in greater proportions than the superior qualities. A lower price is general, and the market appears to fall. These appearances contradict the established maxim, but they are only appearances, and reconcileable upon the grounds stated.

But speculation will always be on the wing. *Now* we are told the state of the crops in the spring will decide the subsequent rates,—not the supplies in hand. Both, however, will have their due effect. We have laboured hard to show that it was difficult to substantiate any deficiency considerable enough, under the ascertained results of former years, to affect price long, or powerfully. No man could be brought to believe in the possibility of scarcity. It was contrary to the whole experience of the last forty or fifty years. Even when prices were highest, in 1812, there was no actual want. In 1818, the foreign supply which came in, knocked down price *for years*, proving, thereby, how nearly adequate the growth was to the consumption. For the last five seasons there has been, if not an accumulation, an almost wasteful expenditure, by introducing the wheat as food for cattle, and other uses to which, perhaps, it was never before turned. All these things, we say, render it incredible that there should be actual scarcity; and nothing else could *keep* up price. Even under existing circumstances, we entertain no doubt that the amounts to be made by the sale of barley approaching so near the same bulk of wheat as it did not long since, has tended more to keep the market bare of the latter grain, and to enable the farmer to choose his time and article, than any consideration connected with quantity or quality of the crops grown, or growing. Again, a most important influence is that which is derived from the superior credit in which the trade of agriculture is held by the monied interest. What with reduction of rent and poor's rate, the settlement of tithes on the one side, and the rise of price on the other, the bankers know the trade to yield fair profits; the farmer no longer runs riot in his modes of life,—he is again become the careful cautious character—and improved too by the improved education of the age—he was before the high times. Advances of money are now no longer withheld, and the farmer feels that he need not be driven to sell, by the want of occasional accommodation. These facts adequately account for all we see, without having recourse to any exaggerated statements of deficient harvests; and we cannot hesitate to confess the strongest convictions that the same feeling and reasoning we have observed to prevail during the last few weeks, will go on through the year, namely, a slow tendency to decline.

The only event connected with the politics of agriculture worth notice is the report delivered at the annual meeting of the Central Association, read by the honorary secretary. The whole document is indescribably weak—being one of puling complaint and ineffective supplication for a union, which everybody knows can never be realized, and if realized, could never invalidate or nullify the great principles which govern the concerns of the landed interest. There is one sentence, however, which deserves to be extracted, as the climax of this unreasoning address. The report says, "It was not for the committee to say why no report was come to, but the friends of agriculture were compelled to adopt the alternative of no report, rather than have a report forced upon them, which, in the end, would have been detrimental rather than otherwise to the agricultural interest." Now, why were "the friends of agriculture" thus "compelled?" Two forces present themselves. Either the evidence produced the convictions described on the majority of the members, or they were partial and corrupt! *Utrum horum?* Which will you have, gentlemen? We know that county members, and members

who were styled the friends of agriculture, composed, if not the majority, at least so very large a proportion of the committees, that no such alternative could have been forced upon them, without supposing no slight number of the "friends of agriculture" to have been thus convinced or thus corrupt. The truth is, the evidence completely stultified the currency quacks, and those who wandered from the straight path away from the sufficient and final causes—demand and supply. Subsequent events have made that stultification even more complete and palpable. There is not a farmer in England gifted with plain sense who does not perceive the nonsense the Central Association has been uttering ever since its institution. The appeal will therefore, it needs no prophet to predict, fall hurtless and profitless. All that has been said about Sir Henry Parnell, Lord John Russell, and Ministers, amounts to this, and no more than this—statesmen must take their tone from the incidents of the time, according to the principles those incidents establish. The tendency of the age is to the freest interchange of products, and corn being the most important of these products, must be subject to the law which governs all others. In opening the subject to discussion, the government merely expresses its willingness to hear the argument, and to act in consonance with the convictions that argument may work upon others and themselves. It is worse than nonsense, for it is wicked, to endeavour to preach up a crusade for individual against general interests, or even for the community of one interest against that of the commonwealth. If the growth of manufactures do indeed greatly transcend the powers of agriculture, and render their products more important to the empire than the production of the land,—if agriculture be the second, and the commercial the first, the unshunned consequence must be, that they will fall into those positions which time, improved science, accumulated capital, and the national ingenuity have wrought. To take up "the protection of agriculture" under such circumstances is neither more nor less than to arraign and stop the progression of nature. And what, after all, is this cry about? Why the returns from capital employed upon land must be kept by artificial provisions above those of capital employed in other pursuits—who is now so ignorant as not to know, positively to know, that the very means defeat the end? No, if such be the condition upon which the paralyzed carcass of the Central Association hopes to crawl, they will look in vain for support. The incidents of a few weeks have, we repeat, stultified all their views.

Imperial Averages:—Wheat, 60*s.* 4*d.*; Barley, 37*s.* 4*d.*; Oats, 26*s.* 5*d.*; Rye, 44*s.* 11*d.*; Beans, 45*s.* 9*d.*; Peas, 40*s.* 2*d.*

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

The Country.—The sum actually subscribed for the Liverpool Musical Hall is 22,000*l.*; but the intention of the committee is said to be to raise 50,000*l.*, so as to erect a building which shall surpass everything of the kind in the kingdom.

The remains of Madame Malibran de Beriot have at length been disinterred at Manchester, and transported to the continent. The condition upon which the petition was granted, is said to be, that her friends should defray the whole of the expenses, reported at 1200*l.* The faculty for removing the body was granted to Madame Garcia, the mother of the deceased. The instrument is drawn upon vellum, bearing a 40*s.* stamp, and having appended to it a large seal, inscribed "the seal of Henry Raikes, Chancellor of the diocese of Chester."

An interesting experiment has been made by the Rev. Mr. Ramsey, of Arbroath. He commenced digging early potatoes on the 28th of June, which he had planted in his garden; and after removing the potatoes, he immediately replanted the stems. On the 12th of November he commenced digging a second time, and although his first crop was considered a good one, the second was found superior,—more abundant and of better quality.

OBITUARY.

Richard Westall, A. R. This amiable man and eminent artist died on the 4th ult. in the 71st year of his age, at one of the suburban villages on the banks of the Thames. Although Mr. Westall occupied so high a place in public estimation during nearly half a century, his poverty and embarrassments were such as to leave little doubt that mental anguish accelerated his decease. Previously to the appearance of Lawrence, Westall had won for himself perhaps the highest reputation for that style of drawing in portrait and poetical composition which has since been brought to such high perfection. He was the first who made finished pictures in water-colours of historical and poetical subjects. His "Sappho in the Lesbian Shades chanting the Hymn of Love;" "Tubal, the First Voice of the Lyre;" "The Boar that killed Adonis brought to Venus;" "The Storm in Harvest;" "The Marriage Procession" (from the shield of Achilles), and others of the same class, must be familiar to all persons conversant with the productions of art during the last thirty years. These were followed by his water-colour drawings for the illustration of "Boydell's Milton," and many of those for the "Shakspeare Gallery," and "Boyer's History of England"—second to none in the class of subjects to which they belong. As an illustrator of books Mr. Westall has perhaps done more than any other artist; but the quantity of his productions in this line has not tended to raise his reputation. As the tutor of the Princess Victoria in drawing and painting, the deceased artist demonstrated his possession of that aptitude to teach which is not always the concomitant of genius, and which should have protected him against want in his declining years. Few men have been more generally esteemed in private than Mr. Westall, and the painful circumstances attendant upon his demise are therefore the more remarkable.

The Hon. Mr. Lamb.—This young gentleman, the only son of Viscount Melbourne, died at his lordship's residence, in South-street, on the 27th of November, in the 30th year of his age, after a short illness. His remains were interred in the family vault, at Hatfield, near Brockett Hall, Herts.

Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, M. P.—The death of this amiable gentleman occurred at Edinburgh on the 19th ult. The honourable baronet was in the 49th year of his age. A fall from his horse about twelve months since produced an inflammation of the spine, which has terminated thus fatally. The honourable baronet is a descendant of Sir John Stewart, of Ardgowan, one of the illegitimate sons of the Scottish king, Robert the Third. This gentleman obtained sundry grants of lands from his father, particularly the estate of Achingoun, in Renfrewshire, the lands of Blackall, and the estate of Ardgouan, by charter; and one of his lineal descendants, Archibald Steward, was created a Baronet of Nova Scotia in 1667. The remains of the deceased baronet have been interred in the family vault at Innerskip; and he is succeeded in the baronetcy by his son, who is little more than ten years of age.

MATRIMONIAL ALLIANCES.

The marriage of Otho, King of Greece, with the Princess Amelia of Oldenburgh, was celebrated on the 22nd of November, in the Palace at Oldenburgh. The scene is described as having been most imposing, and as calling to mind the solemnities of the Vatican.

The marriage of the Hon. Mr. Stanley, second son of the Earl of Derby, to Miss Campbell, daughter of Sir Henry and Lady Campbell, was solemnized on the 10th ult. in St. George's Church, Hanover-square, by the Bishop of London.